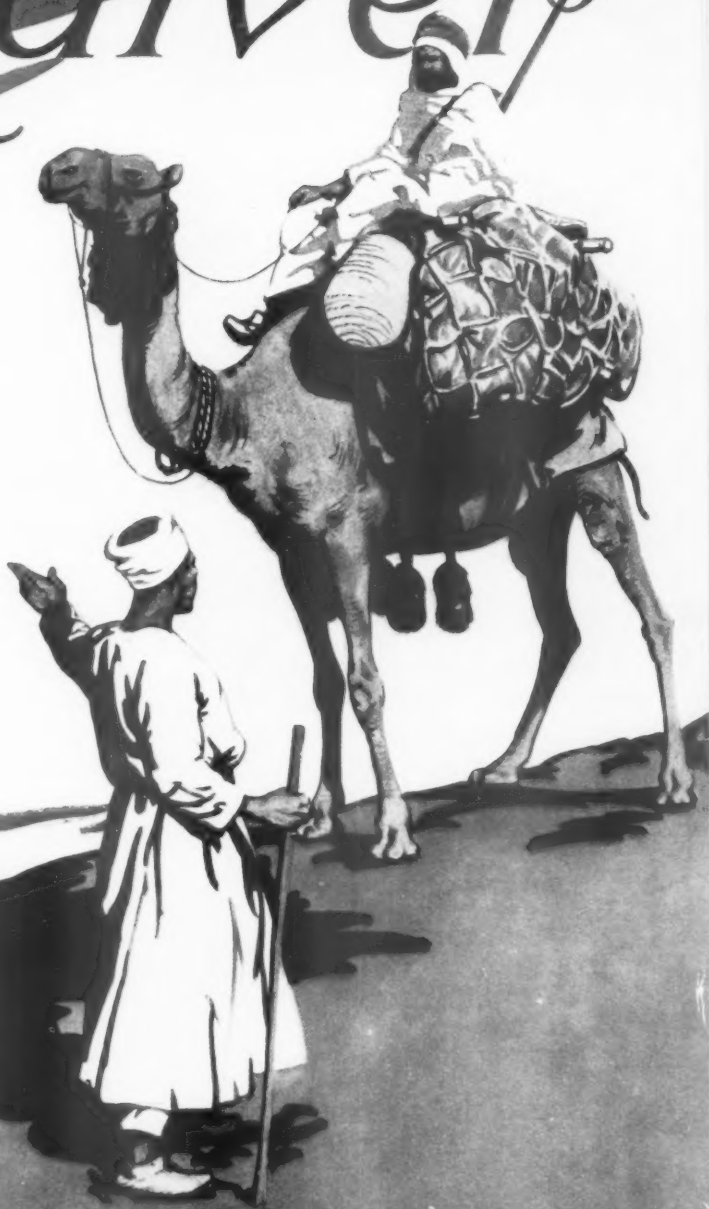


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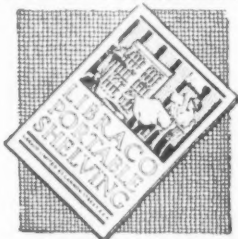
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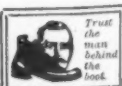
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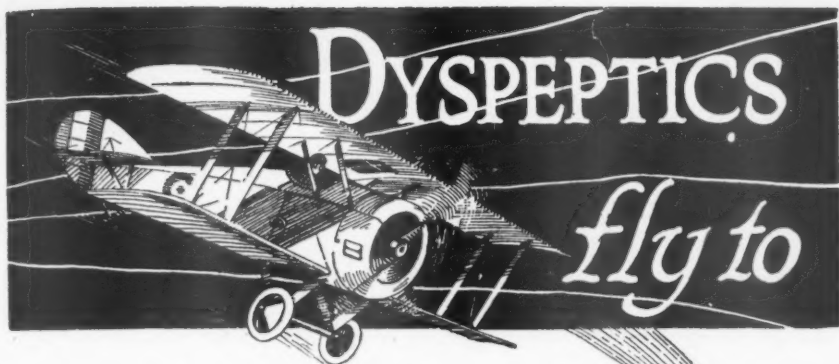
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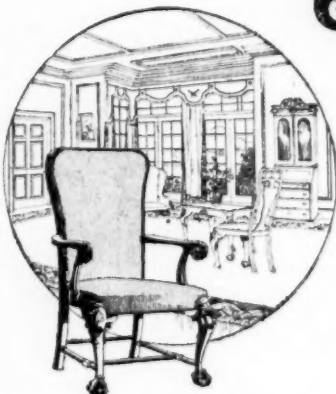
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| Eruptions | Psoriasis | Eczema | Blotches |
| Pimples | Roughness | Scurf | Spots |
| Redness | Rashes | Acne | Rosacea |

Sulpholine is prepared by the great Skin Specialist, J. PERRY & Co., Ltd., 12 Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E.1, and is sold in bottles at 1/3 and 2/-. It can be obtained direct from them by post or from any Chemists and Stores throughout the world.

Quickly removes the effects of Sunburn.

HOW TO WAKE UP A LAZY, SLUGGISH LIVER SO IT STAYS AWAKE.

Noted Authority on Physical Training tells why every sufferer should avoid the use of liver-irritating and habit-forming cathartic drugs, which only produce temporary, convulsive bowel action with invariably bad after-effects. Says try a more natural and lasting way instead.

Simply drink hot curative mineral water for a few days. Easily prepared at home by adding to plain water a compound of the few necessary medicinal ingredients which any chemist can supply at slight cost. See prescription below. Journeying to expensive hot springs is no longer necessary, for the waters have now been accurately analysed and their exact constituent elements made known to the medical profession.

Some good common-sense advice

by W. G. EAST,

Cambridge Coach for 30 years.

Ever had that lazy, listless, "don't care" feeling of constant lassitude, when every move requires special effort and even the brain seems tired, drowsy and dull? *It's your liver.*



W. G. East.

Ever feel bilious, nervous, irritable, headachy, and various other kinds of "achy"? *It's your liver.* Ever have dull eyes, yellowish eyeballs, pimply skin, catarrh, coated tongue, offensive breath, insomnia, stomach trouble, heart palpitation, loss of appetite, etc., etc? *It's your liver.* Constipation has even been called "the beginning of all disease," because it introduces into the blood, by absorption from the intestines, various disease-causing poisons which could not possibly even remain in the body otherwise. Poisons and impurities, whether you call them toxins, microbes, bacteria, bacilli, uric and stomach acids, or by any other names, are admittedly the primary cause of serious organic and other disease. Without their presence in the system the disease could not exist.

Obviously, the only way to get rid of body poisons or blood impurities, and do it quickly, is to stimulate a lazy, sluggish liver, flushed clogged kidneys, neutralise and wash the fermenting mucus from an acid stomach and clear the sour bile and decaying matter from fouled intestines. Cleanse, sweeten and purify the entire alimentary tract. Then notice how much better you feel as the body's great filters and blood refiners (the liver and kidneys) commence working properly again.

This is what happens when people visit the world-famous springs and drink the wonderful medicinal water found there. It is why they return home feeling as though they had received a brand-new set of digestive, blood-purifying, filtering and eliminative organs. This, of necessity, means a well-nourished body, good digestion, steady nerves, high vitality, clear eyes, healthy skin, good colour, and entire freedom from bodily aches or pains. In short,

it means increased efficiency, both physical and mental.

To purify the blood and rid the system of poisons, never dose yourself with still more poisons in the form of powerful drugs like calomel (mercury) or other drastic purgatives and cathartics which cause bowel movements simply by irritation, and even collect in tissues, or attack the bones. Also avoid the use of cheap, impure salts, etc., which may form lime deposits in the joints, or cause kidney and bladder troubles and gall stones.

Such purely temporary expedients often become habit-forming and cause still worse suffering later on. They remind one of the scriptural character who, when possessed by a devil, set loose seven others to catch the first, only to find himself possessed in the end by eight devils instead of one.

Instead of taking strong laxative drugs, etc., with their depressing reactions and bad after-constipating effects, try drinking before breakfast and once or twice at any convenient time during the day, for a week or so, a tumbler full of strongly alkaline hot water, containing such harmless but active and natural liver-stimulating, kidney-flushing, blood-purifying, acid-neutralising and system-cleansing ingredients as magnesium, lithium, sodium, calcium, etc. These are the active principles of medicinal constituents found in such world-famous mineral waters as Vittel, Contrexeville, Vichy, Carlsbad, Ems, Wiesbaden, Marienbad, and various others which wealthy sufferers once felt well justified in travelling thousands of miles to visit. Many of these resorts are difficult and costly to reach, but no one need worry about that now, because, since the waters have all been officially analysed, similar medicinal water can easily be made by anyone at home.

The best way, and in fact the only satisfactory way I know of, to prepare the water at home is to obtain the necessary mineral ingredients already compounded in just the proper proportions and ready for immediate use. The name of the compound which physicians prescribe for this purpose is *Alka-Seltzer* (powder form) and can be had at little cost from any chemist. The average dose is a level teaspoonful dissolved in a tumbler of hot water, and it forms a very palatable drink, with no disagreeable, bitter, salty, sour or otherwise objectionable taste. Unlike pills or many nauseous medicines, salts, syrups, etc., it is very suitable for children, but, of course, should be given them in especially weak doses.

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appear ridiculous when by a new scientific discovery you can
be cured in a short time, without the use of drugs, massage,
instruments, and other appliances?

Blushing and Flushing of the Face is to a certain
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suffer and others do not; but for those who do suffer, I
would point out that the only cure is the entire eradication
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Mr. T. B. Temple, the discoverer of the method, will
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205 Regent Street (2nd Floor), London, W.1.



Colds

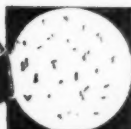
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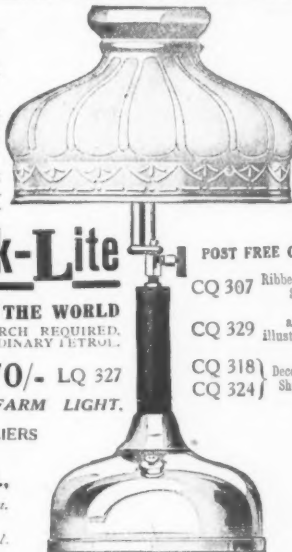
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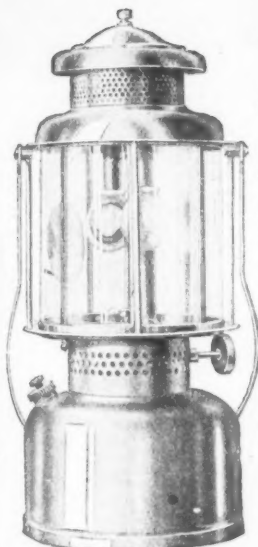


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The Editor's Announcement Page

PITFALLS FOR LOVERS

By STANHOPE W. SPRIGG

By way of a change we shall have next month a Special *Love and Courtship Number*. Stanhope W. Sprigg will write on "Pitfalls for Lovers"; Rowland Grey on "Matrimony in Masterpieces"; H. Mortimer Batten on "Courtship in the Wild," and a new series will be commenced on "The World's Greatest Love-Stories."

But there will be other features of general interest—notably an article by Our Special Commissioner on "When Wages will Fall."

The Editor

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QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4." The Editor can accept no responsibility for MSS.
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COAL TAR
SOAP!

The Ideal Nursery Soap

Protects from Infection

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Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne

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Acts like a charm in
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complaints

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"PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW"



*but why make it hurried
each morning? - Why not use*

ROYAL VINOLIA SHAVING STICK

IT'S a bad start to have to rush to the office. You're flurried and irritable, and the whole day seems to go wrong.

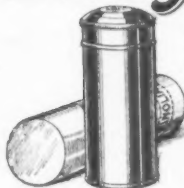
And the cause? More often than not it is that hurried shave which has left your chin sore and smarting. Speed up your toilet by all means, but let it be a comfortable toilet.

Use Royal Vinolia Shaving Stick. You get a speedy shave, but not a hurried one; and there lies the difference. The rich emollient lather of Royal Vinolia Shaving Stick prepares the way for the perfect shave, and the skin is left cool and refreshed. Shave with Royal Vinolia to-morrow.

In Aluminium Case, 1/3

Royal Vinolia

SHAVING STICK



For the man who prefers a Shaving Powder, Royal Vinolia Shaving Powder will be found equally satisfactory. Tins, 9d. & 1/6

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Beauty Culture

Some Simple Recipes that give Startling Results

By MIMOSA.

Getting Rid of Feminine Moustaches.

TO women who are annoyed by disfiguring downy hair growths a method of permanently eradicating the same will come as a piece of good news. For this purpose pure powdered pheninol may be used. Almost any chemist should be able to supply an ounce of this drug. The recommended treatment is designed not only to remove the disfiguring growth instantly, leaving no trace, but also to actually kill the hair roots without irritating the skin.



find that the blackheads come right off on the towel, the large pores contract and efface themselves naturally and the greasiness is all gone, leaving the skin smooth, soft and cool. This treatment should be repeated a few times at intervals of several days in order to make sure that the result shall be permanent.

Grey Hair Unnecessary.

ONE need not resort to the very questionable expedient of hair dye in order not to have grey hair. The grey hair can easily be changed back to a natural colour in a few days' time merely by the application of a simple, old-fashioned and

perfectly harmless home-made lotion. Procure from your chemist two ounces of tannalite concentrate and mix it with three ounces of bay rum. Apply this to the hair a few times with a small sponge and you will soon have the pleasure of seeing your grey hair gradually darkening to the desired shade. The lotion is pleasant, not sticky or greasy, and does not injure the hair in any way.

How to have Thick and Pretty Hair.

SOAPS and artificial shampoos ruin many beautiful heads of hair. Few people know that a teaspoonful of good stallax dissolved in a cup of hot water has a natural affinity for the hair and makes the most delightful shampoo imaginable. It leaves the hair brilliant, soft and wavy, cleanses the scalp completely and greatly stimulates the hair growth. The only drawback is that stallax seems rather expensive. It comes to the chemist only in sealed 1/2-lb. packages, which retail at half-a-crown. However, as this is sufficient for twenty-five or thirty shampoos, it really works out very cheaply in the end.

Blackheads, Oily Pores, &c.

THE new sparkling face-bath treatment rids the skin of blackheads, oiliness and enlarged pores almost instantly. It is perfectly harmless, pleasant and immediately effective. All you have to do is to drop a stymol tablet, obtained from the chemist's, in a glass of hot water, and after the resulting effervescence has subsided, dab the affected portions of the face freely with the liquid. When you dry the face you will

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HOW many women exclaim as they behold their ugly complexion in the mirror, "If I could only tear off this old skin!" and, do you know, it is now possible to do that very thing? Not to actually remove the entire skin all of a sudden: that would be too heroic a method, and painful too, I imagine. The worn-out cuticle comes off in such tiny particles, and so gradually—requiring about ten days to complete the transformation—it doesn't hurt a bit. Day by day the beautiful complexion underneath comes forth. Marvellous! No matter how muddy, rough, blotchy, or aged your complexion, you can surely discard it by this simple process. Just get some ordinary mercurochrome wax at your chemist's, apply nightly like cold cream, washing it off in the mornings.



The Quiver

Trifles

Most of us live in a bewildering whirl of little things. We are busy, but non-productive; anxious, but not far-seeing; worried, but not wise. This is the season of the year that the Church ordains for fasting and meditation. The idea is a good one—that is, if it is not limited to a change of diet. We want time to think, a chance to see things in perspective.

Cannot we simplify our lives a bit? Cannot we escape for a while from the tyranny of trifles, and take our bearings? Half of the worrying details of life do not matter: but it matters greatly how we think, on what we set our hearts, whither we are bound. The soul needs quiet. The mind wants room to grow.

The most valuable gift God has given us is our brains. It is wonderful what we could do with them—if we only made time to think. Give yourself a chance.

MARCH, 1921

Beauty Culture

Some Simple Recipes that give Startling Results

By MIMOSA.

Getting Rid of Feminine Moustaches.

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The Quiver

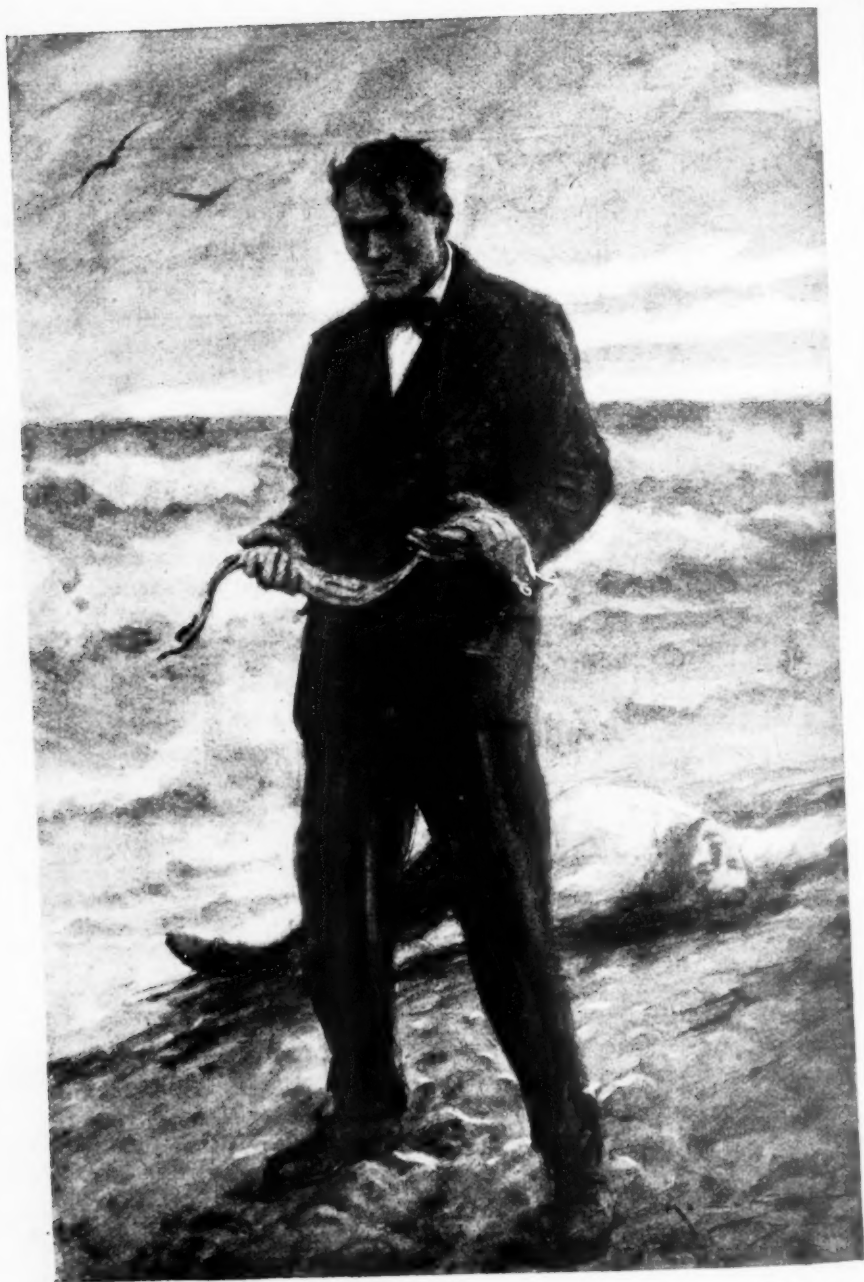
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MARCH, 1921



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stricken with amazement and disgust "

Drawn by
A. C. Michael

Gale Loot

The Story of a Man's Sin

By

G. Appleby Terrill

IT was a cheap, coarse money-belt, coloured black and red—a man's belt. It looked incongruous enough around a woman's slim waist, yet it told a story of foresight and presence of mind. Evidently it had been kept just inside a cabin-trunk, ready to be snatched out and girded on in just such an emergency as had occurred.

For several minutes Emeris hesitated; then he stooped over the belt, freed the sodden leather tongues from the buckles, and drew it clear with a slow pull. His impulse as he turned away was to fasten it about his own body, but he desisted sharply, and cursed himself; and, realizing fully for the first time what sort of a blackguard he had become, he stared blankly in front of him, stricken with amazement and disgust.

His thoughts darted back over many years to his schoolfellows, most of them probably sound and respected members of society by now, and to the unimpeachable friends of his young manhood, from all of whom he had drifted to this lonely stretch of coast—a fifth-rate seascape painter, a failure, a prowler after driftwood and chance bits of salvage, but not a markedly dishonourable man until now. Now he had sunk below the level of a man, below the level of the better-class animals. He was a jackal, preying upon what the sea had slain but had not devoured. He wondered what the old schoolfellows and friends would think if they knew. He imagined the cold abhorrence of their faces, the sting of their words. Ceasing to revile himself, he swore defiantly at them.

He rolled up the belt, put it in his inside pocket, and buttoned his jacket. Then he tramped across the shingle towards the coastguard station, which was out of sight behind a ridge. He was soaked through and through. The legs of his trousers clung so tightly to his knees that they added to the difficulty of walking along the sloping beach, and the turned-up bottoms hit his ankles as heavily as though filled with lead. There were sharp pebbles in his boots, which were cutting his toes. But he neither sought to get rid of the pebbles nor to find a more level route higher up the beach. With his

mind furiously busy he stumbled on close to the sea, breathing the smoke of the waves which swung down white and crashing, and flinching unconsciously as the backwash receded amid a roar of cascading shingle. Once or twice he glanced over the expanse of sea—a lashed, racing sea, brown from churned sand for a mile out, and then a curious, luminous green, white-flecked everywhere, under an almost black sky.

Near the coastguard station he met Bidlan, the officer, walking with a man he did not know. Bidlan, short, bearded, scraggy, and very puckered at the eyes, puckered more on seeing him.

"Hullo! you've been in, sir," he said.

He usually said "sir" to Emeris, because Emeris's voice was certainly a gentleman's.

"Wave bowled me over," said Emeris. He motioned behind him. "There's a dead woman on the beach back there—two hundred yards west of the tower."

"Off of that passenger-boat," said Bidlan. He signalled quickly to one of his men. "No doubt of her being dead?" he asked.

"None. I worked at her for an hour—absolutely gone." He moved away. "Roughly two hundred yards beyond the tower," he said over his shoulder.

He went to his cottage. Before opening the money-belt he changed his clothes, changed with it lying in front of him, speculating as to its contents. It was bulky and several of its flaps were sewn down.

He carried it into the kitchen and searched for the short, pointed knife he used when cobbling his boots. There were other knives which would have done, but he persisted until he found this one; and then he could not force himself to use it. He sat down by the fire, striving to drive from his mind the owner of the belt—the girl stretched on the shingle, with dark-gold hair and clear-cut face, her nose a hair's breadth aquiline; a noble-looking girl, but full-length and dead on the shingle, not able to guard her money, not able to accuse.

He got up, savagely kicking the chair aside. Money was of no use to her now. Look at his need of it! There might be a

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hundred pounds in that belt. A hundred pounds would be new life to him. That sum would pay off Hopkins, who was threatening legal action, and pacify his smaller creditors; and something would be left for the rent of the cottage, which, though only five shillings a week, was in arrears. The vision of a few months without acute financial anxieties put an end to his vacillation. With hands trembling he flattened the belt out on the table and cut the stitches.

Forty-five five-pound notes! He fingered them and counted them, fingered them and counted them, again and again. A fortune! And the notes were not badly wetted. Many had not lost their crispness, or, probably, their faint, characteristic odour. He lifted some to his nose, but threw them away swiftly. They smelt of flowers, of scent; they made him see the fingers that had rolled and packed them.

He washed his hands at the tap. Still the scent seemed to cling to the skin. And it stole through the air of the room. Actually it appeared to rise from the cup of tea he presently drank from. It dispelled all his elation and gave him unbearable thoughts.

Dusk was deepening. He could not remain all night in the loneliness of his cottage with these notes that breathed out, as it were, the breath of a dead girl. He must plunge at once into the bustle of getting rid of them; he must change those he did not spend for others . . . Hopkins was in London. By walking to Pevensey he could catch a train which would get him to town in time for dinner, and he would see Hopkins first thing in the morning. Dinner in London—that was the plan! In the brightness of a London hotel this shore and the girl who lay on it would seem far removed, a vague picture.

A few minutes later he locked up the cottage and started off through the twilight.

He spent three days in London, settling his debts in full and buying what he stood in need of. He returned with eighty pounds (new notes) in his pocket-book and blithe schemes for the future in his brain. But he sincerely hoped one thing—that they had "taken *her* away—right away."

The very first acquaintance he saw was Bidlan, who hurried towards him with unusual warmth of manner.

"I couldn't make out where the dooce you'd got to, sir," he said. "Been looking for you ever since Toosday night. Mrs. Wynniatt wants to speak to you."

"Wynniatt?"

Bidlan rubbed his hands, smiling exuberantly. "News for you, ain't it? Lady you found on the beach. She wasn't dead—you give up too soon; though I guess what you did kept her from going. That there gent 'long with me was a medical gent—him and me got her round."

"You—got—her—round!" cried Emeris. He pushed back his hat, giving an astounded whistle. Then "Thank Heaven!" he said delightedly.

II

BEFORE visiting Mrs. Wynniatt he went to his cottage. By the aid of plenty of dry sticks and paraffin he got a fire quickly going in the kitchen stove. He took the money-belt from the table drawer and rammed it deep into the fire. Then, feeling much more at ease, he boiled a kettle for a wash. He made a deliberate toilet, examining his face critically in the shaving-glass. It was a rather heavy, truculent face, the face of a man of forty. In the circumstances, he could not help thinking that there was something sinister in its expression. However, it would not "give him away." In fact, nothing could give him away. He was quite certain of that. Mrs. Wynniatt would suspect; so would Bidlan and many others, if she took them into her confidence; but none of these could possibly get in touch with Hopkins and thus learn of the large payment to him. In case the cottage should be searched at any time, he burnt the receipted bills of his late creditors. Then, with his nerves tense despite his assuredness, he walked to the cottage two hundred yards away, where Mrs. Wynniatt was staying.

When he stood inside her sitting-room and she started up from a table at which she had been writing, and faced him, the sensation he experienced was extraordinary. This was the reverse of seeing a ghost. Here was the face which had haunted him as a cold, dead, and yet beautiful mask, warm and brilliant with vigorous life; here were the eyes that he had seen only as dark, lustreless slits, big and sparkling blue, shimmering with greeting. The hands which had been dead clay were stretched eagerly towards him; the voice that had fled was speaking.

Before he realized it his hands were being held by Mrs. Wynniatt, held tightly, enthusiastically.

"I never knew—nobody here knew, until ten minutes ago," she said. "Goodness!

why did you tell Mr. Bidlan you found me on the beach?"

"I didn't tell him."

"You implied it."

"You were nearly in."

"*Nearly in!* I was out ever so far, and you went into that appalling, that deadly sea, and by the greatest miracle got back to shore alive—with me. You were seen. Some quaint old man who lives at Pevensey was down near the beach with a telescope. He watched you, and when you had got me out, he just closed up his telescope and went home, convinced I was dead; and he didn't say a word about it to anyone till he came along this afternoon and chatted with Mr. Bidlan. . . . Thank you, thank you for saving me. *You hero!*" She gave a quick sob of excitement. Her eyes filled with tears, and she looked away. Then, pressing his hands in a final, mighty squeeze, she relinquished them.

"Sit down," she said. "I'm going to keep you for hours."

Emeris gazed at her, thrilled by her vehement clasp, delighted by her beauty and vitality. But he asked a practical question. "The old chap didn't stay to watch my—efforts at resuscitation?"

She shook her head, breaking into a torrent of thanks for those efforts. Then she smiled gaily through her tears.

"Forgive the fuss I'm making," she said. "But it's not unnatural, considering, is it? And when you get the combination of an Irishwoman and a"—she waved her hand towards the sheets of paper on the table. "Story-writing doesn't help one to suppress the emotions," she explained.

"So you write?" said Emeris, and added, "Wynniatt—Wynniatt—I wonder if I've read anything of yours?"

She sat down on the opposite side of the fire.

"I married someone called Wynniatt—he died several years ago, poor boy. My own name is Nell O'Carriack."

"The Jarrah Hut," *'Simmons in Sunshine!'* cried Emeris. He stared at her in astonishment. "You wrote those—those first-rate yarns!"

The utter surprise in his voice set her laughing.

"Do I look as though I couldn't?"

He leaned forward and made a show of studying her keenly.

"You look as though you could," he said, "so far as their sparkle and freshness are

concerned. But their technique is so good that I thought you were much older. Will you tell me your age?"

"Twenty-eight."

He nodded his head once or twice and smiled dejectedly. "Twenty-eight and two popular books to your credit. I'm very envious. I'm a painter, past forty, and can't sell my pictures. No, please don't," he exclaimed, as she rather shyly began to sympathize. "Please don't. I'm a hopeless case, not worth considering. But you interest me tremendously." He glanced at the table. "Is that a bit of a new novel?"

"Short stories. I want a few cheques from magazines—speedily. You see, I lost my money in the wreck, and I can't live on my 'Jarrah' and 'Simmons' royalties." She spoke quite light-heartedly; and a note of merriment was in her voice as she added: "Almost the first thing I did when I became conscious was to inform my publisher of my safety by wiring him for financial aid; but I mustn't weigh on him too heavily, since the new book he was waiting for is at the bottom of the sea."

During the last few minutes Emeris had forgotten the belt. Now, figuratively, it lashed him across the face; and, as he was off his guard, he flushed hotly, and knew it.

And the flush became hotter. He had placed this girl in monetary straits; and what seemed to make matters worse was that obviously he had plundered her, not of money earned for her by some masculine relative, but of money she had worked for.

He clutched desperately at the topic of the lost book.

"What a pity it's gone," he said. "Yet, of course, it isn't really at the bottom of the sea. It's here, isn't it?" He touched his brow. "It won't take long to write again."

"I shall not write it again," she answered decisively.

"Wasn't it good?"

"Good!" Her tone reproved him, and her eyes were very appreciative of her lost work as she reflected. "Good! It was wonderfully good—for me. Just fine. I'm afraid I shall never write anything to equal it; I'm afraid I shall grieve over it unless I keep a tight hand on myself, for I loved it. But it is done with—irretrievably. It was shipwrecked in more senses than one."

"I can't follow that," said Emeris.

"Of course not. . . . Well, it was a story with plenty of life and action, and yet it all depended on what a person of my tempera-

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ment—I, to be perfectly accurate—would do in a moment of supreme danger. I didn't do the thing which I would have staked a fortune on my fictional self doing. Therefore my reasoning was false—the story a fraud from beginning to end. I won't touch such a lying tale. . . . Now let's talk of something pleasanter, and let's have some tea."

III

NELL O'CARRICK stayed on at the village, writing short stories with unflagging energy and with manifest joy in her labours.

She and Emeris soon became companions. On Sundays (when she did no writing) they were rarely apart. On other days she liked him to look into her sitting-room in the morning for a five-minutes' chat; and in the afternoon they "crunched" along the beach together for an hour, or for two, if her work had gone ahead rapidly that day. In the evening he visited her again, and, as a rule, they sat down to the thrilling pastime of *Casino* for farthing points.

A usual request of his, as he said good-night, was: "No more work till to-morrow." For, though she continually made a determination never to write after six o'clock, often, when he had gone, she decided to do two or three lines—and was still doing them at midnight, as he could tell from the light in her window. He was afraid that her health would pay for this; he prompted her landlady to attempt to dissuade her; and on several occasions he emerged from his cottage and marched to the lighted window—a low one, always a little open at the top—and hissed through the blind: "Go to bed!"

The use of forcible colloquialisms was an amusement which she sometimes indulged in, and the customary acknowledgment of his solicitude was a tart, "Go to *blazes*—you'll wake the village up."

However, except for a trace of weariness about the eyes, she appeared none the worse for the strain.

Her effect upon Emeris was twofold. Her companionship kept his theft constantly and vividly in his mind; yet this companionship was inestimably dear to him. Her disposition entranced him, for practically always she was serenely, steadily glad—happy with her literary success, happy with her ambitions—so glad that, if he came to her in the doourest spirits, as a result of

brooding over the money-belt, she usually raised his spirits to the level of her own ere he had been with her a minute.

Now and again, perhaps, her sunniness would go, leaving her (of all people!) for a little while in a bleak, miserable mood. But, with a sprightly word, she would throw this off.

He put such moods down to tiredness. He wondered what she thought of the black depression from which she was constantly dragging him. Probably she was aware of an important fact—that he was in love with her; and the likelihood was that she deemed he was contrasting what he had to offer her—middle-age, failure, poverty, with what she had to offer him—youth, radiance, triumph. Whatever her surmise, it completely missed the true cause. Although, with peculiar reticence, she had made no mention of the wreck and her lost money since the afternoon on which they first spoke, he was sure she did not suspect. She was not a dissembler; she was open as a child.

£225! He had robbed her of £225! Sometimes when they came on to the beach, and she stopped and turned her intrepid little face seaward, holding her head high and letting the wind with its blessed freshness blow her hair back and cool the brain which she was taxing, thanks to him—he found the action intolerably poignant, and he felt inclined to go away and kill himself.

Her cheques began to arrive. She showed him every one, as eagerly and ingenuously as though these were her pen's first earnings. They commenced with small sums, for very short stories; then came several substantial amounts, including one of forty guineas, and two hundred dollars from an American magazine. With this last there was a change in her.

She eased down as regards short stories, spoke of the necessity of commencing another novel, became pensive during walks, and finally could not prevent her bleak moods from increasing very much in frequency and length.

"I know I'm dismal, Harry," she said one afternoon, in answer to a query by Emeris. "I'm wretched." She flicked a pebble into the sea, at the edge of which they stood. "I want my drowned book; I want to write it—awfully."

"Why, write it! What can be easier? Take a couple of weeks' holiday, and then set to."

"You know I can't write it," she said,



" 'I was faint, nearly paralysed, with terror.
I can't recall what occurred ' "—p. 388

Drawn by
A. C. Michael

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almost angrily. "I told you. It would be a sort of falsehood. I won't write a lie. I could never do that."

"Not in fiction? . . . Would it read like a lie?"

"Thank you for the compliment. It most certainly would not."

"Then, write it. I know that if it were a case of a picture I shouldn't hesitate to paint it."

"That may be the reason why you're—not a success."

It was the first time she had ever said anything unkind to him; and immediately, with an exclamation of regret, she dropped her hand on his.

"I'm sorry. That really was despicable of me! I saw the retort and just couldn't resist making it." Her arm slipped around his. "If you care to know, I think you far finer because you work doggedly on through failure after failure, than I should if you were a success. . . . Forgive me, Harry. You must understand that dishonesty is a red rag to me. It infuriates me—dishonesty in art, dishonesty in anything. I loathe, abominate dishonesty."

Emeris set his teeth and kept his eyes on the waves.

"There's nothing to forgive," he said after a moment, speaking with an effort, and trying hard to speak lightly.

"Oh, yes there is," said she; "but I'll take it you forgive me; and I'll explain about the book. I wrote nearly all of it in America; I finished it coming over from New York. The key-note to the character of the girl in it—she is myself, remember—is the fact that, in a burning house, with only a tiny chance of safety, she minimizes that chance, although she is in extreme fear, by pausing to take from a drawer the bag in which she always puts her jewels at night in case of fire. She had calculated that she would have the calmness to save them; she proves her calculation correct."

Nell O'Carrick sighed.

"Well, as I did not know whether I should stay in Ireland or in England—instead of having my worldly wealth, about £200, transferred by a New York bank to a bank over here, or of getting a letter of credit for it, I stupidly changed it in New York into English five-pound notes, sewed these up in a belt, and took them aboard ship with me. I didn't wear the belt; I kept it handy. I never doubted that, if anything happened at sea, I should fasten

on the belt as coolly as my fictional self had taken hold of her jewels.

"There was no disaster. I landed in Ireland. But after a week there I decided I would take the roundabout English Channel voyage to London. You know what befell my small steamer and my money."

She leaned against him despondently.

"Harry, what a revelation of myself! In those last minutes on board I was faint, nearly paralysed, with terror. I can't recall what occurred except that a sailor tied some life-saving gear on me and that such senses as I had left urged and urged me to play up to the girl in my book, to fetch my belt. I did try, but I was so panic-stricken that I couldn't move my legs. I don't believe I went a yard towards the cabin, though just before we sank I had an hallucination that I had crawled there and buckled the belt round me. But I hadn't, as you know. I'd got delirious with fright. I—the heroine that was to be! Now you can realize why that book isn't going to be written—though it would have—have made me."

She was very near to crying. Yet suddenly, with admirable will-power, she gave a careless ripple of a laugh.

"There are as good plots out of the sea as ever went into it," she said. "I shall find one. . . . Are you cold? You're trembling." She whipped away her arm. "We'll have a run. Give me a start to that stone, and I'll race you to Mr. Bidlan for sixpence. There he is bending over that boat."



Soon after breakfast the next morning Emeris strolled across to her cottage and tapped on her sitting-room door. He had an item of news which he believed would please her exceedingly. She had advised him to abandon seascape painting temporarily and to try a certain style of landscape. He had yielded to her; and now, marvelling at what had resulted, he had come to tell her of a letter which he had received from a firm of art publishers, offering an excellent price for two small experiments in landscape submitted to them by him, which they wished to reproduce in colour.

He was whistling when he tapped, and so he did not hear whether she said "Come in," or "Don't come in." Not doubting that it was the former, he opened the door.

She sat facing him, with her arms lying on the table; and from the swift way in

GALE LOOT

which she had thrown up her head he guessed that it had been sunk down on them. Around her eyes was a wet redness, and the eyes themselves were aswim with tears, and startled and angry at his entrance.

"I said 'Don't come in,'" she said. "I object to being discovered like this. However, the mischief's done now, so sit down."

"What's the matter?"

A thought that she was ill made his voice quiver.

The resentment left her eyes, and they gave him their customary look of welcome.

"Matter? Nothing except that I'm feeling a bit sorry about the never-to-be book. I find it leaves a gap, and I can't quite get the heart to start another. But, of course, I must. Don't worry, I shall be all right in a minute."

Emeris shut the door. He went and leaned over the table, setting his elbows on it and taking her hands. He stared down at them.

"That hallucination you spoke of yesterday," he said—"it wasn't one. You did get the belt. You came ashore with it round you. I thought you were dead, so I stole it from you."

"Am I supposed to laugh, or to be such a sweet little innocent as to believe you?"

"There were exactly forty-five five-pound

notes in it," he said. "You had spilt a lot of blue ink over two of them."

Her hands moved slightly and held his with a steady grip. He did not look up at her.

"I'm not only a thief, a revolting sort of thief," he went on; "I'm the lowest cur. I still have some of your money, yet I watched you work feverishly to get some cash in hand; I've eaten your bread in this room—and yesterday, when I saw that I had done worse than rob you of money, that I had robbed you of your book and your trust in yourself, I never spoke. . . . I let you believe you'd failed, when your spirit had been—had been something divine, carrying you through to your purpose."

"And you'd tried to forget your book, and couldn't. I knew what the result might be. I'd shadowed all your future work. Perhaps I'd spoilt it—ruined you! But I couldn't tell you. I couldn't lose you—I couldn't!"

He pressed his forehead on her hands and breathed unsteadily.

"I've sold two landscapes," he said in dull tones. "Your advice. And I might have ruined you. . . . I'm thankful I found you crying. I'm thankful I've decided to lose you."

She rested her cheek on his head.

"*Lose*—don't talk rot," she said.



Photo: W. Reid



Preparing the Paschal Lamb

This is a remarkable photograph showing the Samaritan priests preparing the lambs for the Passover by lantern light

Photo : American Colony, Jerusalem



Assembled for the Paschal Ceremony

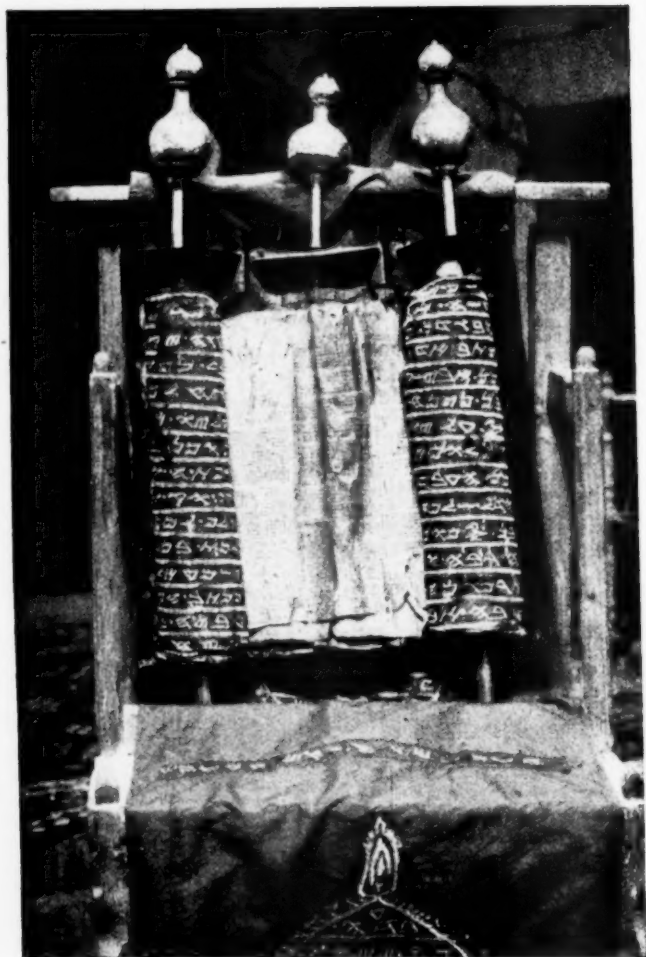
The Last of the Samaritans

By
Harold J. Shepstone,
F.R.G.S.

The illustrations (by the American Colony of Jerusalem) accompanying this article are the first ever taken of the remarkable ceremony of the Passover, as conducted by the Samaritans on Mount Gerizim

LYING some forty miles to the north of Jerusalem is the city of Nablous. Here alone are to be found the Samaritans, an extremely interesting and picturesque sect, though one that is rapidly dying out. Once strong and numerous they have gradually diminished until to-day they number but a hundred and sixty souls. As they do not intermarry with other peoples, and the number of their women is proportionately small, they are fast becoming extinct, though holding on tenaciously to their inherited ideas of coming national resuscitation and glory.

As in the time of Christ, so to-day the Jews refuse to have any dealings with the Samaritans, and it is because of their presence in Nablous that no Jew has settled there. This animosity between the Samaritans and the Jews is remarkable when we remember the similarity of their religious beliefs and practices, but it is the animosity that invariably exists between an original and a schism. The chief difference in their religion is that the cult of the Samaritans centres about Gerizim, while that of the Jews centres about Zion, and that the Samaritan canon of Scripture is restricted



The first photograph taken of the genuine Samaritan Scroll

to the Pentateuch, or "The Five Books of Moses." The later writings, including the Prophets and the Psalms, the Samaritans repudiate as uninspired.

The Samaritans maintain that they are the remnants and descendants of the once great tribe of Ephraim, and that the split between them and the Jews came about through the mal-administration of the priesthood by Eli's sons. Followers of the Jewish church are looked upon as dissenters from the pure faith of Israel, and the forming of a centre of worship in Jerusalem by Judah

is condemned upon the ground that the land of Ephraim, with Shechem and its mountains, figured in the earliest history of the Hebrews; that here the first Israelitish altars were erected, and that these were the only specific parts of the Land of Promise mentioned by Moses in the wilderness.

The Samaritan Scroll

The most precious document of this sect is the renowned Samaritan Scroll of the Pentateuch. This scroll is some seventy feet long, and toward the end its columns are divided vertically by a small gap, often occurring between letters of the same word. Into this gap is carried and written any letter that occurs in the lines which fits into the writing of the date, so that when reading the text it fills its place, while on the other hand these separated letters when

read collectively from the top of the column to the bottom, like the Chinese, spell out the name and date of the writer, etc., thus making it impossible for the date to have been of a later writing than that of the scroll itself.

The Samaritans assert that the scroll was written by Abishua, the great-grandson of Aaron, in the early days of the entrance into Canaan, but no impartial student will allow it this very remote origin, although it is believed to be the most ancient copy of the Pentateuch in existence. So jealously

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guarded is this scroll that few non-Samaritans have ever seen it, and many of the Samaritans themselves have not seen it except as it is exhibited on rare occasions at feasts, rolled up and covered with a silken cloth and with but one column exposed.

The scroll has recently been photographed from end to end, and will soon be published for the benefit of Hebrew scholars. As a result new light may be thrown upon many Scriptural controversies.

While the Jews have scattered all over the world since the captivities and have absorbed much that is foreign, in many instances adapting their religious practices to their new environment, the Samaritans have during the same lapse of time lived in the land of their forefathers, among Semitic people, akin to the Hebrews, and because of this fact have handed down to the twentieth century a glimpse of the old Jewish church almost in its purity. A notable instance of the survival of an ancient religious ceremony is the celebration of the Passover Sacrifice.

Celebrating the Passover

All devout Jews, of course, celebrate the Passover, but even in Jerusalem the Jewish ceremony is only a semblance of the graphic directions given by Moses for its observance. There is indeed the unleavened bread, but there is only a bit of bone to represent the slain lamb; a salad stands for the bitter herbs; a chocolate-coloured confection is a reminder of the Nile mud and of their servitude and brick making. Wine is drunk repeatedly throughout the ceremony, and course after course of different dishes are brought to the table and eaten. With the Samaritans, however, it is otherwise. They are the only people who celebrate the Passover in its primitive simplicity. The very midnight scene of the original Passover night, with its slain lamb, its sprinkled blood, its bitter herbs, its being eaten roasted and in haste, standing, with shoes on and staves in hand, is all faithfully reproduced. It is an open-air scene in the dead of night and with the full moon shining overhead.

A few days before the event, which is determined by the Samaritans themselves,

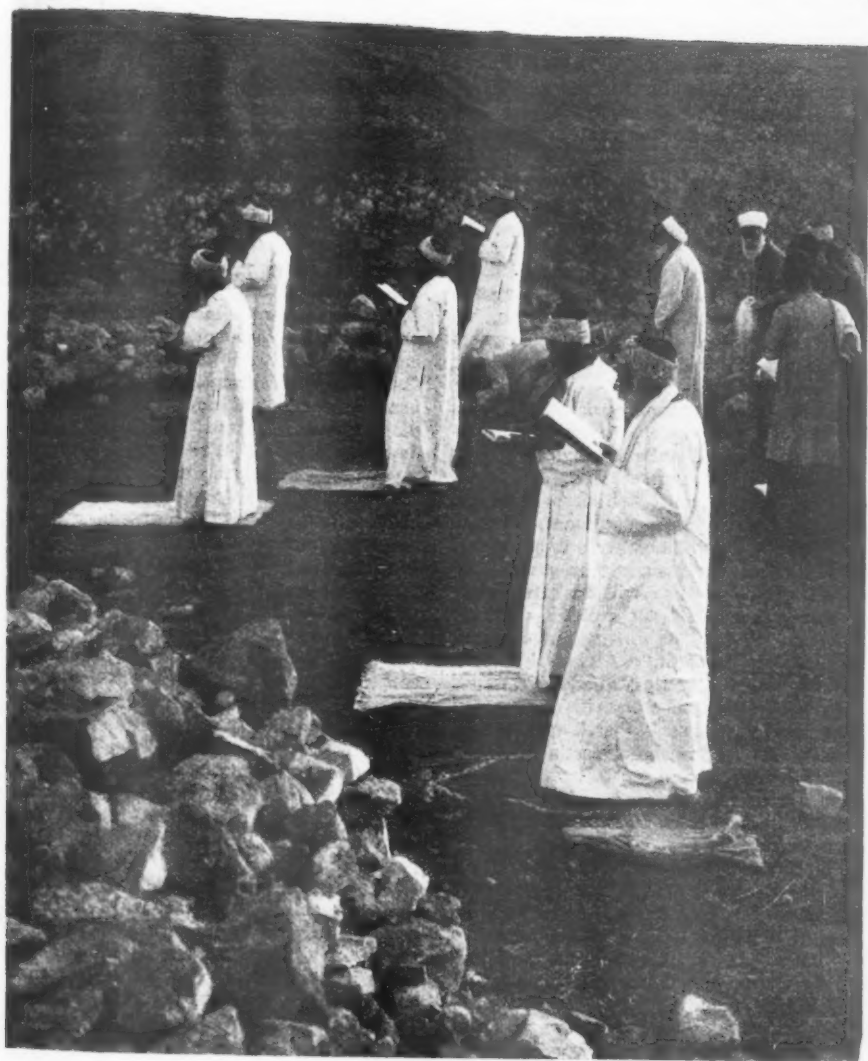


At the setting of the sun the congregation bows in prayer, the ancient Hebrew prayer posture being adopted



The Biblical Salutation

Embracing one another, the head is put on the other's shoulder or neck, the latter being bent forward, and in doing so the cheek or neck is kissed, alternating from one shoulder to the other



Celebrating the Passover

The commencement of the ceremony—evening prayers on Gerizim

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as they base their calendar on the movement of the sun as well as by the moon, the Samaritan ghetto at Nablous becomes the scene of much activity. Mules and donkeys are loaded with tents and other necessities, while young and old, sick and well, quit their homes to make the pilgrimage to Gerizim, in obedience to the command: "Thou mayest not sacrifice the Passover within any of thine own gates, but in the place which Yahweh thy God shall choose to make a habitation for His name." Often, persons seriously ill are carried in their sick beds to the camp, and here not unfrequently babes are born.

Prior to the date appointed, much time is spent in arranging the camp, rebuilding the *tanoor*, or ground oven, used in roasting the sacrifice, and in procuring the necessary wood and brush for fuel. The ascent to the camp spot on Gerizim, a small, elongated field, the property of the Samaritans, occupies an hour on account of the steepness of the ascent. Each family occupy a tent to themselves.

At the eastern extremity of the camp is the *kiniseh* (synagogue) where the religious rites are observed while in camp. It is a small oblong plot surrounded on three sides by a low rubble wall. At the northern end of this space, or prayer enclosure, a trench has been dug and lined with uncut stone. "An altar of earth shalt thou make unto me. . . . And if thou wilt make an altar of stone, thou shalt not build it of hewn stone; for if thou lift up thy tool upon it, thou hast polluted it." Across this altar two large copper kettles, filled with water, are placed. Beyond the north-eastern end of the enclosure, and higher than its level, is the *tanoor* for the sheep roasting. It is a pit, the depth equal to a man's height, from five to six spans in diameter, and lined in a circular form, like a well, with rough stones.

The ceremony commences just before sunset and winds up with an exciting feast at midnight. For that reason it has never been properly photographed, and the illustrations here shown are the only ones that have ever been taken of this ancient ceremony during the midnight hours.

The men and youths are, for the most part, dressed in white, a striking reminder of the Moslem garb. Before all prayers, the Samaritan goes through prescribed ablutions, washing with water three times each the hand, mouth, nose, face, ears, and feet,

in the order named; and, like the Moslem, he spreads the prayer cloth, which in some instances has the *Mihrab* design.

When all have assembled—that is the male population, for the women do not take an active part in this sacrificial service—the venerable high priest of the Samaritans, Yakoub (Jacob), feeble and infirm, for he is eighty-five years of age, clad in a pale green garment, takes his place in front of the congregation. The two second priests, Ishak (Isaac) and Tewfik, stand slightly behind him. Then come in rows the elders according to rank. On every hand the walls and terraces are crowded with onlookers, mostly boys and youths from Nablous.

The service consists in the saying of prayers, readings from the Scriptures, and the singing of hymns. Many of the prayers are repeated by the congregation when they kneel, or rather sit upon their heels. Whenever any petition is asked their hands are outstretched to heaven and they constantly bow their heads in unison, touching their foreheads to the ground. Every time God's name is mentioned during the reading of the Scriptures the men stroke their beards downward thrice. Likewise whenever passages are recounted enjoining them to remember their God, they bow, swinging the body forward from the hips, in token of reverence and submission.

As the sun begins to set the congregation, which has been facing the crest of Gerizim, turns about, and the venerable high priest mounts a fallen pillar (an unintended suggestion of their fallen condition) and commences reading the Mosaic account of the first Passover. Meanwhile the lambs, "males of the first year and without blemish," have been brought to the altar, where the cauldrons of water are already boiling. Over the lambs stand three slaughterers with glistening knives of razor sharpness. On the word "slay" in the passage, "Then shall all the convocation of the assembly of Israel slay it between the two evenings," the slaughterer, with one deft stroke, cuts one throat and jumps to the next. "Between the evenings" the Samaritans translate to mean between sunset and dark, the twilight hour in Palestine being very short. "Thou shalt sacrifice the Passover in the evening, at the going in of the sun, at the very time thou camest forth out of Egypt."

In a few seconds all the lambs, eight to ten in number, have been sacrificed. This

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is immediately followed by a veritable babel—the shouting, clapping of hands, and singing, drowning the prayers of the priests and elders. A young priest now collects a quantity of fresh blood in a basin, stirs it vigorously with a bunch of wild thyme, and then sprinkles it above each tent door.

Incidentally it is of great interest that the thyme is used. Botanists have differed as to what herb the hyssop might be. Here we learn that this wild thyme has properties which keep the blood from coagulating. Besides, this custom having been handed down in unbroken succession, little if any room is left for doubt as to its identity with hyssop.

While the lambs are giving their last life struggle, youths pass among the people bearing large trays piled high with bitter herbs, a sort of wild lettuce that grows on Gerizim, rolled in thin sheets of unleavened bread. Rolls are distributed among non-Samaritans as a token of friendship.

As the killing of the lambs commemorates the sacrifice that saved the first-born of the Hebrews from the fate of their Egyptian neighbours, so here also the eating of the bitter herbs and unleavened bread is a reminder of the bitterness of the Egyptian tyranny and the haste with which Israel left the land of the Pharaohs. "And they baked unleavened bread of the dough they brought forth out of Egypt, for it was not leavened; because they were thrust out of Egypt and could not tarry, neither had



Eating the Passover

The members of a family collect, each around one of the lambs—men, women, children and nursing babies, all partake of the feast

they prepared for themselves any victuals." The loaves resemble gigantic but very thin pancakes, and are pliable but not crisp.

At the sacrificial altar the older men and some of the priests, who now stand about those to whom is delegated the task of dressing the lambs, have kept up the reading of the Exodus as far as Miriam's song of triumph. Meanwhile, as soon as the lambs have become lifeless, boiling water from the cauldrons is poured over them. Now comes the ritual inspection. As each lamb is fleeced it is suspended by its hind quarters on a long pole resting on the shoulders of two men. Great care is taken throughout the inspection not to mutilate a bone, for the command, "Neither shall he break a

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bone thereof," is strictly observed. Any carcass found ritually unfit is put on the burning altar and consumed. This, however, is a very rare occurrence. The last time it happened was some six years ago, when a lamb was found minus a kidney.

Unlike the Jews, who will not eat of the hind quarters of any animal until all the sinews have been entirely removed, the Samaritans claim to know exactly the cord the angel touched while wrestling with Jacob at the ford of the Jabbok, and now a deep incision is made in the flank and it is taken out. "And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him. And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint. . . . Therefore the children of Israel eat not of the sinew which shrank, which is upon the hollow of the thigh, unto this day."

Deep gashes are made in the fleshy parts in order that salt may penetrate, in fulfillment of the obligation, "And every oblation of thy meat offering shalt thou season with salt." The right shoulder is removed, this being a priestly portion. Pieces of the head are also reserved for the priests. Only the males of the priestly family and women of the same blood, if unmarried into other families, may partake of them. "And they shall give unto the priests the shoulder and the two cheeks."

An oaken spit is now thrust through each dressed lamb lengthwise, and to the accompaniment of a prayer in which they all join, the spits are lowered simultaneously into the earthen oven. A wicker-work lid made of sticks is now placed over the top and the lid sealed by grass and earth, so that no smoke or steam can escape.

It requires now three hours to midnight when the flesh will be roasted and ready for consumption. The closing of the oven is followed by a short service, when the worshippers, after saluting one another, retire to their tents to rest until midnight. A few keep watch at the oven. The salutation is after the old Biblical greeting. Embracing one another, the head is put on the other's shoulder or neck, the latter being bent forward, and in doing so the cheek or neck is kissed, alternating from one shoulder to the other. "And Esau ran to meet him (Jacob) and embraced him, and fell upon his neck, and kissed him."

At midnight, amid much excitement,

bustle, and hurry, a herald proclaims that the hour has come, and all put on their sandals, gird their loins, and take their staves in hand. They gather close around the roasted lambs which have been drawn from the hot pit and placed on dishes on the ground. The meat is sprinkled with minced bitter herbs and straw trays of unleavened bread are placed at hand. After a prayer by the high priest, everyone begins to eat ravenously, pulling the meat from the bones with the fingers. No forks or knives are used and great care is observed not to break a bone. They eat standing, with sandals on their feet and staves in hand, with every indication of haste, as though about to start on a journey. "And thus shall ye eat it; with your loins girded, your shoes on your feet, and your staff in your hand: and ye shall eat it in haste: it is the Lord's Passover."

Those who are unable to leave their tents because of sickness have a portion sent to them, and, no matter how ill, they always partake of a little. Even the nursing babies have their lips touched with a morsel, all in literal compliance with the command that anyone refraining from eating it shall be cut off from Israel.

Within a few minutes the meal is over and the high priest, leaning picturesquely upon his staff, recites a short prayer. Every bit of bone, flesh, and offal remaining is now collected, together with the spits, and burnt. Everyone, too, washes his hands with hot water, making sure that it flows into the ditch-altar, lest even this infinitesimal quantity of the sacrifice should fail to be destroyed by fire.

The entire scene, being enacted at midnight, in the light of the full moon, on the summit of the historic mount, in exact accordance to the ritual handed down from the hoary past, is most impressive—the white-robed participants, the dignified high priest, the curious alien crowd of spectators, the picturesque tents, the heaps of eloquent ruins, the moon-bathed sea to the west, the plain below with its sites telling of sacred scenes from the Old Testament and from the New—all these conspire to leave an indelible impression on the mind. But we have probably seen the last of these Israelitish blood sacrifices. Too infirm now to lead and govern his people, Jacob, the high priest, has retired, and as the Samaritans are a fast-dying race it is doubtful whether the Passover in its original simplicity and grandeur will ever be held again.

GEORGE STRACHAN'S HEIRS

by
Mrs Baillie Reynolds

CHAPTER XIX (continued)

Lost! Lost! Lost!

"OH, shout!" urged Charis, "please shout at once, and as loud as you can!"

Gilbert raised his voice—he had sound lungs—and was answered by a faint "Hallo!" through the mist.

"Where are you? Stop! Stand still till we join you!" he cried.

A muttering of confused sound came back to them. They could not distinguish the words.

"Can't hear! speak louder!" he trumpeted. The reply wandered back to them as a wholly unintelligible murmur.

"Idiots! They are moving farther off!" raged poor Gil. "Why can't they come back a few steps?"

"Are you sure we were behind them?" asked Charis hesitatingly.

He bit his lip. Since they started to walk together he had been conscious of nothing but her, and they both knew it.

"If they, too, are enveloped in this mist," she suggested, "they probably think they had better not move until they can see their direction. It is growing thicker every minute."

"Like having one's head wrapped up in a blanket," he groaned. "However, I'll try once more." Again he sent out his powerful voice: this time they could hardly be certain of being answered at all. Silence fell, a curious silence, which seemed full of a vast suspense, as if the great mountain waited to see what the two waifs upon her desolate and stony summit would make of the situation.

"I am trying to remember," said Gilbert

feverishly, "exactly what Morrison said. As far as I can recall it, he thought it was useless to go down by the Dodds, in this weather, because one can see nothing in the way of a prospect. He meant to begin by following the route down by the Dodds, and strike off it, so as to go down Glenridding."

"Yes, that's my memory of what he said . . . and didn't he mention that there are cairns along the track?" He moved away a few steps, uncertainly, and she cried quickly: "Don't go away! Don't leave me alone!"

"I was trying to shape a course by the direction of the wind," he explained, "but it appears to have dropped. On the summit there was quite a sharp, cold breeze from the south-west; but now it seems to be blowing any way, or hardly at all. These vapours are all twisting and curling about like steam in a cauldron." . . . He paused, then turned to her a face she hardly recognized.

"This is all my miserable fault. I was so wrapped up in my own feelings that I could think of nothing else. I swore to you that it should make no difference; and now I've landed you in this . . . and the mischief of it all is, that though I deserve to be sent packing, you'll have to put up with my society for the present, on the ground that even I am better than nobody."

He seemed as though he would have said more, but his voice died as he met her hazel eyes lifted to his from under the soft woolly edge of her hat, which, with the loose hair above her brow, was thickly beaded with the condensed moisture of the mist.

"Mr. Brown, don't be silly! If I had to

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be lost, I'm glad—yes, glad—that it's you I am lost with! Cheer up! These clouds are on the move. There will come a jag in the curtain presently, and then we shall see where we are."

His mouth quivered as he gazed upon her. Then, brushing his eyes with his hand, he drew a long breath. "I might have known," he murmured. What it was that he might have known did not appear. When he spoke again, his face had lost its chalky whiteness, and he had himself well in hand. "I agree with you that it's quite likely we may get a peep before long, and I think it worth while to wait a bit. I feel helpless, because I haven't a compass. One never ought to go up without one."

"Well, I think we are unduly nervous. I expect we are only a few steps out of our way, after all."

"If this were August, there would probably, even on such a bad day, be other parties up here. But at this time of year, the ascents are not so frequent. I think I'll try one more call, shall I?"

He did so; but this time there was no response.

"If they thought we were lost, they would have waited or turned back," said she. "We have not moved, so I conclude we have only to go on as soon as our way becomes visible. I dare say the mist isn't so thick where they are, and they don't realize we are in difficulties."

"Quite likely."

"And we're not in difficulties, are we?" Her smile was almost coaxing. "We're just taking a few minutes' rest."

He sat down on the stony ground near her, but not very near. For a long minute the surrounding silence closed over their heads like an ocean. Then he said, quietly:

"So, one day more am I deified.

Who knows but the world may end
to-night?"

She sighed, restlessly. In every pulse she felt his influence. He was not looking at her, he was demanding nothing; but he seemed to her to be dangerously strong.

"Mr. Brown," said she suddenly, "you mustn't. Kindly allow me the free use of my own will and judgment."

"I'm not; at least, I'm trying not to," was the cryptic response. A spectator might have recalled Wordsworth's comment on the Brownings: "Well, it is to be hoped they

understand each other, for certainly no one else could."

Charis understood, fatally well.

"A-a-ah!" cried he, breaking the intense moment.

The veil of white showed dark spots in its heart. It raced on, tossing wild, Kühleborn-like arms. The arid waste at their feet unrolled slowly before them; they saw a little heap of stones—then another.

"The cairns!" cried Gilbert, springing to his feet. "We are on the path all right—dead on it!"

He helped her up and they moved on eagerly. They could perceive a faint track, and this they followed for some time, the mist just allowing them a glimpse of the next little cairn ahead. When they had gone some way there was a further lifting of the veil, which showed them on their right a sheer drop. They were about to skirt the upper edge of a line of precipitous crags.

"That must be Swirrel Edge—no doubt the Red Tarn lies down there, where the fog's so dense. Morrison said we had to cross the end of it, so all we have to do now is to go on and—why, look down there—no, ever so far—farther on your left. . . ."

A wan beam of light in the valley glinted upon water. "The lake! Why, of course, that must be Ullswater. We're looking straight down Glenridding. Ah, well, we're all right now!"

"My guilty conscience made me lose heart too soon," he apologized, as they made the best of their way onward. As they progressed the way became each instant more difficult. Gilbert had not expected to find it so hard, so much of an actual climb as it was proving to be.

He was no mountaineer, but he was strong, steady and capable. He felt that his companion knew more about rocks than he did. She made no complaint, and came along bravely; but the mist still dogged them, hanging about, sweeping to and fro, and making it impossible to see any line of country far ahead.

Once it came down so densely that they dare not go forward and were obliged to sit down and rest. Gilbert had some biscuits in his rucksack, and also some hot drink in a flask. While they refreshed themselves, they talked—talked as it seemed most unlikely that either of them would ever talk to anyone else on earth. Problems of

destiny, of philosophy, of religion—upon each of these there seemed to be between them that amount of common ground which, while it does not necessarily mean agreement, means always an intelligible basis for discussion. Gilbert knew that this girl had received a first-rate education. In fact, a passing allusion showed him that she had been at Oxford.

In spite, however, of the supreme fascination of their talk, he was again on his feet the moment the mist lifted. This time the wind had apparently made up its mind to blow steadily, and soon the whole of the mountainside below them came into plain sight, though all distances still remained shrouded.

"I think the wind has changed," he said doubtfully. "We ought to be on the sheltered side more or less here, and it seems to be driving right at us."

"All the better! It will chase this mist clean away! Now, you must just drink this that I have poured out for you, and then we'll go on."

She held out to him the cup portion of the flask. "Sorry you must drink after me," said she, "but there is no other cup."

Gilbert knelt down in the coarse herbage at her feet. He took off his cap, received the cup, and drank, as it were, sacramentally. It was done so quietly that the significance of the action would have been lost on most spectators. To bring himself to her level, as she sat on a low stone, it might be as easy to drink upon his knees as in any other position. But the import of what he did flowed in upon Charis, and shook her unexpectedly. While ignoring—as was doubtless his wish—the whole transaction, she found that her voice, when she wanted to say something flippant, was not under control. She choked and was silent.

Now that he could see below him, Gilbert was acutely aware that they had by no means begun their descent by the best way; in fact, they had lost the path, and had some very difficult ground to negotiate. The sight of the lake, now again visible, was, however, reassuring, and he worked with all his might to lessen her fatigue as much as possible, over the long tract of marshy ground which they found themselves obliged to traverse.

He was a good deal puzzled that the features of the hills, now that he could see something of them, did not seem to tally with what he remembered of the Ullswater

Valley. As they descended, he searched in vain for some landmark which might show him how far along the lakeside they would strike the high road.

He began to fear that they must have moved a long way northward of their true course, and be coming down not Glenridding, but Glencoyne, a mile or two higher up, or rather lower down, the lake than the portion near Patterdale which was all that he knew.

When, after a protracted and toilsome struggle they actually came out upon the firm white road, he could hardly believe in his good fortune; for it was not much after seven o'clock, they might count upon two hours more of daylight; and he thought he could certainly hire some kind of vehicle to drive them back, should it turn out that they had far to go.

"We turn to the right, of course," said he doubtfully. "But I am afraid we must be a good way from Glenridding. It all looks so different, doesn't it? The lake is so much narrower here than it is where we are staying."

Charis agreed. The road upon which they stood seemed to be entirely unfrequented. It was beautiful, with the grey, wan, tearful beauty of the Lake District; but it seemed lonely and forlorn.

"Well," said she, "we had better walk on. We are sure to find an hotel soon, are we not?"

"Oh, quite sure; and then I can get a trap and drive you back. I can see you are desperately tired. That has been heavy going—all through my wretched inexperience!"

"What nonsense! The best mountaineers get lost in a mist; and without map or compass, what can one do?"

They walked on cheerfully; but Gilbert grew still more worried when the road they followed ceased to border the lake and turned more or less inland. They kept on, however, and when they had gone the better part of two miles they came upon a small inn.

"Good!" he cried. "Now we can find out where we are! Courage! After all, we shan't be much late for dinner at the hotel."

It was quite a small, wayside affair, most unlike the big hotels at Patterdale and Glenridding; and it was with a curious sense of walking in a dream, or a nightmare, that Gilbert went into the bar and

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asked how far they were from the Ullswater Hotel.

The landlord, who stood behind his bar, set down the glass he was wiping and stared open-mouthed, as though they had asked how far it was to London.

"Ullswater?" he repeated, scratching his head.

"Yes, the hotel along here"—pointing as he spoke—"the hotel by the lakeside at Glenridding?"

"Glenridding? Why, where d'you think you are?"

"Well, I don't know exactly where I am, but on the shore of Ullswater somewhere—"

"This ain't Ullswater. This is Thirlmere," ejaculated the landlord, staring as though he thought Gilbert slightly daft.

CHAPTER XX

"Bid Me Good-bye"

"**T**HIRLMERE!" they both echoed, unable to believe their ears.

The landlord lifted the flap of his counter and came out to them, as though he thought this might help to elucidate the situation. "Where have you come from?" he asked with interest.

"From the top of Helvellyn. We made the ascent from Glenridding this morning."

"And then the mist came down, eh? Well, you ain't the first that's made the same mistake. Took the Low Man Crag to be Swirrel Edge, I'll lay. Came down the wrong side of the mountain. Well, there it is."

Gilbert was so mortified that he could not, for a moment, say anything at all.

"We got separated from our party, and they had all the maps and the compass with them," put in Charis. "However, we are safe and sound, so there is no need to worry. I suppose we can get home to-night?"

Gilbert, glancing round, went to where a big ordnance map hung upon the wall. He examined it closely, in a bitter silence. "Yes," he muttered at last, "I see how it happened."

"And as I was telling you, you ain't the first," was the man's cheerful comment.

Gilbert's gaze ran up the map, following the line of the only road, which ran northward through the Valley of St. John and then bent round, eastward by way of Threlkeld and Troutbeck, dropping to the lake

past Dockray, by Lyulph's Tower. It was the only way back, unless you went, as they had come, over the mountain itself.

"Got any horses?" he asked the man.

"I've got two, but they're out. The Water Company's busy making a survey, out by Hawes Water somewhere, and they've hired 'em. They won't get back to-night."

"No car, I suppose?"

"No, sir."

"Where do you suppose I could find either horses or a car?"

"Bad day for that, sir. There's nowt at Wythburn, I know, for the survey men have hired theirs too. Not nearer than Threlkeld or Keswick, I'm afraid."

Gilbert measured with his eye the distance on the map.

"Five—six miles to Threlkeld."

"I can do that," said Charis determinedly.

"Well, if we make the attempt we must have a meal first," he replied, turning from the map with a sigh. "Can you give us anything?" he asked the landlord; "eggs and bacon would do."

Their host thought eggs and bacon might be managed, and ushered them into a little parlour which felt chilly and smelt stuffy. Gilbert asked him to light the fire, upon which he summoned his wife, a sour, stony-looking female, who performed the operation with seeming reluctance, and then conducted Charis to a low-ceilinged room almost completely filled by a large four-post bed, and gave her water and a towel.

The water was cold, and the girl guessed that there was no fire, even in the kitchen, upon that night of supposed summer.

"I fancy they will have to light the fire before they can cook us anything," said she, as she reappeared in the parlour, freshly brushed and neat. "Hadn't we better say that bread and cheese will do?"

"No," said Gilbert decidedly. "A good rest is necessary for you, if you are to trudge these mortal miles this evening. It won't be dark for a long time yet, and I know George Strachan would want me to take care of you."

"But I don't want to keep him in a state of anxiety—for he will be anxious, you know."

"He will," muttered Gilbert, as though the fact displeased him.

"And this waiting is all on my account. If you were alone, you would go on without waiting at all, wouldn't you now?"



"He took off his cap, received
the cup, and drank"—p. 401

Drawn by
J. Dewar Milne

THE QUIVER

"If I were alone? That will be always," he said heavily; adding after a pulsating pause, "Oh, I see, you think I'm behaving like a cad—spinning it out—but honestly, I didn't lose the way on purpose. I did actually believe that we were coming down on Ullswater. I had no intention of forcing my company on you all these hours. You believe that, don't you?"

"Yes," was all her reply. She was sitting upon a black horsehair couch, which was festooned with many crochet antimacassars. Her elbow rested upon its head, her chin was propped in her hand. Her eyes gazed out upon the little patch of garden ground visible through the window. As so often happens in the north, the house had been placed and planned without the smallest regard for aspect or outlook. The small mean back premises of the inn might have been those of a suburban hostel.

Gilbert, who had been pacing the room, came and sat down by her. She did not move, nor make any sign of disliking his company. They remained so for some time, in a queer stillness as though they both dreaded the next word or movement. A clock with a hoarse wheezy tick measured off the duration of that endless pause. The man's voice broke it; but gently, as though he handled it with awe. "I'm going away to-morrow . . . I wonder what you would say if I asked you to let me kiss you goodbye?"

She sat upright with a start. Just for a moment she drew herself away, her hands over her mouth. Gilbert, accepting this decision without protest, made to rise. Then her hand flashed out and detained him. She gave a gasp which was half a cry; and in a moment, how could hardly be said, she was sobbing in his arms, her forehead propped against his shoulder.

"Oh, Gilbert, don't! *Don't!*" she brought out amid her tears. "What have you done to me? I can't. . . . Oh, oh, it's unbearable!"

He held her closely, and his touch was magnetic, or vital. She felt, as she afterwards phrased it, as if her very bones were melting. His voice, low and steady, sounded close to her ear.

"It's all right. Don't reproach yourself. You've been honest with me, and I don't complain. To-morrow I shall be gone, and I don't think you'll be any the worse for having given me five minutes' heaven . . . will you?"

In sheer surprise her sobs died away. He was extraordinary. What any other man must have taken for surrender, he believed to be merely the outrush of sympathy for his suffering.

"Oh, you're uncanny," she faltered, "uncanny! How came you to be so—so—"

"So—what?"

"Like this!"

"Why, you know very well. What happened to Cyron has happened to me. Did you expect that it would make no difference?"

He still held her—not exactly tightly, but very firmly. She made no effort to detach herself, though it was to her as though his very being were communicating itself to her in every throb of the healthy heart which she could hear pounding in his chest.

"I don't know . . . I can't foresee . . . how all this can end," she murmured, as though she did not know what she said, "but yes—since it means so much to you—you may, Gilbert, you may!"

The organ to which her ear was pressed gave a leap, but he neither moved nor tightened his hold. He bent his head a little and she turned her face upward with closed eyes, waiting.

A tense moment went by in which nothing happened.

"I was wrong," he whispered thickly. "I—mustn't! Once done, it could never be undone, for ever and ever."

He could hardly hear the answering whisper which was sighed forth into the air.

"I'll . . . risk it!"

Then, indeed, she knew the pressure of his warm, strong mouth upon her own—knew it with a terror, a sudden realization that the die was cast—that the man had been right—it could never be undone. . . .

It lasted a thousand years. When she was free to speak again, she moaned submissively:

"Very well, if I must. Yes. I'll marry you."

"If you marry any other man, you'll still be mine," said Gilbert calmly.

In the ensuing moments Charis was conscious of feeling like two people at once. Half of her was there, trembling in her lover's arms—and half of her hovered perilously upon the brink of a wild reaction—of a resentment which threatened to grow formidable.

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Just as she was on the point of tearing herself away, the arms which enclosed her opened. With steady hands Gilbert put her from him, rose, went to the window; stood there silent, moved towards the door—then back; and said what was perhaps the thing she would least have expected to hear.

"I'm a cad. I've done the very thing that any man with a gleam of chivalry—of generosity—would not have done. I've played upon your feelings, I've attacked your loneliness, your fatigue, your pity! . . . Well, it's over. You won't expect me to say I regret what has happened—because I am going to live on the memory of it for the rest of my life. But what you said just then was nonsense, of course. We are not engaged."

This announcement flung his lady into a whirlpool of confused thought. It knocked flat the seething rebellion in her, leaving her so astonished that all mental process ceased, and nothing was left but a tingling memory which caused her, who rarely blushed, to feel herself crimson all over.

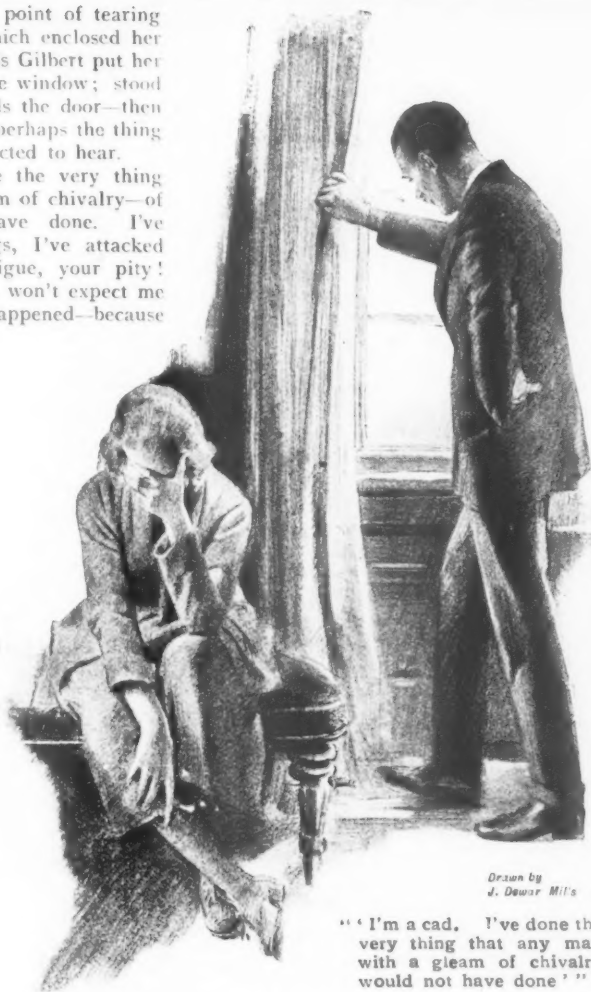
"You . . . mean that?" she succeeded in saying at last.

"I mean it.

When you were in your sober senses you had no use for me. You refused me without any kind of hesitation. Now because you are feeling done up and weak, and because I've worked you up into a state of emotional compassion, you have said what it would cost you dear to stand to. Well, I give you back your word."

"I'm not in the habit . . . of taking back my word."

"Ah, you're brave—brave and reckless. I must take the decision out of your hands. To-morrow you'll wonder what possessed you to tie yourself up to one you don't love."



Drawn by
J. Dewar Mill's

"I'm a cad. I've done the very thing that any man with a gleam of chivalry would not have done."

She contemplated him with an expression hard to analyse. Was he right? How *did* she feel? Was she relieved? Or was she suddenly cold, like a nestling pushed out from love's warm nest? She could not deny that, even with his arms about her, she had doubted, and rebelled. Would her present mood pass utterly, leaving only the ashes of a momentary passion, a straw fire? . . . His insight was literally terrible.

"You are . . . an extraordinary man," she murmured.

"You won't think so to-morrow. You will see me by the light of common day—just

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one of a hundred thousand mediocre chaps with as much right to your love as a cabbage has to be the central dish of the dessert table. I'm under no illusions myself, and you shall not be either if I can help it. If, when this is all over and I have gone to Ontario, you should feel that you can't live without me . . . why then"—with a wry smile—"you can write and tell me so. But this evening, there is no question of our being engaged."

"And it is of no use for me to protest?"

"Not the faintest. I decide this."

"I wonder if you're right, or whether you're helplessly, ruinously wrong? . . . I can't tell. Perhaps it is better to leave it until to-morrow. I feel so wretchedly uncertain. It is not so much that I doubt my own feelings; but there are so many things to be considered—to be faced—things you don't know about—which I couldn't tell you about, unless we were engaged . . . and . . . I'm very tired."

"I know it. Here comes your supper. Don't worry about me. I'm pretty tough. I can stand things."

The landlord's wife brought in a sizzling dish of ham and eggs.

CHAPTER XXI

Phyllis Explains

THE rain was streaming steadily; a merciless downpour which looked as if it meant to last for a week. It was cold too—cold as summer in the north so well knows how to be.

The solitary occupant of the Rolls-Royce which drew up before the Ullswater hotel was chilled and shivery; which fact did not incline him to toleration, nor urge him to selfishness.

The hall-porter hastened out as the great car stopped; and Lord Clement, emerging, dashed for the shelter of the porch before turning to ask the man snappishly whether there was a Miss Garth staying there.

"Miss Garth? Yes, sir. Young lady in the party of Mr. Strachan, the Canadian gentleman."

"Is she in?"

The porter gave a sheepish grin, as though the question were amusing. "Well, no, sir, she isn't, not at present," he replied affably.

The reply infuriated the young man. So she had gone out, had she? Perhaps this

man was aware that she had gone out to avoid her visitor. He knew that he deserved to be treated in this way, and the knowledge made him all the angrier. "Can you tell me at what time she is likely to be in?"

"Well, sir, for the matter of that, they might get back pretty soon, now. Mr. Strachan and Mrs. Varick, one of the ladies of the party, have gone in the car to fetch her home."

"To fetch her home? Why, where is she?"

"I am really not quite sure, sir. You see, she has been out all night"—the visitor jumped perceptibly—"with young Mr. Cranstoun-Brown—lost on the mountain."

"The devil she has! And where is this Cranstoun-Brown, whoever he may be?"

"I fancy he's in bed, sir, having been up pretty well all night."

"Are any of this party of lunatics anywhere about? I mean, could I see, or speak to any of them?"

The porter hesitated. "The eldest Miss Cranstoun-Brown is in the lounge, sir. All the gentlemen is in bed, I believe."

"Well, just tell the eldest Miss Cranstoun-Brown that a friend of Miss Garth's has called, and would like to speak to her, will you?"

"No name, sir?"

"No. Say I won't detain her long."

Phyllis was seated before a noble fire, wearing a rest-gown of a becoming shade. Her few days in bed had slightly etherealized her, and she was looking her best. But her mood was not happy. Cousin George and she had passed the whole of the preceding day together; and not only had nothing come of it, but she had felt a detestable conviction that the gentleman was trying to convey to her, delicately but unmistakably, the information that nothing would ever come of it.

A day or so previously, her hopes had risen to a giddy height, because he had suddenly presented her with banknotes to the value of fifty pounds, saying it was just a small sum for her to spend upon some souvenir of their tour, when they should reach a place with shops in it. Now, as she looked back at it, she did not feel the episode to be as encouraging as it had first appeared. Veronica had received exactly the same—that might be to prevent it from looking too marked—but was it not more in the rôle of the benevolent uncle than in that of the suitor?

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For a few hours after its presentation she had lived in momentary expectation of his proposal. He would naturally be diffident. He would feel that his sober years and his widowed condition were circumstances against him. He would dwell upon her youth and freshness, and urge her to make him happy. Poor old Cousin George! It was not much fun to have so elderly a husband. Naturally she would have preferred a romantic love affair. But it was worth while! She saw herself seated, clad in sables from head to foot, in the smartest car that rolled down Bond Street, attended by a skilled and devoted maid—travelling everywhere first-class, sitting, as it were, perpetually in the stalls! . . .

But now that yesterday had passed, she was assailed by horrid doubts. She wished that she had not, at once upon receiving her fifty pounds, written to order those exquisite jumpers from Delilah and Freepenny! It might have been wiser first to pay back that detestable cat, Miss Garth. It was she and no other who was to be held responsible for Cousin George's defection. The poor man was simply infatuated with his crafty secretary!

At the moment that the porter entered the room, she was indulging in the exercise of a very strong and ever-increasing Hate.

His message caused her to prick up her ears. A gentleman—young—friend of Miss Garth—would not give his name. Was she, by this lucky accident, to be made the recipient of some dark secret, some story about the discreet secretary which should give her the whip-hand?

Burning with curiosity, she said she would see the visitor; and Clem Vyner stalked in, the very image of the young nobleman on the stage, with a precision of detail about all his accessories which roused Phyl's admiration, always so easily stirred at sight of a personable male. She was still wearing a sling, though the doctor had said she need not. It gave a touch of interest, of pathos. Faintly smiling, she half rose, begged the stranger to excuse her—she was not yet fully recovered from a recent motor accident.

Clem apologized glibly for his intrusion. He was staying in the neighbourhood—had been told that Miss Garth, too, was in the accident—had called to make sure of her not having been hurt. On the threshold of the hotel he was greeted with the news that Miss Garth had been out all night upon the

mountainside. He would be grateful to be told the exact facts.

Phyl leant back among her pillows, dallying with this situation. "Well," said she after a show of hesitation, "I don't know who you are, do I? Am I justified in talking about Miss Garth's affairs to a complete stranger?"

He looked pleased and approving. "You're a charming girl, Miss Cranstoun-Brown, if you will excuse the comment. But it's all right really. I am Miss Garth's cousin, and my name's Vyner. May I confide to you that she is one of the modern kind—set upon living her own life—and that her family are a little uneasy about her?"

Phyl's vanity began to strut. She gave the stranger a glance of sympathetic understanding which tickled him hugely. He divined that a good many men would call this girl charming in the first few minutes, and be bored to death in the ensuing half hour.

"Oh, well, if you are one of her family, I suppose I may as well tell you what happened," said she. "You see, they all went up Helvellyn yesterday."

"Pardon the interruption—of whom did the party consist?"

"My brother, my sister, Mrs. Varick, Major Doran, Colonel Morrison—and Miss Garth, who, as I suppose you know, is secretary to my cousin, Mr. Strachan."

"Is that so? Secretary!" His voice showed annoyance, or disapproval. "Who and what, if one may ask, is this Mr. Strachan, who needs the constant services of a secretary?"

"My cousin is a Canadian—he has a very large business in Ontario. He is enormously wealthy and has a great deal of correspondence."

"Indeed? And I understand that the whole party which you have mentioned is making a motor tour?"

She explained that this was so, and related the story of the collision on the Kirkstone Pass, which entailed the laying-up of one car, and a few days' halt in their present quarters. "They thought it a pity to stay here and not go up Helvellyn."

"I conclude that the young men are practised mountaineers?"

"Colonel Morrison is. I think Major Doran also has done some climbing. But my brother, who got lost with Miss Garth, has never done any."

THE QUIVER



"Phyllis gave a cry of unquestionably real amazement. 'Miss Garth engaged!'"

Drawn by
J. Dewar Mills

"Indeed?"

"Yes, I expect that was how it happened. The mist was very thick. It delayed the others a good deal, coming down. However, they arrived back here about seven, and told us that the two others were some way behind. They said they got separated at the top, but Miss Garth was so much the best and most experienced of the ladies that they did not worry. However, when they were

about three parts of the way down, they halted a bit. The others were not in sight, and Major Doran suddenly remembered that he had borrowed my brother's map and not returned it. Just then, a tourist overtook them. He had been nearly all the way up, but turned back on account of the mist; and he said he had seen the two, and that they were behind him. So then they thought it was all right, and they came home. But time passed, and the others did not appear, and after dinner they went out and made inquiries, and it turned out that the couple the tourist had seen were quite different people—they came from Dockray."

"Then you became anxious?"

"My cousin, Mr. Strachan, made the most ridiculous commotion. The others assured him it was all right, but he worked himself up into a tremendous state and wanted to send out search parties at once. They persuaded him to wait another hour, or two, as it seemed certain the others must turn up sooner or later. And presently it began to rain, and soon after to pour in torrents. So then he insisted upon a search party; and Major Doran and Colonel Morrison went with them. Mr. Strachan had such a severe cold that he did not go; but he paced the hall and would not go to bed."

"Well, please continue, if you will."

"Well, between one and two in the morning, my brother turned up soaked to the skin, alone, riding a bicycle. He had left Miss Garth, he said, at a small inn at Threlkeld."

"Threlkeld? How in the name of all that's wonderful did they reach there?"

"They got turned round somehow, in the mist, and came down the wrong side of the

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mountain—mistook the other lake—do they call it Thirlmere?—for Ullswater. That seems to be what happened."

"Great Scott!"

"Yes, and they couldn't get horses. They did get food at an inn, but it seems all the horses had been hired for some Government Survey, so they had to walk to Threlkeld; and the rain set in, and the weather was so wild they were almost blown off their feet. When Miss Garth arrived there she was dead beat; and still they could get no horses. So my brother thought the best thing he could do was to hire a push-bike and ride here to let us know she was safe. He said they were giving her a hot bath and putting her comfortably to bed when he left. He had no map, and had never been that way before, and the rain and wind kept putting out his lamps, so it took him hours to find his way. Oh, Mr. Strachan was angry! I have never seen him angry before, he is usually most sweet-tempered; but he rated Gilbert almost unfairly I thought. After all, I don't suppose Miss Garth will be any the worse for it."

There was a slight pause, while Clem digested these tidings.

"And where," he presently asked, "are they all now?"

"The men are in bed and Mr. Strachan and Mrs. Varick have gone in the car to fetch Miss Garth back."

Clem pondered, then took a decision. "I think," he said, "that in these exciting circumstances I will not wait to see Miss Garth this morning. She will probably be feeling a bit cheap and out of curl when she arrives, won't she? And as I have a bone to pick with her, I had better select some other moment. Do you know how long you will be here?"

"The chauffeur thought they would finish the car to-morrow, and if they do, we shall be off the following day."

"Well, then, I think I will look round to-morrow. But, I say"—he paused abruptly, rose, went to the window, stood there a minute holding his hat behind him, then came back to the fireside and the interesting invalid—"can you keep a secret, Miss—er—Langton-Brown?"

"Cranstoun."

"My mistake. Forgive it. You look as if you could keep a secret all right, you know."

"I would keep yours," avowed Phyl, blushing quite becomingly.

"Well, then—h'm—Miss Garth is my fiancée, you know."

Phyllis gave a cry of unquestionably real amazement. "Miss Garth *engaged!*" she gasped. "She—*engaged?*"

"Pardon me, but why should the fact excite such surprise in you?"

"Oh, I don't—quite—know. But she seems so very disengaged somehow. I have always thought she meant to marry Cousin George, if she could."

Clem laughed, very low, but so superciliously that the tone pierced through even Phyllis's obtuseness. "I think not," said he good-humouredly. "Miss Garth is having her fling. When she has lived her own life as long as it amuses her, she will return to her own people—be sure of that."

"Well! I am very much surprised," murmured the girl, quite bewildered. "She has never spoken of you—she wears no ring."

"That is all part of the pose, and it amuses her while it doesn't hurt me," he replied. "She and I understand each other. Well, now, Miss Lang—Cranstoun-Brown, will you help me a bit? You were loyal to her—wouldn't give away anything till you knew who I was—be loyal to me too, and just tell her that her cousin, of the name of Vyner, looked in this morning, but did not wait. Don't tell her I am coming again to-morrow, but, if it lies in your power, arrange so that I may see her when I come. Dare I ask you to do this for me? Somehow I believe I dare!"

CHAPTER XXII

Charis Rejected

THAT rainy, cold morning broke upon a Charis to whom life seemed a terribly tortuous path.

It was late before her eyes unclosed, for fatigue had insisted upon its way, and in spite of the turmoil of her soul she slept and slept, curled up in the convolutions of a vast feather bed, with a stone hot-water bottle at her feet.

With her waking two facts forced themselves pre-eminently upon her mind; the first being that she was, or ought to be, the affianced wife of Gilbert Brown; the second that she had, without effort, succeeded in eluding Clem and his threatened visit.

This latter thought induced for a few

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minutes a mood of profound peace; but, although she had once more disconcerted her pursuer, she knew she could look upon this relief as merely temporary . . . and now everything was complicated by her weak behaviour of the past evening. In the wan light of the overcast skies, and the anxious mood which is frequently the result of trying to think when in a recumbent position, the idea of being Mrs. Brown's daughter-in-law showed itself as monstrous, not to be thought of. Gilbert had known this. How? . . .

. . . Oh, if she persisted in rushing off into speculation as to how Gilbert knew things he ought not to know, she dare not guess where she might find herself in the end. How did he know the exact tone of voice which would shake her—the very words which would melt her. . . . Above all, how, she wondered, how, by what inconceivable magic arts, had he learned to kiss with his soul upon his lips? . . .

There, all alone in that bleak little bedroom, Charis Osbourne felt the tingling blood suffuse her at the memory.

It must be delusion, she passionately affirmed. That man—that suburban product, that steadily-stolidly, jolly bank-holiday clerk, who had gone to the city every day until he went to the war, and as soon as the war was over, had returned to his season-ticket as the dog returns to his—

—How, she asked of the unresponsive heavens, could this man's spirit burn with a clear steady flame which, while they were together, lit up all life for her with the light that never was on sea or land? How could his large, roughly-cut mouth unlock for her the gate of such sensations as she had never known, nor thought to know?

Could all this be for nothing?

She repeated to herself, as if it were a formula with which he had provided her: "When you were in your sober senses you had no sort of use for me. You refused me without hesitation. When I am gone you will wonder what possessed you to tie yourself up to a fellow you don't love."

"Do I love him? No, I don't believe I do. It is only that I appreciate, with an appreciation which is almost agony, the quality of his love for me. All my life I shall never be so loved again."

Had she but someone in whom she could confide! But there was no one. For she knew that Strachan would say exactly what

his nephew had said, only far more strongly. He had been quite certain that she would—must—reject Gilbert. That she should do otherwise would be a blow to him—of what kind she declined to specify to herself; only she knew that he would be utterly unable to find any satisfactory reason for her action.

Then there was her father—bless him! She could picture his round-eyed distress; and Bertalda, her father's wife: "Oh, dinky daughter, isn't this out of the frying pan into the fire? What is the gentleman? A grocer? Does he wear a white apron in business hours? Surely, dear, poor Clem is of your own tribe, after all." Charis could almost hear the silky, purring voice. And there was her aunt, Lady Orsover, Clem's mother, starving in genteel poverty, until Charis's money came to her rescue. What advice was she likely to give, poor soul?

But all these, her nearest kin, would have but the one verdict. "Unthinkable!"

Then why hesitate?

She need see Gilbert but once again—perhaps for a few minutes only, in the presence of others. Then, it would be over.

. . . And what after? What of the tour, wrecked far more completely than the car? What of her own future, since the masquerade, as Doran had warned her, was wearing very thin?

She knew Doran well enough, now, to understand that having gathered that she desired no revelations, he would make none. She could rely both upon him and Morrison not to tell tales. But she was in their hands; not a nice thought—oh, not a bit nice . . . and anything might happen. Suppose, for instance, that Clem encountered Morrison that morning, in the hotel? Then the fat would be in the fire with a vengeance. There would be nothing for her to do but slink home to Bertalda, and her "I told you so!" Home to another onslaught from the Orsover lot, to a bullying which, she resolved afresh, should never end in her marrying Clem.

"I wouldn't so much mind marrying him if I only disliked him; but I despise him," she thought ruefully, as she pulled the bell to summon the chambermaid, her mind further from a settlement than it was when she began.

There was a knock at the door; and, in response to her "Come in!" there appeared, not the chambermaid she had summoned,



"Well, my dear, so here you are, and
apparently sound in wind and limb!"—*ju*, 112

Drawn by
J. D. M.

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but the sweet little face of Sheila Varick, carnation-pink after her run in the car.

Charis gave a little gulp, the other girl ran forward, and they embraced with a heartiness which was a little surprising to both. Then Sheila grasped the arms shrouded in the landlady's coarse linen nightgown, and gently shook Charis, with a very wicked expression.

"Well, my dear, so here you are, and apparently sound in wind and limb! I do trust you have not sown the seeds of a deep decline, as your raging millionaire seems to expect!"

"What nonsense!" sharply, with crimson face, "I have never been in one minute's danger! How soon did he know where I was? What time did Gilbert arrive back?" asked Charis.

Sheila put her hands over her ears "No questions! I am dumb until you come downstairs. Do for goodness' sake hustle into your clothes—they are dry, and lying in a pile on your mat! Hasten down to pacify him—and don't be alarmed if he should eat you alive, for he is like a raging and a roaring lion!"

(End of Chapter Twenty-two)



AMONG THE SAMARITANS



A Harvesting Scene
in Samaria

Photo:
D. Moleish

(See the article on page 39)

Wanted: A Minister of Economy

*A Plea for the Abandonment of State Luxury and
Hare-brained Schemes*

By Our Special Commissioner

*Do you pay for Domestic Servants' Insurance stamps? Why not, in
this time of scarcity, scrap this and similar luxuries?*

WITHIN the course of the next few weeks the Chancellor of the Exchequer will present to the nation his balance-sheet and profit and loss account for another year. The air will be electrified with surmise and imaginative anticipation. Everything that can be taxed, from auction sales to pedal bicycles, will come into review. Even the poor domestic cat will once more be threatened with the burthen of a licence, and temperance drinks will be balanced with beer as contributors to our revenue.

Finding the Cash

As a matter of fact, one feels almost unconsciously a great, bursting sympathy with the Chancellor. His particular job is to find money for other people to spend. He is rather like a stern father going through the bills of a profligate son or a patient husband trying to keep pace with an extravagant wife. In both instances cash has to be found; and, technically speaking, in national matters the Chancellor gathers in the financial harvest for Parliament to take to its own purposes. It is when the spending power exceeds both the harvest and its aftermath that trouble ensues. Then must the Chancellor consider how to increase his gleanings.

Yet, with present-day difficulties, instead of this pressing desire to raise new taxes, to impose levies on items that have not before been mulcted, and to increase existing dues, would not the time be propitious to throw a strong searchlight upon some of the Utopian schemes that have been evolved in the last twenty years and to see if they really justify their existence?

In a big departmental business each separate phase of activity stands—or falls—upon its own legs. If a section does not pay its way it is scrapped ruthlessly. In

the governing of a country similar rules should pertain. Thus, with the approach of another Budget, each official enterprise should be examined by an impartial critic who should say definitely whether it has justified its existence or failed completely to make good.

What we Want

In other words, what we really need, besides a Chancellor of the Exchequer to gather in the harvest of cash, is a Minister of Economy to keep the weeds down, to hoe and prune, and to prevent the ravages among the corn of those who are inexperienced, too enthusiastic, or totally unreliable.

In Germany (though the writer dislikes instancing our late enemy) there is in the person of Privy Councillor Dr. Carl a National Finance Commissioner. He has no authority for the spending of public money, but possesses amazing powers that prevent other Ministers from spending. He is a kind of armed guard over the State coffers.

Such a Minister in the British Government would add years to the life of a Chancellor of the Exchequer by lifting a burden of almost unbearable anxiety from his shoulders. With a Cash Controller to the State each Minister would find a brake always slowing up any morbid passion to spend. Such a measure as the recent Education Act with its amazing provisions would never have squeezed past a lynx-eyed financial critic. Again, the Ministry of Health, which has lately set up thirty-four super-doctors at a commencing salary of £1,000 a year each merely to supervise the work of other doctors, might not have been able to carry out this scheme of Ministerial consultants had an Economy Department been created.

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What about Insurance Stamps?

And, whilst on this subject, let us take the case of the National Health Insurance. Can it be honestly proved that this great organization is actually *wanted* by the people who contribute their cash each week to its support? Could a conclusive case be made out that this step, so revolutionary in character, has converted us into a better, healthier or happier nation?

Broadly, the far-flung scheme (which now includes practically everyone earning up to £250 a year) was designed to make friendly society thrift compulsory. In effect, its foster parents declared that we had so many million people who, through clubs, societies, or trade unions, *did* make provision for times of sickness or adversity. On the other hand, there were also careless, lackadaisical people who did *nothing* to provide for the emergencies of life. It was to bring the latter section to the line with the former that the National Health Insurance began. Its design was to obtain through officialdom (or bureaucracy) *something* that a great many women and men would not otherwise have possessed of their own free will.

Is it Really Worth While?

The great question, however, is whether this *something*, this tangible possession bought with weekly insurance stamps, is really worth having. Let us take one class only, domestic servants. It so happens that this is our largest group of workers and the one least amenable to being trade unionized. Can it be said that the domestic servant in a class sense actually benefits from the stamp that someone has every week to affix to her insurance card?

Each person who reads these lines will know of cases where week after week and year after year the stamps have been bought and affixed without one pennyworth of benefit ever accruing to the subject. The very stamp itself is a form of irritation betwixt mistress and servant. More servants would be employed were it not for this very bone of constant contention.

Stamps and the Charwoman

Then there is the charwoman. She, too, must have her card and the inevitable stamps. It is when she works for two or three employers that the fun begins. Nor would it be going too far to state that during the slackness and under-staffing of

the war, when supervision was weakened, whole droves of silently rebellious charwomen allowed their cards to lapse, and have never since troubled to renew them.

The private gardener, through whose employment a manservant's licence must be taken out, requires a 10d. stamp on his National Health Insurance card. In a large proportion of cases the master pays the whole of this 10d., and year follows year around without the workman taking a penny piece in benefit. From the employer's standpoint it is unpleasantly like paying an extra tax of 5s. every six weeks.

It is admitted unreservedly that there are innumerable cases where the National Health Insurance has been an untold boon to gardeners and to domestic servants. At the same time, from official Blue Book figures, there is a considerable discrepancy betwixt the average benefits paid out and the average contributions paid in. The only conclusion is that the balance, *plus about seven millions added to the contributions by the State*, goes to the support of an entire army corps of male and female civil servants gaining its leisured living through the organization. Nor, despite the fact that there are at least 15 millions of insured people, is there any record of accumulated cash in the coffers of the State after fifteen years of working the scheme. Instead, at the termination of the war people earning nearly another £2 a week were roped in to help, with their contributions, to make the thing stand up at all.

Why not Scrap it?

Assuming then that we had a Minister of Economy easing the trials of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, it is conceivable that he might quite well make an appreciable cut in both national expenditure and the burden of the individual by scrapping the Health Insurance as it applies to domestic service. Could it be frankly claimed that the nation as a whole would be worse off because its cooks and parlourmaids, generals and gardeners were immune from the annoyance of insurance cards? And, in the event of an opportunity being given to servants to be insured or not to be, how many of them would actually keep up the provision of a weekly stamp?

Let it be remembered that the domestic servant possesses a home. In nine cases out of ten she has a mistress who would see her

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through an ordinary illness. At the present time, rather than a girl should queue up outside the surgery of a panel doctor, many an employer will call in his or her own practitioner. It would only be in most exceptional cases that the maid herself would be the sufferer through the abandonment of Health Insurance as it affected her class.

The Unemployed Section of this particular form of Government activity is also deserving of notice. At the hands of an honest Minister of Economy it would at all events be postponed. The struggle to win back breath and to recuperate after the greatest war in history is quite enough trouble to bear at once, in a national sense, without having such a scheme thrust upon us.

Luxuries we Can't Afford

On the face of it, a free doctor or specialist for everyone who is ailing; free teeth for those who are deficient in molars; free boots for those who are bare-footed; free this and free that are measures to be brought forward in the piping times of peace and plenty when the public mind is free from anxiety and able to understand the need and to cope with it. It is much the same with this Health Insurance as it affects the servant. The whole thing is a luxury, and luxuries in lean times must go by the board.

Enough has been written about the ever-rising cost of public elementary education to fill many volumes. By all means give to every child as its birthright the means to a sound and useful education, but *not at the cost of national stability*. No Cash Controller could cavil at the rise in salaries of school teachers, because, prior to the war, there was no single class more sweated and ground down. It would be over the extraneous services that the Minister of Economy would utilize his axe.

It is certainly not necessary for the welfare of the nation that mothers should be relieved of the responsibility of the children they have brought into the world *before* the youngsters are five years of age. In the same way, a boy or girl, and particularly a working-class boy, is fit to go out into the school of the world when he is fourteen years old. If he has not learned enough in nine long years to fit him for the lowest rung in the ladder of industry or commerce, then the whole structure of our elementary education has failed, and failed miserably.

Wasteful Education

As a matter of fact, education in its broadest sense, the instruction of the young in problems of everyday life, the explanation to them of what is to be expected of them nationally, is utterly neglected. The curriculum of the schools of to-day is ever chasing the shadow and ignoring the substance. The beauty of honest labour, the whole plethora of citizenship, the true and inner love of Christ and one's fellow-man is forgotten.

Then, again, our Minister of Economy would be on the war-path with councils who aped at a Norman castle when constructing a school. A great part of the waste on education occurs in the buildings. During the long war almost every village in the land grew out of its school in the sense that its pupils increased in number whilst the rooms remained stationary. The building of more school accommodation is a need almost as pressing as the housing problem, yet the cost should be kept down to its lowest possible proportions, unless we are to have local rates of 40s. in the £.

Here there is work for a Cash Controller. The tendency nowadays is for Parliament to be overshadowed by the more localized councils in matters of district government. The main Ministries are ever on the alert to throw across the shoulders of the councils responsibilities that should be theirs, and theirs alone. The Chancellor of the Exchequer when he robs his henroosts in the Budget that is now imminent will take no account of the local rates. On the other hand, a Minister of Economy could scrutinize every form of public spending, Parliamentary or parochial.

The Only Way

At the present time we have a floating debt that has reached the astonishing total of £1,333,000,000. To combat with this stupendous liability, which hangs like a millstone about the neck of each one of us, the only one thing that can avert catastrophe is a ruthless cutting of expenditure. What we really want is a Dictator, who will tell us the maximum sum we must not exceed if we are to keep our heads above water at all, and see that we do not spend more.

The farmer, faced with the inflated wages of the Agricultural Wages Board, has cut down the number of hands he employs and brought to his aid tractors and other

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mechanical agents to do his work. In the same way, surely something might be done to reduce our police forces in these times when every constable costs in wages from 70s. to 90s. a week, not counting his boots and uniform, pension or rent allowances? If one policeman perambulates a beat at three miles per hour, surely the same officer could cover three or four beats on a motorcycle? It is admitted that without alcohol both our police courts and police forces would have very little to do—why not then make the penalty for drunkenness ten times as large? Surely it should be possible to find a deterrent to insobriety and so to save at least a quarter of the money spent in this manner?

Why the Long Vacation ?

Going a step further, why should the Royal Courts of Justice, with their highly paid judges and officials, only sit for a bare three-quarters of the year? In how many other walks of life do salaried people take at least a week's holiday on full pay every month? If only a Minister of Economy could force our law officers to work as ordinary people do it is reasonable to suppose that the duties could be accomplished at a saving of 25 per cent. in cash.

Of the Ministries that were created during the war little need be written here. Those sections of the Government that were bred and born of the war should by now have entered the limbo of the past, together with the Armies of Occupation in Palestine, Mesopotamia, and elsewhere.

Living to Spend Money

Then, reverting once again to the local councils, either county or municipal, the tendency to-day with them all is simply to spend money. Nominally, Parliament controls all local borrowings, but a live Minister of Economy could control far more effectually. Moreover, on more than one occasion when the House of Commons has hesitated to raise cash from the public for some fancy scheme of a dreamy Minister the duty has been delegated to a county council. The great Housing measures exemplify this statement.

The whole trouble about all local governments is that they overlap. The parish council of the hamlet clashes with the rural district council. The rural district council

falls foul of the urban district council. Moreover, the way in which matters are at present planned makes for the duplication of offices. This is especially noticeable among the scattered segments on the outskirts of any large city.

The chief result of this redundancy is the duplication of ornate and costly buildings. Again, one medical officer of health, with cheaper but competent assistance, could do the work of three medical officers of health. One clerk to the council, whether lawyer or layman, could, in similar circumstances, perform the duties of two or three clerks to the council. The same remark applies to surveyors, engineers, treasurers, tramway chiefs, sanitary experts, and others.

Decentralization is a splendid thing in theory. In practice it hits the payer of taxes and rates as nothing else could do. A Cash Controller would take every three or four suburban municipalities of mighty London and lump them together under one council, one mayor, one set of responsible officials.

There is no need at present, at all events, to appoint an Official Receiver to take over our money affairs, but there is a very imperative call for some keen, thorough, business man to be set up as a Cash Controller to stuff up the leakages in the national money-bags.

At the Mercy of the Vultures

The position of the poor woman or man who has the misfortune at present to be a householder in Merry England is that what the State Exchequer does not take the local authorities do, so that this new Minister of Economy should have control over all rates and all taxes. There is nothing so utterly discouraging and hopeless as to be between two fires, to have two vultures pecking at one, to know that the bigger Parliamentary responsibility can be shouldered off on to the people who make local rates.

Then, if a strong bearing-rein is placed upon public elementary education; if the Ministry of Health is sent into a corner and told to cut out the Health Insurance as it pertains to domestic servants and keep its other Utopian schemes till the sun shines more brightly; if Government officials of all kinds are made to understand that every three of them can do the work formerly carried out by four; if the other public services are spurred up or cut down, then there is no reason at all why we should not weather the present financial storm.

The Gordian Knot

A Parson's Problem

By

A. G. Greenwood

"NOW run along, old fellow," said the vicar to the dishevelled boy. "Try to remember this: Just as sometimes you stumble on an arithmetical problem which you haven't the foggiest notion how to tackle, and have to wait for your master to clear up the mystery, so you'll run up against the problems of life. Some people are too proud to ask for help or wait for the master. They know too much. They're too clever. And if they can't solve the problem they cut what the ancients called the Gordian knot—sometimes do violence to other people, sometimes to themselves, commit crime, despair, drink. That's folly. We aren't meant, perhaps, to solve every problem. Some we've got to live with, waiting for God to work out the solution. And just as you hold up your hand and cry 'Teacher' so must Christians—on their knees—and be very sure that every prayer's heard."

The vicar patted the lad's shoulder and ejaculated in whimsical tones, "Got me?"

The boy gone, peace descended on St. Giles's Churchyard. The vicar went on with his work. His black coat lay on the grass and his black hat swung on the end of a down-sweeping branch of the oak which stands on the lay side of the arbor-vitæ hedge. A length of bast was in his mouth, a gleaming pruning-knife in his right hand, while he cut back the longer growths of a standard Aimée Vibert whose white petals were strewn on the grave beneath.

Most of the graves had rose trees at their heads, and in the vicarage nursery beds sturdy briars, lately budded, stood waiting in scarlet, white and yellow patience for the living.

The Reverend Eustace Pepper glanced at his wrist-watch as he tied in a stem with tarred twine. It was all very well. It was all very beautiful—church, God's Acre, beloved roses, parish, all the countryside. But he was not satisfied. He felt much as he imagined a squirrel in a cage must feel—asleep in its dormitory; peering out; racing up and down its ladder; feeding; turning its

sempiternal wheel; aimless; leading nowhere; stagnation; killing the living time. Four years of Flanders had belittled Cuddeford, and now, invalided out, he found gathering up the meagre strings a little paltry.

He wished he were married; for years he had wished he were married. He ought to be married. Marriage would strengthen his position. The married cannot help smiling condescendingly at the pathetic ignorance of the bachelor. Besides, children would be a huge interest—from nursery, school and university to career; all cricketers, all rosarians, all Anglican, all sportsmen, even the girls.

And a wife to call and sympathize and keep her fingers on the parish pulse, keep the carpet-embroidering sisterhood at bay, see he had decent meals. Perhaps it was all one of the problems he had spoken of to the boy. Perhaps even now events unbeknown were moving. He sighed. It was hard to be patient. . . .

Eustace Pepper glanced swiftly up. The lych-gate clicked. A girl, with a white hat as frame and a soft mass of bracken-brown hair as mount for a small, grave, sweet face, oval and pale, set with eyes the glorious hue of the Flora Norton Spencer in the sweet pea hedge up against the vicarage kitchen garden; tall, in a simple white dress, and slim with the pliant grace of a poplar, came sauntering in, gazing at St. Giles's with a friendly smile of rapt admiration.

The vicar ducked as she passed by, retrieved his coat and slid into it, smiling at the folly of his thoughts which her beauty could not excuse.

She had reached the church door when the sound of his footsteps on the path behind her made her turn her head.

"Good morning," she said. "Are you the vicar? May I go in? I've heard so much of your beautiful church, and I've cycled over."

"Please come in," said he. "May I show it to you? I'm so proud of and so much in love with it. It's a true basilican—the crypt

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below the apse is modelled on that of St. Peter's at Rome."

He pointed out the old rood doors and the more modern rood screen, the small Saxon window, long-concealed above the wide chancel arch, the hagioscope, the thirteenth century stone coffins, the recumbent figures, the brasses, egged on by her obvious interest, his enthusiasm, ever latent, making him totally oblivious of everything but that St. Giles had yet another admirer.

She was not altogether an ignoramus. Her questions delighted him. Beauty of face was allied so often to sheer fatuity. Her intelligent interest was a rare pleasure. He wondered if she had come to stay in the neighbourhood and, idly, yet glancing down at her secretive gloved hand, whether she were married. If not, perhaps . . . How persistent the foolish thoughts were!

"Pepper! Pepper! Pep-per!"

A voice roared his name repeatedly. The vicar hurried into the vestry, thrust his head out of the window and whistled.

A little rotund man, with scanty grey hairs on his face, yet not amounting to moustache or beard or whiskers, swung round from the oak where Pepper's hat still hung.

"Motor accident—bottom of Cuddeford Hill," said Dr. Collins, hurrying towards the vicar. "Man seriously hurt. Wants to see a devil-dodger—his word, not mine. I've got the motor-bike. Coming?"

"Of course."

Eustace Pepper vaulted through the window. It was not till he had sunk into the side-car, nursing the doctor's bag, and Collins had got his peculiarly explosive engines going that he remembered his deserted visitor in the chancel. She had probably overheard. She would find her way out anyhow.

"Who is it, Collins—a parishioner?"

"Borthwick. The new man from Rose-down. They only came in a week ago," shouted the doctor as they pounded explosively on. "Warn you. Don't excite him. Humour him. Touch and go. I've sent for the ambulance."

"Why in the name of common sense should I excite him?" demanded Eustace.

"He'll shock you. If it's confession he'll raise all the hair on your head, my Christian friend. Old Major Bonham knows him. He bends his elbow—drinks, you know, like a fish—and has led the very devil's own existence. Came into money a year ago and

married when he was invalided out of the Army. Did well on the other side. Recommended V.C. Didn't get it—rough luck. Does Red Cross jobs now."

They reached the top of Cuddeford Hill and slid down it with the engine turning over.

"Keep him quiet, Pepper. There's a chance of pulling him through. I'm going on when I've dropped you. Cottage Hospital. Operation—a hefty one."

At the bottom of the hill was gathered a group—a Red Cross car upon its side, the carrier's cart, the horse nibbling at the way-side turf, a small boy or so, a woman from Cuddeford Cottage bending beside a prostrate figure.

"Padre," muttered Barnabas Borthwick later, "glad, sorry to bother you. Bend down."

Eustace knelt on the grass. The others withdrew.

"You'll keep it all dark? Honour bright? No—scrimshanking?"

"I will," said the vicar.

Barnabas Borthwick was dying and knew it, and dying intestate. He was rich and his widow would inherit one-half of his property and his brother, Commander Marcus Borthwick, the remainder. As to this he was clear and emphatic, and Eustace wondered what troubled him and why he entered into such details. Then it came out very swiftly. His present wife was no wife, nor would be his widow. He had first married fifteen years before, secretly; a younger son, poor, with three lives between him and the money he had since inherited. He had married Ruby Hervey, a trapeze artiste, at St. Luke's on the Surrey side. They had both drank. She had deserted him. He did not know whether she was alive or dead. He had not dared make inquiries. "He had met his present wife, Aster Dewing, and fallen in love with her. He risked it. But if Ruby lived or even was alive at the time of his second marriage, Aster inherited nothing. She had no money of her own. She would be penniless."

"Will you be a friend to her? Watch. If Ruby turns up and Aster's ruined, look after her. She's young . . . Asking a lot . . ."

"I'll do all I can. I promise you. I'll never lose sight of her, and if I can assist her I will," promised the vicar. "But why not make a will now? Leave your money to Aster by name?"

THE GORDIAN KNOT



" ' You'll keep it all dark? Honour bright? ' muttered Barnabas Borthwick "

*Written by
Sydney Seymour Lucas*

"The doctor said I couldn't—do—it," said Borthwick laboriously.

"I'll write it. You'll have only to sign it," urged Eustace.

But when Borthwick took the vicar's fountain pen his hand slid across the sheet of the vicar's notebook, his eyes met Eustace's, glazed, and the light went out of them for ever.

The vicar bicycled over to Rosedown, five miles away in the next parish, that afternoon. Collins had broken the news to Mrs. Borthwick. He felt that his position was an acutely uncomfortable one. His secret was an ugly one. If this woman, Ruby, lived, Aster Borthwick was an unwitting usurper. It was an unpleasant position to be placed in.

Rosedown was blinded and very still. The vicar rang. A manservant glanced at him in some surprise and obvious disapproval. Mrs. Borthwick was in, but . . . The vicar

stepped in. In a little anteroom he waited, and presently the door was opened.

She had not yet changed her dress. Her face was as white and the blue eyes looked strained and intolerably tired. He felt that he must have subconsciously known that the stranger in the church and Mrs. Borthwick were one and the same.

"I was with him," he said, holding out his hand.

She bowed her head. "Won't you sit down?"

Was it shock? Her calmness startled him.

"He asked me to try to induce you to let me be a friend of yours," he went on awkwardly as he took a chair.

"Thank you."

"He thought of no one else but you—then," he added.

"I see," she said.

The vicar twirled his hat. He was accus-

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tomed to such scenes. The usual procedure—broken sentences, kindly reminiscences, a whispered prayer, a charge to be brave, hand on shoulder, fingers gripping, all genuine, yet all tinged, as he saw now, with a conventional artificiality—seemed improper.

"And you—accepted?" she asked.

"Yes. May I be your friend?"

"Please," she said, and added, with frank eyes on his, "I think we should have been friends, anyhow."

He felt grateful and a little more at ease.

"But if we're to be friends," she said, "I won't have secrets from you. I won't puzzle you, as I'm puzzling you now. You're wondering—is she stunned? Is she made of stone? Is she—wicked? Well, I'm frank, Mr. Pepper. Frank, that's all. I shan't tell anybody else what I mean to tell you. But I won't sham. I've shammed enough."

She sat down, with clasped hands on her knee.

"We didn't get on. I was eighteen when I married him a year ago. I was an orphan—a typist in his solicitor's office. I had a brother, a cripple, paralysed. He died eight months ago. I kept him. So I married him when he asked me to. But I didn't say I loved him. I was frank. You'll believe that, Mr. Pepper?"

The vicar nodded, miserably mute.

"He's gone, and I won't rake up all that's vile and ugly and past. We weren't happy. I learned to hate him. I feared him. I've been mortally afraid. His death's no grief to me. How could it be? I've shrank and cowered and heard his stumbling steps at night and dreaded and shivered. . . ."

She covered her face with both her hands.

He felt blinding resentment, almost hatred of the dead who lay upstairs. She seemed such a child, and ill-treatment of her such a black enormity. He realized with a pang how much the mere beauty of her swayed him. He had only her word for the horrible truth she told him. Yet it was the truth he felt convinced. Collins's gossip was corroborative.

"Thank you for your trust in me," he said stiltedly.

"I've shocked you. Perhaps you think I ought to have kept my secret to myself? *De mortuis* seems rather cowardly to me. If he knows, as you and I believe, he doesn't deny or even excuse."

The vicar shook his head. "He sees clearly now."

She nodded. "And if it's wicked still to hate the man he was on earth, I'm wicked then. I can't change. I might say so. Women do. Widowers do. They treat Death as a great cloak over all that's been alominable in life. So you see just what I am. I don't stand high in your estimation, do I? A clergyman's above such mundane things as hate and unforgiveness. . . ."

"Don't think so. Only charity. . . . To try to see through other eyes. To know—one knows so little. To wonder how sorely he was tried and confess how weak one is oneself. Hate? Yes, the Devil and all his works. But love, too, everything and everybody if you can; for the more you love, the more lovable things and people become. Love's like an electric current. It induces a current in other people. Don't think I disapprove or blame. Think of me only as a friend who's trying to understand you."

"I'm afraid you'll be woefully disappointed."

He stood up. "Not I. I see a new interest in life—a new friendship. . . ."

As he spoke the manservant threw open the door and announced: "Commander Borthwick."

He was slim and alert-looking, with the wrinkled skin about the eyes of a sailor, and the tan, black-haired, black-eyed, his black moustache waxed and his black beard fashioned like a ship's ram and giving a sense of concavity to his sullen face.

"I'd just come ashore when they signalled your telegram," he said. "John's told me details—outside." He shook hands and sprawled down into a chair. "Great Scott! it's weirdly sudden! You look as though you were going to a garden-party, Aster." His swinging eyes rested on Eustace. "Sorry. Didn't notice you. The local sky-pilot? 'Fraid you found my brother a tough nut, rest his soul! Any arrangements made? I suppose not. Turn it over to me, Aster. I'll see you through. Barny dead! Incredible!"

The vicar said "Good-bye," and Aster went with him through the French windows on to the veranda.

"You'll come again?"

"Most certainly—if I may."

She glanced over her shoulder.

"He—hates me. I'd like you to come sometimes."

He held her hand.

THE GORDIAN KNOT

"I promised to do all I could for you, and I mean to do it," he said.

He rode away. A meteor seemed to have fallen in the midst of placid Cuddeford—a great stone cast into a stagnant pool. The ripples were widening concentrically, the commotion spreading. He felt horribly uneasy, as though he were mixed up in something underhand. He could not betray Borthwick's confession, that was axiomatic. He could not withdraw from the whole affair, as instinct prompted, because of his promise to watch over her.

And, besides, with his pipe hissing and the gloaming stealing out with fluttering moths from the shadows of deodár and copper-beech to the ranks of roses in the Vicarage garden, he realized that he sympathized with her too deeply to desert her. If he did not remember the resplendent kinsman of pity it was only because the intrusion of such a thought at such a time would be heartless and improper. He could do nothing. The conclusion comforted him Gordian Knot, it might be, but happily he was not called on to unravel it. As he had said to the lad that morning, in such cases one must wait.

Before Borthwick's funeral, in that triumphant October before the Armistice, the vicar called on Aster on two or three occasions. The commander had taken control, was snapping orders, and writing curt notes, and keeping everyone in what Marcus considered his place.

At his brother's funeral he fumed, and chafed, and whispered audible comments on the lubberly methods of the undertaker's men. He asked Eustace to drive back with him to Rosedown. In the carriage, behind a rank cigar, he observed that he was negotiating to sell the lease of Rosedown and was arranging for his brother's widow to remove to a small house at Waterlooville, outside Portsmouth.

"I'll get some sheer hulk to live with her and keep a room there to swing my hammock in," he observed. "There's no reason for her wasting money on a big house like this. She's used to being on the rocks."

The vicar looked gloomy. "I'm sorry she wants to leave here," he began.

"Wants? Heaven knows what she wants," returned the commander. "But it's family money. I'm not going to have her splashing in it and marrying some Hare or Hatter. . . ."

"But, surely, as she's her own mistress—"

"Own mistress be . . . obfuscated," broke in Marcus. "The girl's not of age. I'll manage her—don't fret. I'm no lawyer, thank God, but I imagine I'm more or less her trustee, guardian—in *loco parentis*. Is that correct Greek, Reverence? I'll anchor her in Waterlooville with a Dragon."

Eustace remained silent. As to the legal position he was confused. It was plain that by mingling their moieties Marcus intended to keep control of the whole of his brother's estate. Her going would prevent the vicar keeping that solemn promise to befriend her.

"I've told you of my plans," added the commander, his feet on the opposite cushions and his head in a cloud of smoke, "because you seem to have—pardon my laying my ship up against yours—Nelson's fault, you know—to have butted in. I'd resent spokes in my wheel. I'm doing the best I know for my brother's widow. Here's no call for interference. Savvy?"

"My—butting in," said the vicar in quiet disdain, "will be prompted only by considerations for Mrs. Borthwick herself." The subtle distinction in nomenclature did not escape the commander.

"Unmarried, I believe?" he queried.

"Altogether," said the vicar, smiling.

"Proud—but poor?"

"Exactly."

"The Church would benefit by a rich bride?"

"Undeniably."

"And you're—chasing her?"

The vicar laughed. "I have met her, I think, on five occasions. I leave you to stomach the absurdity of your cross-examination, also to reconcile it with your notions of gentlemanly good feeling. We won't prolong the discussion. Much is forgiven to sailormen, but one can't help wishing sometimes they'd take a leaf from the book of the Silent Navy."

Within a week the commander had announced his plans to Aster. Mrs. Borthwick bicycled over the same afternoon to Cuddeford and found the vicar cleaning a precious brass in the chancel. She asked his advice and begged him not to interrupt his work.

"I say stand firm," he said. "Begin as you mean to go on' is a rare good motto. Don't let your in-laws capture you. You've the right to live where you please. I—I

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think—I've been looking the matter up—I'm afraid you're likely to become a Ward of Chancery. You're an infant, you see."

A telegram recalled the commander to his ship and forced him temporarily to break off the engagement. He left Aster at Rosedown with none of his plans effected and a state of open war subsisting between himself and the vicar.

The winter seemed punctuated with happy hours of solemn talks; long easy silences; gay chatter, when the vicar's years fell from him and Oxford days seemed yesterdays; hissing blue-flamed oak fires and popping, shining chestnuts and flickering lights on brow and cheek and dear eyes, that he felt had been known and dear to him all his days. Yet, often, when her car bore him to some outlying parishioner through the falling sleet, or envied rose bushes discarded from Rosedown arrived at the Vicarage, or he dined with Collins, or Major Bonham, or Mrs. Percy, at Mrs. Borthwick's, ate pheasants and drank champagne or smoked a cigar from the box Collins, the trustworthy glutton, had chosen for her, the feeling, now of uneasiness, then of supreme discomfort, disturbed him at the thought: "It's not hers. She has no right to spend this money on us."

It even occurred to him that he was—in a measure—a receiver of stolen property. It was all abominably awkward.

The spring brought the commander back, chastened by the immutability of the Court of Chancery. Frontal attacks were out of date. Persuasion he found impossible. All he could do was to drop hints concerning the avaricious Jesuitry of clerics.

The roses of June had been tied, and shaded, and shown, and had rotted into dust. Peace day was a memory. The summer was dying in a September blaze. The vicar was planting hedge-robbed briars that morning when Dr. Collins's explosive motor-bicycle became audible, jibbing on Cuddeford Hill. The doctor, obviously thinking of something else, stated that mildew had appeared in his cucumber-frames, and that earwigs were a worse pest in his dahlias than ever he had known them to be.

"Pepper," he said suddenly, "you don't think me a gossiping, interfering, Mother-Grundian, old Nosey-Parker, do you?"

The vicar leant on a fork and reflected.

"No," he said doubtfully.

"Well, what are you going to do about

it?" burst out the doctor. "Marry her or what?"

The vicar started. He was not surprised. Once Collins mentioned it, it seemed to him every stone seemed crying out his secret. Cuddeford had little to occupy its leisure. A fierce light beats on a pulpit. He drove the fork deeper. Dr. Collins explained and excused himself, and enlarged, and deprecated, and deplored.

"But the fact remains—*talk*," he said. "You're in love, so your head's in the clouds—and the sand. It's doing harm. Now tell me to mind my own business."

The vicar lit a pipe. Many hints, glances, innuendoes were explained. He had been a blind fool. Of course it was doing harm. That was obvious.

"I'm sorry," he said at last. "I must see what can be done."

Marry her. He realized Cuddeford could be a Paradise then. But marry her and live on the Borthwick money? Unpleasant enough, he reflected, in perhaps old-fashioned prejudice, to live on your wife's money at all, but to live on money that was not rightfully hers . . . ! That was, of course, unthinkable. Did Ruby live? He could make inquiries through some agency. But if he found her alive—living in poverty, perhaps—the problem would seem more cruelly hard than ever. Was he justified in going to Aster and laying the truth of the matter before her? It was obvious to him that he was not. Borthwick had been one of those unfortunates "who cannot quiet his own conscience," whom the Anglican Church enjoins to seek the private ear of his pastor. The seal of the confessional bound him. In every direction his hands seemed tied.

That afternoon he remained in the church after choir practice. And there, on his knees, he realized that, in sinful stupidity, he had never prayed for guidance in this matter at all. He had regarded it from a worldly standpoint, had argued and meditated, never seeking help or direction. Now, with the necessity of immediate action, he saw plainly that he could not judge for himself. Worldly wisdom could not change circumstances, could not wipe out his promise to the dead nor his love for the living. He loved her. In prayer for the first time he made the admission. He longed to make her his wife. Blunt Collins had opened his eyes. Yes, she cared. He was convinced of that. He had selfishly

THE GORDIAN KNOT

drifted. He had not faced the dangers ahead. He could think of no solution. He had sworn to befriend her, but that was only a part of his pledge.

He felt a layman might have convinced himself that a betrayal of the truth was justified under the circumstances. Kneeling there he realized that such betrayal was prompted by selfishness. If he did not love her he could keep silent, as he had kept silent till now. He thought of her. He had wronged her. Reviewing the past three months he could not disguise the growth of their intimacy. Those June moonlit talks in the sunk garden at Rosedown; the first harvest of mushrooms on dewy mornings as July went out; the long drives in her car on blazing August days; that happy initiation into the mysteries of budding roses. He had forgotten the prying eyes of Cuddeford. Still more, not through any humbleness or self-disparagement, he had forgotten, at any rate, ignored the possibility of her caring for him. He had drifted. Yes. To withdraw—and leave her to Marcus and his indifference, if not dislike—must hurt her, while it broke his pledge to watch over her. It would hurt her terribly. She could not understand. He had been so close to the brink of self-revelation. They had sat in silences so profound that the ghostly echoes of things unsaid seemed audible. There was an understanding between them, tacit, unconfessed. She had probably attributed it to her widowhood. He realized how egotistical his actions had been. Yet his position in the parish demanded action, just as his own sense of propriety and humanity condemned delay.



*Drawn by
Sydney Seymour Lucas*

"The vicar came to her, across
the field"—p. 424

He must act. But how?

The setting sun streamed in through the west window.

There seemed no way out. Wisdom and experience could suggest nothing. He felt humiliated. The vagaries of memory recalled his advice to that lad long ago in the churchyard. Had he been proud? Had he been forgetful? Had he tried to stand alone? Was it the penalty of pride?

Long afterwards he rose up, and now the light of the harvest moon poured in through the great east window in a tinted stream. It was a Gordian Knot. He was impotent. God knew. He must await His solution. A feeling of assurance stole over him, of faith and certainty. God would act in His Own time.

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"Done?"

The empty church took up the sardonic voice and tossed its echoes from wall to wall. The vicar started. The commander stood at the church door, his face dazzle-painted in the tinted stream from the moon-lit window.

The vicar came quietly down the aisle.

"Yes," he said, as they passed out together.

"I've come," said Marcus, "to tell you the whole neighbourhood's buzzing about my sister-in-law and your saintly self, and to ask what steps you intend to take."

The vicar stood still, deep breathing, on the little path between the standard rose trees. The commander lit a cigar.

"If you want to marry her why to goodness don't you do it?" he demanded. "But perhaps, you don't want to."

"You've no right to ask the question," said the vicar, "but since you *have* asked it I'll answer. Yes. I do wish, above everything, to marry her. But . . ."

"I'll tell her," said the commander with a chuckle. "No 'buts' I beg. There's no obstacle, unless, like somebody else was, you're married already."

The vicar started. Marcus laughed.

"A woman called at Rosedown to-night. I've just driven her to the station and come straight on here. It seems my dear brother married her sixteen years ago. That's all got to be inquired into. If it's true, and I'm convinced it *is* true, I don't quite know what Aster is. Anyhow, no longer an heiress, and the sooner you make her a wife the better."

The vicar drew in a huge breath. The commander chuckled in triumph.

"Of course the money side doesn't affect you," said he. "I expect you're glad. What's money? Mere dross. Come along back with me and see her. It's lucky it's a saint who loves her and not a sinner who'd sling his hook when the money flew out of the window."

The vicar stood there trembling. There was no longer any problem. The Gordian Knot was unravelled. He felt such sudden relief, such overwhelming thankfulness, that he could not eye even the commander with any emotion but pleasure.

"You've the car?"

"Yes."

"Come on, then. Take me," cried the vicar. "Oh, you poor blinded Troglodyte, did you honestly think I wanted anything but Aster herself? I knew all this—twelve months ago. Your brother told me. But, unless Ruby appeared on the scene, I promised to say nothing. All men aren't mercenary." He broke off and asked maliciously: "And, commander, are you going to install *Ruby* at Waterlooville?"

For a moment the astounded Marcus hesitated, growing red under the vicar's quizzical happy eyes, then, suddenly, he guffawed.

"White flag," he said. "I thought you were a typical devil-dodger—pelf-chasing. I was wrong. I apologize. Aster only married my brother for his money, you know. That's why I've never been her pal. As to Ruby, she can go to . . ." He waved his cigar. "Come on. I left Aster crying her eyes out. . . . I pitied her. That's why I came. I wanted to get you on the hop before you knew. Bit of a blackguard, eh?"

The car moved swiftly through the lanes. Suddenly the commander applied the brakes.

"Hop out," he said. "Here she is—by the stile."

The vicar came to her, across the field, the moonlight on his face. He had become but a baffled child in the School of Life, had held up his hand and called "Teacher!" And the Master had made all things simple, smooth and joyous where all had been doubt and gloom. He came to her rejoicing.

She knew he would come. She was waiting. She knew this happening would make him speak and was ready with her answer, her thanks, her gentle "No." She understood that he was forced to speak—in honour bound, spurred by circumstance. Pride would make him ask and her refuse, even though her "No" should break her heart.

But when at the sound of his footsteps in the dew-drenched grass she looked up, she saw only the eager face of her lover, hurrying to her, radiant and joyous, and slipped into his arms, to cling there, still shuddering, and exult because her doubts were proved such trivial, unreal things, and his lips pressed on her mouth.

Are You Treating Your Husband Fairly?

A Frank—and Unusual—Talk to Wives of Business Men

TAYLOR would be just the man for the place had he married a different sort of woman," said the manager. "But as it is I cannot consider him. I want a man who comes here in the morning with clear eyes and an alert mind. I want a man whose brain is ready to work the minute he slips into his chair at the desk. I don't want a man with a weary sound in his voice. I want a man who can keep awake."

That speech settled David Taylor's hopes. He had expected promotion. His wife was counting on it. It was his chance. And it was forfeited.

A Case of "Injustice"

His wife talked of "injustice," "favouritism," and "lack of appreciation" on the part of the firm. The men who worked with Taylor understood and said nothing. They knew why he had failed. And they felt sorry for him. Taylor himself knew why. And there was nothing for him to say. And he was in love with his wife. He couldn't tell her. And if he did she would not understand.

In talking to her best friend of her disappointment Mrs. Sylvia Taylor said: "I think it is a shame the way they treat Dave at the office—a perfect shame! He works like a slave for them and they do not appreciate it. When a vacancy comes along with a decent salary it goes to somebody else. I don't understand it when Dave was in the direct line of promotion.

"Way, Dave works so hard that when he comes home at night it is difficult to get him to go out or entertain people who come in. And we have many callers and go out a great deal, you know. If he had his way he wouldn't do anything but sit in the arm-chair and read and mope. And what do you suppose he wants to read lately? Thrilling detective yarns and Wild West stories. He simply goes to sleep over anything serious, and he used to be a great

student until the last couple of years. He says the frothy stuff rests his mind and makes no effort to follow.

"Not Appreciated"

"And yet he is discriminated against. They don't appreciate how hard he works for them. And I had been counting on his rise too. It never occurred to me that he wouldn't get it. I bought a lot of new things for the dining-room—the most beautiful old mahogany serving-table and a perfect love of a dining-table. The oak stuff we had never suited me, but as Dave got it from his mother I used it as long as I could stand it. But Dave will be shocked when the bills come in. He makes such a fuss lately when I go beyond my allowance. But I can't help it, one has to have fresh things; they rest the eye so, and it is such fascinating work to pick them out.

"I don't know what we are going to do. It is simply terrible to be married to a poor man when the cost of living is so high and when one's tastes are at all refined. Before we were married everybody said that Dave had great prospects. They said he was a brainy man, and that he'd be the manager of the business in a few years. Doesn't look much like it, does it? I wonder where his brains went to? I suppose, though, that a poor support is better than none."

And it was a bitter expression that curled the corners of Mrs. Taylor's mouth as she led her friend to the dining-room to show her the "perfect love of a dining-table" and other "things."

There are many David and Sylvia Taylors. Many a man would be "just the right man for the place had he married a different sort of woman." There are many women who do not understand what modern business means. They do not realize that a man must each day put forth his very best effort in order to hold his place in the world of work. They do not understand

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that, in order to put forth his very best effort, he must economize both strength and energy when out of the office. He must have enough sleep. He must relax. He must ease his mind. The man who gets only four or five hours' sleep a night cannot keep in condition to plan or fight the battles of modern business. A man needs all the powers he can muster if he is even to hold his own under the new conditions we are now facing.

The Husband with Shaky Nerves

The man who comes to his work in the mornings with drawn face and haggard eyes, whose shaky nerves make him start every time the telephone bell rings suddenly, is not the man to be depended upon in tight places. He is not the man who will forge ahead. He is not the man who will be able to afford new dining-room furniture and other "things" regularly.

And what have the Sylvia Taylors to do with it? Everything! They are attractive, graceful women—young usually. Frequently they come from homes of whose inner workings they know nothing. They are generally brought up in leisure, untrained, irresponsible. They are the cost-of-high-living-girls. They demand the same standard of living from their husbands as was provided by "Father." Their parents have spoiled them. Their families have pampered them. Their friends have made them vain. They know little or nothing of housekeeping. They do not know the value of money; they know only of its necessity. Few persons can spend money wisely who have never been taught the value of what it buys and the imperative need of keeping expenses under income.

Extravagant Wives

They are extravagant, thoughtless, and oftentimes deceitful. Sometimes they are unscrupulous. They want "things" so badly that they scheme in the most devious ways to get them, and when they are refused anything they pout or cry, or threaten to go home to "Mother." Usually the "things" are forthcoming. But how? They neither know nor care.

They must be amused. They must be entertained. They must go to dinner parties, bridge parties, balls, theatre parties. They must have clothes, many clothes, smart clothes. They must run accounts

everywhere. They must have taxis and motors. None of these things is squared by the income. They are squared by desire on the part of the wife. The income must be brought up to their follies or the husbands must face the reckoning.

The main idea of marriage is an alliance with somebody who is willing to undertake their support for life, somebody whom they work to the limit—while he lasts.

The Wife with the Telephone Habit

They have the telephone habit. When anything goes wrong in the house they telephone to David at the office. No matter what particular business David may have in hand, he must listen and he must solve the problem—whether it be a mere matter of the milkman's leaving one can of cream instead of two, or of Minnie's dropping oxalic acid on the new velvet shoes.

Or it may be that the wife had a hard evening at the party the night before and has a headache. Possibly she is only bored. She telephones David in miserable voice and asks him to send Dr. Brown, as she is surely going to be very ill. Result: David is worried, and wonders how he can get away from the office to hurry home to the sufferer. If he cannot leave he is nearly useless, because his mind is at home and not in his work.

There are wives who make a special practice of telephoning their husbands many times daily and without a thought of the effect upon the husband or his employer. What is the telephone for, anyway, say they? Also, why have a husband unless you can use him?

Calling In at the Office

Often, very often, the Sylvia Taylors shop in town. If they have nothing better to do they call at David's office and wait for him to take them to lunch or go home with them. It is obvious how such proceedings impress the employer of David. Wives have no business in their husband's offices, and especially when the husband is merely an employee of that office.

Or, it may be that the wife likes to flirt, and that in her abundance of leisure she must needs turn to other men for amusement. Nothing ruins a man's efficiency quicker than a wife who keeps him continually worried about other men. His friends know of her affairs; his business

ARE YOU TREATING YOUR HUSBAND FAIRLY?

associates know of them. In what standing does it place the husband? What is the husband's resultant mental attitude? Life is hard upon the man who has competition both in the market place and at home.

Or it may be that she is an imaginary invalid; or, perhaps, she is one of that cast of women who are jealous—jealous, even, if her husband allows another woman to precede him through a swinging door. The woman he smiled at during the party last night is thrown up at him in the morning. The wife "reads him the Riot Act," and the day has begun wrong for him. When there is wrangling at home the man looks at business matters from an incompetent angle.

When the husband comes home at night with lines in his face and a beaten, hopeless look about the mouth, and suggests that Sylvia let Minnie go for a while, and cut down the household expenses until some bills that are bothering can be paid, the wife is furious.

"Let Minnie go! Do my own housework! Never! Who ever heard of such a thing! I couldn't think of getting along without a maid. If we must economize it must be somewhere else."

Sleepless Nights and Haggard Days

But she does not suggest where that somewhere else is to be. She merely refused to assume any care or trouble. And David, who spends a sleepless night trying to figure a way, goes to his work the next morning looking more haggard and beaten than ever. How can he get all those accumulated bills paid? Maybe he finds a way, although it is often a dangerous one. But Sylvia Taylor does not care. Minnie is still with her. She can still take her perfumed bath and have her massage regularly.

If David remains at the office a single evening Sylvia complains bitterly and talks sarcastically of men who are not competent to make a living during the daytime. She demands constant attention, and if she is denied a "scene" ensues—a scene that further impairs her husband's usefulness. Husbands cannot keep up with wives who sleep during the daytime in preparation for night frivolity or activity, or "scenes," whatever the case may be.

How does the man feel who has been through a nerve-racking day at his work to come home and find dinner uncooked and his wife in tears because Minnie has suddenly decided to leave? Yet it happens

frequently. For the same reason that a man does not want tragedy in his reading matter, he wants peace, not tantrums and tears, at home. And the woman who provides a happy home will draw happiness to her home.

It sometimes happens that David Taylor borrows money to carry him over a crisis in his business. Sometimes there are debts that cannot be paid at once. He must ask his creditors for time. In that way he has a chance to keep his footing and crawl out from under the ruin that threatens him. It sometimes happens that Sylvia Taylor, at this crucial point, blooms out in a new and dazzling wardrobe that the wife of the man to whom David is indebted cannot afford. Or perhaps Sylvia gives an elaborate party with considerable flourish. Such actions on the part of a wife at critical moments have made many a man bankrupt. Creditors are human, and there is a limit to the generosity and patience of friends.

Good advice to young men who would succeed in business is: "Let your own competitors marry the Sylvia Taylors." Men who mate with time-wasters and trouble-makers are half defeated on their wedding-day. Their chances of success become doubtful at the altar. The world may call the David Taylors' wives "sweet and lovely girls," and they are pleasant companions on a summer day, but their husbands' employers and business associates call them "vampires."

A Plea for Fair Treatment

If the average man is to be a success, if he is to be ready for promotion, his wife must treat him fairly. His success largely depends upon the way she plays her part, and her part is not small. Husbands must have sufficient sleep. They must have rest. They must have peace of mind. They must be contented in their domestic life. They must have some spot where they can be to themselves. They must not be hauled out every night to some party or lark that saps their strength—not to mention their pocket-book. They must not be continually harrowed with minor domestic troubles that are the wife's business, and hers only. They must not be continually beset with bills that are out of proportion to the family income.

Husbands must have nutritious, properly prepared food. To attain the highest brain power and working efficiency the body must have enough fuel. The food bill is not the

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place to practise economy. That is, the woman who serves "hash" and the like night after night that she may save enough money out of her grocery allowance to buy a new hair ornament is building from the wrong end. The wife of a man whose appetite is properly satisfied and whose digestion is accelerated will not have to resort to trickery to get frills and vanity cases. For the man whose health is perfect is the man whose earning power is highest.

You Must Work Together

Marriage is a partnership in which the two heads of the firm should work together. There should be recommendations, consultations. But each must accept his or her own responsibilities. It is the woman's business to manage the home. The home problems are her problems. They are problems that should be solved by her own thought, discretion and skill. The woman who puts household worries upon her husband's shoulders shirks her duty. The woman who requires her husband to manage her business cripples his efficiency in his own work.

The wife should so plan her home life and conduct her household as to leave her husband free to revel in its comforts, its peace, its love. The woman who does not do this is a handicap to her husband. It was not meant that one in a marriage partnership should bear all the burdens. Every woman who wishes to get on in life must work, and to work intelligently she must think for herself.

If she employs servants to do her work in the home she should render other useful service. The woman who has work to do is less keen than the lady who has leisure to chase frivolities after nightfall. The woman who knows the hard work of the world has a very different outlook upon life from the

idler. She has little tastes for doubts, suspicions, "scenes." She finds that she herself is in need of refreshing sleep.

If time hangs heavy on her hands, and her own house is in order, she may work for poor girls, for cleanliness in the home and in the factory, for pure water, fresh air, pure milk for babies, free ice for those who cannot buy it, wholesome food for men, women, and children; she may work for the general uplift of humankind. She may follow a career of her own. It is possible for a woman to be or do anything, if only she will work.

Do you dare to say that you love your husband when you keep him continually annoyed over some foolish and thoughtless act of yours? Actions count in love and service. Words are nothing. How often does it occur to a woman to ask herself: "What am I giving my husband in return for his efforts?" How many accept everything and offer nothing in full payment but—sex?

Are You a Helpmeet?

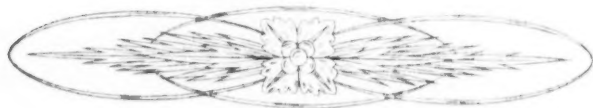
Is your husband's financial burden too heavy? Are you managing your home from the viewpoint of what you have to do with, or are you following blindly the cost-of-high-living crowd? If you are not satisfied with your husband's earning capacity, does it ever occur to you to try to supplement it with your own endeavours? Do you know that the happiest homes and the most efficient are those in which the wives have capable hands and understanding hearts?

In what condition do you send your husband out into the world of work? Is his mind clear? Is he a safe, dependable man because he is a happy man?

Are you treating your husband fairly?

Are you your husband's partner or competitor?

I shall be pleased to send a cheque for £1 1s. to the writer of the best letter in reply to this article. Address, "Competition Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4," before March 23.



Jill on a Ranch

by

GERTRUDE PAGE

VIII

Umdara Ranch.

RATHER a remarkable thing happened a few days ago. I must tell you all about it.

I have not been very well lately, owing chiefly to the altitude (I think I told you the Homestead is 6,000 feet up), and it has seemed too much effort to ride or drive. However, Chip had the utility cart, in which we drive two ponies, brought round, and persuaded me to go a little way. He asked me what I fancied, and after a moment's pause I said I would like to go and look at a certain view up a stony kopje, where we had once considered building a house. Chip was afraid I should find it too bumpy, but I said I would risk that, and we started off. As he was not able to exercise a certain pony, in need of exercise, himself, he allowed the capitaou to mount it and ride alongside. Certainly it was a very bumpy drive, as we had to go over boulders now and then a foot or two high, but when we reached the little clearing I had in mind, the view was so beautiful, I felt repaid over and over. We looked all along our beautiful table-land, across Grimp's Ranch, and a lot of unoccupied land to the blue mountains of the Zambesi escarpment, and the lights and shades and shadows were too beautiful to describe.

"If you feel equal to climbing just a little higher," Chip said, "we shall see two large herds of cattle coming down from the Umvukwes to the paddocks. They have been feeding up there the last few days." I love to see the rattle trekking in the golden evening sunlight, so I agreed eagerly, and we scaled a large granite boulder which took us to the edge of a precipitous descent.

Suddenly as we stood there drinking in the lovely scene, Chip exclaimed: "What on earth is that?"

I followed his indication and saw a thin blue spiral of smoke ascending from beneath a tree a little way down the rocky precipice. A black object, as far as we could see, was an oil drum over a faggot fire, and for some extraordinary reason someone was apparently cooking something hidden in the rocks.

"It's a cooking pot," he said in an amazed voice. "What on earth is a boy cooking up here for? . . . Could you go and mind the horses, while Boots comes to investigate with me?"

Of course I went, and waited eagerly enough to hear the result of their investigation. Presently they both returned looking abnormally grave.

"What is it?" I asked eagerly.

"It's newly killed meat," said Chip solemnly. "There's been foul play. A young bullock, about a year old, must have been killed within the last twenty-four hours. All of it is there, a great part hidden under branches."

I stared at him wide-eyed. Indeed, we all stared. It was a most serious discovery to be made by a rancher. Some of our boys were treacherously killing beasts on our very threshold. But which, and how many? How long had it been going on?

Bulldog's herd was the nearest, was even now going into its paddock down below the rocky precipice. How soon would the perpetrators be coming to their kill? How many might there be? It was imperative to act at once in some way, for the sun was setting, and the dark would come on quickly. Fortunately we were near the

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Homestead, though it only made it seem the more remarkable. Chip decided he must leave two boys in ambush, and sent Boots off post haste on Pixie to fetch Malachi, who would be at the pedigree cattle sheds, and was thoroughly reliable. He and I waited in a tenseness I cannot describe, watching for every movement of bough or leaf that would tell us the thieves were at hand. With great promptness Boots returned with Malachi, but when Chip explained that we wanted him to lie in ambush with Boots, and spring out on the natives who came for meat, he shook his head very decidedly and refused to have anything to do with it. He said quite frankly that the boys would be "schelums" (rascals) and he was afraid to stay. After a hurried consultation it was decided we should all depart, and Boots offered to come back again later to watch alone.

So we crept away in the dusk, making as little noise as possible, lest any boy lurking around should get wind of our movements and give the alarm. When we reached the cattle stalls I went on home, and Chip and Boots stayed for the evening inspection as usual. Then Boots went back to the scene of the cooking pot, Chip promising to join him as soon as he had had some dinner.

But within half an hour, Boots was back again with another plan. He talked very fast and very excitedly, but I could not understand what he was saying. I gathered the drift of it was to decoy Bulldog, whom they suspected beyond all others, to the house, tie him up and see if he would confess who were his accomplices.

A boy does not kill a twelve months bullock alone, and drag its carcass up a precipice. Moreover, the carefully chosen spot, so wonderfully hidden, suggested a series of such crimes, and I have never seen Chip more worried and upset.

In the end they decided upon Boots' plan, and he went off to tell Bulldog that the master wanted to see him about some of his cattle. Totally unsuspecting, Bulldog came to the house, and was promptly captured by Boots and Malachi, who both belonged to another tribe, and had no compunction whatever in the matter. His hands and feet were then securely tied, and Chip—s jambok in hand—asked him questions. But he would not say a word, so they carried him to a dark spot, left him there, guarded, and sent for the piccanin who helps with his herd. A piccanin, dis-

tinguished from a piccaninny, is a boy of about twelve to sixteen years (this for Frills' information!), and each herd has one native in charge, and one piccanin to help him.

At first nothing at all could be got out of the piccanin, until Chip threatened to put him down the well for the night, and then he talked fast enough, frightened into complete surrender. He said that Bulldog had killed the bullock that very morning, after making him promise not to tell. He had not seen him do it, but he knew the spot by the river, and that he had thrown the skin and paunch into the water.

He said he had looked after the cattle all the time and Bulldog had cut the beast up himself. Later he had helped to carry it up the kopje because he was so frightened of Bulldog. He, Bulldog, told him he was to say a lion had killed the bullock if any questions were asked, but that no one would find out because of the secure hiding place. He did not know if it had happened before. That was the only time he knew of.

Bulldog listened to this confession, and made no sign at all. He is the most villainous looking native I have ever seen, with a thick squat neck, thick squat features, and little blinking eyes like a pig. He appeared absolutely stolid and unmoved, Chip says, until some boys carried him up to the tobacco barn, where they decided to lock him up alone for the night.

For the first time he showed signs of agitation.

The threat of the sjambok and of prison had left him cold, but the idea of being shut up alone in the dark in the tobacco barn, with rats chasing round, was too much for him. He said he would confess if the Inkoos (master) let him be in a hut with some other boy.

So he was placed in the capitaou's hut, bound hand and foot, but with a bit of fire to keep him warm. He then admitted he had killed the bullock, but said it did not belong to us. It had strayed to our herd from a rancher he named, and if Chip fished up the skin he would see by the brand that he was speaking the truth. Asked if he had killed others he admitted he had, but they always belonged to this same man whom he hated. He stoutly refused to name any accomplices, but left the impression that organized villainy had been going on, but that none of our boys were implicated. He went on to say that if

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Chip would let him, he would work for him for ten years without pay, rather than go to the police.

It was sufficiently alarming, anyhow, and Chip arranged that at daybreak the skin should be fished up to see if the brand corroborated the boy's story. He then took occasion to speak a few words to the assembled natives, for by this time numbers of kraal boys who live on our land had arrived in great excitement. You can picture the scene, Général. A little bunch of trees in the middle of the compound, boys' huts all round, a bright fire throwing flickering lights and shadows upon the darkness, lighting up the black watching faces, throwing into strong relief the pale face of the one white man present.

The two culprits, bound hand and foot, sulkily grim, the other boys abnormally solemn. The whole discovery was so amazing the boys were awed by it. Why, on that one day of days, we should have climbed to that one inaccessible spot, probably never visited by any white man before, and seen with our own eyes the certain evidence of guilt!

"It was the Man above," Chip told them solemnly, in answer to their spokesman. "He led me there to see the wickedness of Bulldog, who would kill and eat the white man's cattle. Is not the white man a good master? Does he not give good food to his boys? Good money, good huts, good fires? Why, then, is any boy so wicked as to kill and hide and eat the white man's bullock?"

Chip told me the boys were enormously impressed, and started talking in low voices among themselves of how the Great White Chief above had sent a message to tell him of the wickedness. Indeed, they were so impressed that we heard afterwards my dignified Christian house boy, and another with a smattering of Christianity, sat up and read the Bible half the night to Bulldog, and so worked upon his feelings that he confessed to killing sheep as well, helped by

his brothers from a ranch near by. But he insisted that they had not been Chip's property at any time. He would not say whose property they were, but stuck to it that he would not touch the property of a good master. This may, of course, have

been calculated to save himself from the wrath of Chip's faithful natives, but at the same time a native is very sensitive to his sense of fair play to a good master.

A man who treats them



Drawn by
E. P. Kiss III

"He then goes solemnly forth and walks along the road towards Grimp's ranch"—p. 432

badly and unfairly may expect anything once there is a leader fearless enough to retaliate; and it is a matter of deepest regret that even on our beloved Umvukwe plateau we cannot show a clean slate.

Of course, there was considerable excitement among the ranchers, and all began to miss a beast here and a beast there that had been a mystery, but lions and leopards and wild dogs *do* kill occasionally in isolated corners, and Chip and I do not think the natives were responsible for a third of those set down to them. All the same, it was the greatest benefit to the whole countryside that we discovered the villainy that evening, for the amazing circumstances made a great impression on the native race, and placed the white man even higher in their estimation.

Chip and I have no actual theory, but we

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do feel it was something more than coincidence. The difficulty of taking the horses up that steep, boulder-strewn kopje, which we persisted in for no particular reason—the last little climb merely to see a lovely view; the sudden arrested attention through the blue spiral of smoke—all lend themselves to the thought of psychical intervention. We both believe in the existence of Spirit Guides and Helpers to all souls upon earth, though the degree of help possible may be limited by the condition of the earth soul; and we have felt very forcibly that some invisible agency influenced our movements that afternoon, and thus enabled us to do a service to the whole neighbourhood.

Bulldog and the piccanin were sent to the nearest police camp the next morning, and formally committed for trial. We have heard since that the sentence cannot be made commensurate with the crime because the bullock did not belong to Chip, and the crime was not discovered by its lawful owner. Thus does sophistry juggle with the law even in far countries. The piccanin, they think, will be induced to turn King's Informer, and get off very lightly, which I think he deserves. He has had a severe lesson anyhow, for he was in terror at going to the police, and deeply impressed at the way a white man finds out when a native does wrong.

For the honour of the natives I should add that Bulldog and his brothers are a low-class tribe. They had come from their own district for work, and the whole affair would tell against them very much with the better tribes. Even now they are spoken of scornfully as the monkey-eaters, and killing the white man's cattle will not improve their status. Beyond doubt it would be known for hundreds of miles, because news amongst themselves travels in an extraordinary fashion. Another reason for being a good master! Ranchers and farmers are known four and five hundred miles away by their native names, and if they are good or bad masters; and often those who complain the loudest of the scarcity of labour are the ones with a bad mark to their record, whom the boys will not work for. It is not always a case of physical ill-treatment. There are several ways in which a man may scare away the very labour he wants. He can compel a boy to stay with him after his time is up, and he wants to go, by withholding his wages. Of course, if the boys go to the Native Commissioner of Police,

his case is taken up, but, as in our case, the police camp is often thirty miles away, and boys have always a dread of going. I am afraid they know well enough it is a chance whether the Native Commissioner will side with them or the white man. It depends sometimes on many things outside their ken.

But generally speaking there is a wholesome justice bar among the farmers and ranchers themselves, and the man who treats his boys unjustly has to face the disapproval of his confrères sooner or later.

Our haughty house-boy, Chezura, wore a very sanctimonious air for a day or two after the event. Evidently it was he who was responsible for the Bible reading suggestion, and one felt he had got upon very good terms with "the Man above" over it. But there was a fly in his ointment all the same, in the person of a little imp of a piccanin who was his understudy. We always have a piccanin to wait at table with the house-boy, and generally wait upon the house-boy.

Chezura is very lordly with his underlings and usually they are much in awe of him. But this small person, Tomo, is quite irrepressible, and he answers Chezura back in no uncertain manner. Chezura complained to Chip, and Chip promptly said: "Box his ears."

Chezura implied that he would prefer the master to do it. But Chip was adamant.

"*You* must box his ears when he is cheeky," he insisted; "but if he does anything really bad, bring him to me."

Chezura being so tall and so upright could not reach the little imp's ears without considerable unbending of dignity, and the feud has gone on.

Mary says one of the sorest points has been because the piccanin carried his understudying too far.

On Sundays and occasional weekdays Chezura dresses up in all his finery and takes a walk abroad. Clean white shirt with tie, clean white trousers, white shoes—in which he is horribly uncomfortable, a cloth cap, and an umbrella grabbed tightly and carried in an upright position, completes the figure. He then goes solemnly forth and walks along the road towards Grimp's ranch, where he is not very likely to see anything more lively than a cow. Mary asked him if he went to the Mashona kraals, and she says he looked ten thousand daggers at her, and said: "Me not visit Mashonas," in a

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"He promptly raised his rifle, fired, and knocked him over stone dead"—p. 134



way that made her feel conscious of some awful *faux pas*. He is an Angoni of the Angonis, and even in these primitive people there are class distinctions. So he sallies solemnly forth to take the air, and wear his best clothes, and presently he returns with like solemnity. And that tiresome little imp, when he went home to his kraal to see his mother, started putting on any old bit of finery he could find, including a cloth cap, took a little walking stick and sallied forth the most perfect little mimic of the grand Chezura. Of course, it was ludicrously funny, but we dare not let Chezura see us laugh.

So, all things considered, we were really rather relieved when the piccanin stated that his three months were up and he wanted to go home. He was a good little worker, and very willing, but he spoilt the harmony of the household. For come what may, we cannot afford to offend Chezura. He is the prop and mainstay of the establishment. He would be an absolute god-send in England. He does all the house-work and table-work, cleans and trims the lamps, cleans the silver, does all the washing, starching and ironing, and, if we happen to be in a hole, he cooks better than the cook-boy himself. He is always clean, and he would go cheerfully to the world's end any day for Chip. Occasionally he has sulky fits over hurt dignity, but if one takes no notice he soon comes round. A curious point is that he is not good with anyone else. Once he went to Grimp, when we came to England, and

Grimp said he was too lazy to be any use. Another time he stayed on with our manager and his wife, and they said he was too grand to work. It oftens happens among natives, and for that reason it is always wise to try a boy and form one's own

opinion instead of listening to anyone else's.

A cook-boy of ours, who became quite impossible with us, is now a "treasure" at another ranch . . . and so it goes on. The native is a strange child, and he needs sympathetic dealing. As all one's comfort and physical well-being depends upon the household natives in Rhodesia, the marvel to me is that the colonists do not try to understand them a little better. Make a boy laugh and you can do anything with him. Keep him in an atmosphere of grunting gloom and he becomes sulky and indifferent. If he won't work cheerfully without constant nagging, get rid of him. It wears you out and is not worth it.

This time Chezura, dressed in all his best, has gone to the kraal to choose a piccanin for himself. For a day or two I expect the new piccanin will be awed into dumb stupidity, and then he will begin to enjoy the novelty of it all, and cause us some amusement. They generally do.

Good-night and Au 'voir,

JILL.

IX

Umdara Ranch.

IT seems to be a long time since I sent you any journal—and in the meantime, O Base Deserter! you have transferred your affections!

THE QUIVER

Don't humble me to the dust by saying they never were mine, but let me dream, Mon Général, that had things been different . . . and so on.

Seriously, my dear, dear man, Chip and I, and even Mary, were so overjoyed at the news in your letter, that there was nothing to do but drink. Your happy letter was so infectious, that we wanted to shout and sing. Like David, we danced before the Ark of your Happiness. And then for Frills to be so delighted also, is splendid. He and you together always, looked after by a dear woman who is your wife and Frills' sister, sounds such a glad arrangement for everyone. It was ripping of you to send us her photo. I trust you both absolutely to a face like that. We bow down before her as before one whom the Lord hath delighted to honour, in that she can take you both under her wing and mother you both to her heart's content. Some day, if you will all three come here together, we will show you what warm-hearted Rhodesians can do when their inmost feelings are touched.

In the meantime let us know the exact hour of the exact day when you are to be married, and Chip and I will climb our Temple Kopje, and standing on its highest height, will strive to call down upon you all three, not wealth and material success, but the priceless blessings of contented minds, soaring beliefs, and forever rejuvenating hope.

Before long we shall be coming to see you. Chip has not been well lately. His heart is troubling him. Undoubtedly he strained it in France, and not having made the smallest attempt to spare it in anything since, he is beginning to wonder why, so often, he feels too tired to move.

Only think of it! One day he insisted upon helping Grimp to brand a hundred and seventy cattle in about seven hours, with one break for a meal!

There was a reason why it was preferable to do them all in one day if possible, but not a reason good enough to knock them both up. That is where Chip so lacks a sense of proportion. The reason was good, but not good enough for the cost. Grimp gave in some time before they had finished, and collapsed on to his bed. Chip struggled on, and then, because he felt done to the world, mounted a horse and went for a gallop. He returned declaring himself refreshed; but two days afterwards he wondered why he felt so "rotten" and I know

that he is suffering badly now from overstrain.

It is the same when he is dipping. A certain number *must* be dipped in one day. And if they are tiresome and take longer than usual, he just goes on, until he is almost too exhausted to get home. He hates to leave a piece of work unfinished, even if it has proved more difficult and tiresome than could have been anticipated. No, he must needs go on to the bitter end, however much worn nerves and tissues rebel, and so he continually draws on his reserve force, and then wonders why he feels ill.

If he would only stop a moment occasionally to remember that time is such a small thing in the mighty plan of eternity. And that driving his body to breaking point in a slavish subjection to time is chiefly lack of insight. But I cannot influence him. He has all the obstinacy of the Irish race, and finds enormous satisfaction in the contemplation that he did what he said he would do, oblivious to the possibility that he has undone something vital in the effort.

Last week he had a fright enough to scare some men into chronic heart disease, and it was mostly his own fault. Incidentally, it might have been enough to scare me into my grave, but he managed to keep me ignorant of our full position until we were in safety, and he dare relax his own awful tension. I have had so many narrow escapes, that perhaps I should not have thought so much of it as he imagined, but maybe he was wiser to act as he did.

It happened this way. We went for one of our little afternoon expeditions to a certain beacon which I was anxious to see. We have beacons to mark our boundaries, and this particular one was on top of a flat kopje, in the Umvukwes, which commanded a magnificent view across Lomagundi on one side and Glendale on the other. We drove with our pair of horses as usual, splashing through rivers, and climbing banks, and negotiating boulders in our best style. At the foot of the kopje we cut-spurred, and tied up the two horses so that they could feed. Then we commenced a very leisurely ascent, as it was steep and rough.

Near the top Chip suddenly caught sight of a big baboon sitting on a rock looking at us. He promptly raised his rifle, fired, and knocked him over stone dead. Almost immediately there was a rustling of bush, and a number of baboons made off down the

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opposite slope as hard as they could go, into the mountain fastnesses below us. We both watched them and laughed, then we made our way on to the top, and exclaimed with delight over the wonderful prospect. I sat down and drank it all in, feeling as if I were perched on the roof of the world—a feeling one may have pretty often in Africa. Then some writing on a stone caught my eye and I drew Chip's attention to it.

Some unknown hand up there on that high kopje had scrawled: "*Money is the root of all evil.*" It was very curious to find such a message as that, and we wondered who in the world could have done it. It seemed unlikely anyone would have been up there except the surveyor who placed the beacon, and we concluded he must have been in a soliloquizing mood. It was interesting to follow his train of thought. A fair, beautiful, uninhabited world lay all around us in the afternoon sunshine.

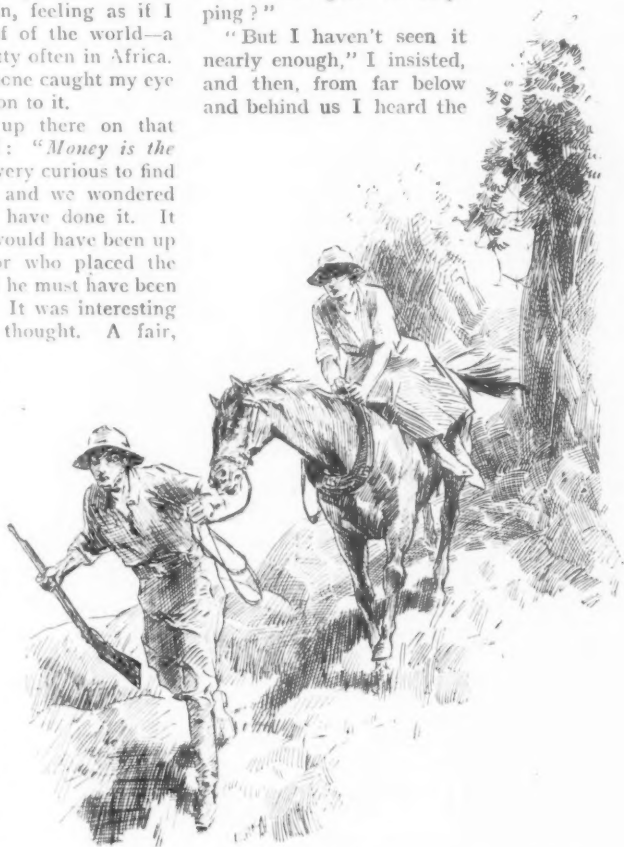
Was he thinking how different it would have looked if there had been people, money and possessions! . . . Or was he contrasting its serene fairness with some inner tumult of his own heart, caused by money troubles? I think it was the former. The beautiful scene was so utterly and entirely serene. It was easy to realize the absence of human passions and human greed. Such things had no place in that fair garden of Eden. The fruit of the tree had not yet been eaten, and even though the wild denizens preyed upon each other, who could tell how this appeared to their mentality, and whether in reality it perturbed them very greatly? The advent of man and his beads or coins would most emphatically ruffle that perfect serenity, and evil passions and human cruelties would follow.

So we mentally recorded our complete agreement with the unknown scribe, and then, rather unexpectedly, Chip said: "I think we had better go down."

"Go down!" I cried, "but we have only just come up."

To my surprise Chip was adamant. "Well, you've seen the view and the beacon, what's the good of stopping?"

"But I haven't seen it nearly enough," I insisted, and then, from far below and behind us I heard the



"As soon as the horse was ready I clambered on and in unusual haste we started off"—p. 436

Drawn by
E. P. Kinsella

hoarse bark of baboons. I laughed. "The baboons are still there," I said lightly.

"Come on," he urged, "I want to see if the horses are all right."

"You go," I suggested.

But he was so insistent I had to give in, and allow myself to be piloted down over the rocks.

When we were half way down, he exclaimed in horror, "Good heavens, the mare's got away!"

Again I laughed. It was sufficiently tire-

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some, of course, but it was not the first time we had faced a like predicament, and I couldn't imagine why Chip appeared so upset. He was white in the face, and tense in his manner, and looked as if he were putting some great strain upon himself. Also, every now and then he glanced keenly over his shoulder. At the bottom we found ourselves with one horse, a useless trap, no saddle, and five miles of rough veldt between us and the Homestead.

I wondered what Chip proposed to do, and said I supposed we must wait until the boys brought the mare back. We knew she had gone home because she had a foal.

"We can't wait," he said abruptly. "I'm going to strap one of the trap seats on to Ginger, and you must sit on him."

I began to protest, but Chip's manner was so odd I gave it up. As soon as the horse was ready I clambered on and in unusual haste we started off, Chip leading Ginger at a quick pace over the rough ground and I sticking on as well as I could without reins or stirrup.

When we had gone about two miles I begged to get off and walk, but he would not hear of it until we reached the road, when I more or less fell off in sheer desperation.

Then Chip drew a long breath and sat down looking completely done up.

"The baboons were after us," he said, and wiped his face, now in a perspiration with tension.

"The baboons were after us?" I repeated in horror.

"Yes. I didn't want you to know. Gad! it's been an awful time! When I saw the mare had cleared, I thought it might be all up with us."

I stared in amazement and asked: "What made you think so?"

"Think so!" he echoed. "I saw them. I was so afraid you would see them too. When I shot that brute, I thought they had all cleared, but when we were sitting on the top I heard low barks and I went to investigate. They were creeping up the kopje from down below, and the very way they came I could see they meant revenge if they could get it."

"I tell you it was an awful moment. And when I came back, there you were, holding forth on the view, and studying that beastly stone, as if you meant to sit tight for another hour. I thought I'd never get you moving."

"You were an idiot not to tell me at once," I declared.

"I didn't want to," he grunted. "You don't know how you might have been scared—especially when we found the mare had got away. When you scrambled on to Ginger they were on the top of the kopje, and just beginning to come down. I tell you it's the narrowest shave we've ever had."

"I thought baboons never attacked if there was more than one."

"How can anyone know! Of course, they had seen the dead brute, and were coming to avenge it. If they had been frightened, they would not have come back."

"Our Spirit Guides again," I said simply, and was relieved to see a little colour coming back to his lips and face. In the end, by persuading him that I longed to walk for a change, I prevailed upon him to mount Ginger, and ride part of the way home. After a stiff drink he seemed all right again and ready for anything, but I am sure he takes toll too recklessly of his strength.

I am using the plea that I *must* see Pip, to get him to take a trip home. They have had measles at the school, and Pip was rather bad, and I *do* feel anxious as to whether they are giving him the best possible chance to get strong again quickly. Of course, he says that we cannot afford to leave the ranch again so soon, and bear the expense of the trip—and neither can we for that matter—but so also we cannot afford to let his health suffer, and perhaps Pip's, and perhaps mine from anxiety. Money may be the root of all evil, but it's the handiest thing I know in some emergencies. Anyhow, I expect we'll turn up in the course of the next few months if things arrange themselves satisfactorily out here. Grimp is an angel and says he will come over every month and report progress.

And Cousin Roger is quite eager to help also, which is not in the least like him; but I believe one of the blessings of the war is a new comradeship among men; a new willingness to stand by each other in emergencies. We don't say much about things, but none of us forget those who left everything and went home to serve, defraying all their own expenses and juggling with their chance in the future. Certain smug ones who stayed behind and made good for themselves will have it up against them always. We are too gentlemanly to throw it in their faces, but the memory remains. I know of one young man

already, who has retired to England, where, doubtless, he will have a convincing story to tell of how he longed to come and was not allowed to.

A few weeks ago we had a sudden outbreak of Quarter Evil—the first on our side of the hills—and we were very worried and perplexed.

Chip asked a neighbour, eight miles away, if he could spare him some serum to inject. And in no time the neighbour was over himself, bringing serum and syringe and ready to start in and help. A most generous act when one remembers we have to send sixty-two miles for these things to the Veterinary Department, and his own cattle had been affected for some time. We have been gloriously free of disease up here on the Umvukwe plateau for years and years, so it is very depressing that Quarter Evil should have broken out. The vet. says it is probably the result of natives from our side of the hills buying dead meat with Quarter Evil taint from the natives on the other side of the hills. Wherever that dead meat was put down it would taint the veldt. He says everyone should immediately burn the carcass of any beast that dies of the sickness, and all the white men are doing so, but it is impossible to ensure the natives doing so as well. They will have great feasts and dancing, and not care in the least if they are spreading the disease broadcast.

It is fortunate that we have such an up-to-date, alert Veterinary Department. Most people consider it is understaffed and underpaid, but what there is, is first class.

Our Bacteriological Department is also something to be proud of. We've a splendid man at the head, if only this magnanimous government of ours would give him a fitting sum of money for his experiments. As it is we go in fear and trembling that we shall lose him, because other more enlightened governments may bribe him away; but there would be a lot of trouble about it first.

And in any case we hope to have a change of government very shortly. The country is heartily sick of the Chartered Company—most thoroughly and heartily sick of a system by which we put up all the money for administration and have not a word to say in its expenditure. Even worse, for the final decisions are always made in London by financiers who get their information second-hand from their own paid officials. Indeed, Général! I could a tale unfold, but I don't imagine it would be of great interest

to you and Frills, you may see something of it in the papers, for our legislative elections are just coming on, and the outcome is likely to be a big surprise.

The supporters of the Chartered Company are quite sure they will pull through again, as ever, but there are many of us who think differently. We have seen an awakening coming among the people. A new alertness and a new willingness to probe into affairs. I am glad to say that a woman has had a great deal to do with this, travelling up and down the country rousing people. These sunny warm climates are enervating, and the tendency among the settlers is to leave things alone, because of the bother. But she has done wonders in rallying them, and I believe this next election is going to be a staggering revelation to many.

My own great wish is that we make our protest sufficiently decided. I have heard the taunt too often that we never know our own minds.

Well, we hope to show them this time! I am doing a little work for the party already and expect to do more. We are not an anti-Charter section in the Umvukwes, but I think that is because we have a good many public-school boys up here with aristocratic relations, and they have not yet been able to sever themselves from the conventions of their home days and become Rhodesians first and personalities second. In consequence the established order of things appeals to them the most strongly.

The Chartered Company and their leading officials are men of birth, position, good appearance and education.

The Responsible Government Party are largely self-made men, and perhaps their accent, their clothes, and their ancestors are not all that the others can boast. In consequence a favourite question of the Chartered Companyites is: "How are you going to form a Government out of a crowd like that!"

To Chip and me this is merely begging the question.

Certain people of importance have said that we are so changeable we never know our own minds long enough to progress anywhere, or to show a united front. A big majority in the country, who honestly love Rhodesia, are persuaded the time has come for us to be emancipated from the leading strings of the Chartered Company, with its forever clashing commercial and administrative functions. Well, let us be frank and

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courageous and say so. At the moment the *Personnel* is nothing, the Principle is all. Vote for the Principle and believe that, in due course, the God of Progress will send the Man.

That is a clear issue anyway. Dallying with the Chartered Company until this, that, and the other happens is neither flesh, fowl, nor good red herring.

It is my hope that these same young men, when they have matured, and become true Rhodesians to the backbone, will give us something out of their past that will be of immense value to our self-administration; though, mon Général, I confess with deep regret, I have grave doubts whether Eton, Harrow, and the Universities are training any of their satellites in a way suited to the new era now opening.

Greek and Latin in the colonies will never be half as useful to a man as knowing how to mend a plough, or dose a beast; and if he rests in the comfortable belief that they give him superiority, he may as well go home again and look elegant in Rotten Row.

But all the same we *do* want these public-school boys badly. We want a big leavening of their sense of fair play—we want them to show the new countries what is "cricket" and what is "rotten"—and why, through all the wide earth, an Englishman's word is his bond.

I hope, when I next write, I can record a great triumph for our proletariat element and a useful lesson for our patrician element, which will reveal to you that at heart I am a thorough Socialist—what!

That new piccanin I wrote of has been quite up to expectations. He is a duck, but was some time getting the hang of things. The second evening, when we were sitting at dinner, awaiting the second course, he came up to Chip with a large empty dish, and said, in his own lingo: "Where is the meat?"

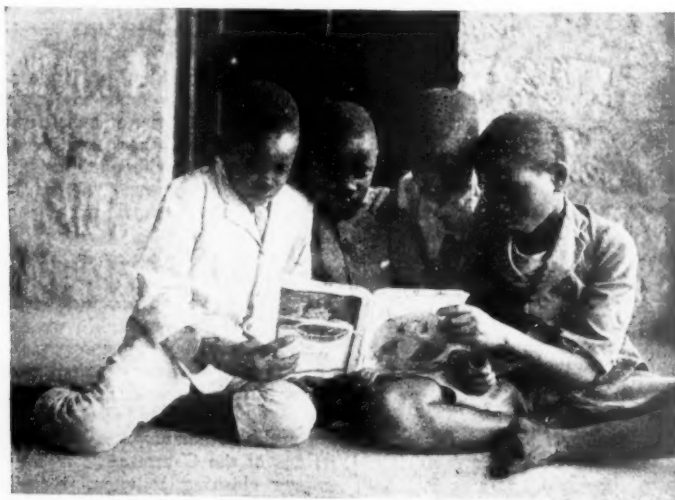
We both stared in astonishment, and he stood solemnly there with his empty dish. Then Chezura hurried to the rescue. It seemed that the cook-boy, busy with a salad, had told him to fetch the meat from the larder. We heard them spluttering with laughter in the kitchen for a long time afterwards. Another time I was driving myself over to Grimp's, with the piccanin beside me, when the wind made my hat a little troublesome. I tried to fix it with one hand still holding the reins, and then had to let go because one of the horses stumbled. The piccanin promptly put up two little black skinny arms, and hung on to my hat!

However, he is satisfactorily impressed by Chezura's importance, so long may he remain.

Good luck to you both,

JILL.

(To be concluded)



Young Africa reads "The Quiver"

Photo: C. C. Short

Are We Losing the Fifth Commandment?

A Talk for the Times

By

E. Vaughan-Smith

"DOES Ursula really call her mother 'Daisy'?" asked one ten-year-old of another.

"Yes, and she calls her father 'Bob.' They want her to."

"How silly!" The contempt put into the adjective was indescribable.

"Yes, isn't it? Ursula thinks so too, really."

Poor Bob and Daisy! They had meant so well. All the fences of formality which prevent the generations from amalgamating were to be knocked down in the case of their offspring, and terms of perfect equality and pal-ship were to be established from the first. Alas, that the upshot of it all should only be their small daughter's thinking them silly! It is pathetic—but not surprising.

What the Child Thinks

From the moment she goes to school the average child becomes a thorough little conventionalist, quick to resent any departure from the beaten track on the part of her relatives. Supposing in twenty years' time every little girl is brought up to address her parents by their Christian names, Ursula's child will doubtless take the custom cheerily for granted, and see nothing whatever silly in it, but such acquiescence cannot reasonably be expected at a period when all the best people refer to their progenitors as Mummie and Daddy!

If Daisy and Bob are still exceptions (not such very rare exceptions) in the particular form that their craving for equality and fraternity with their children has taken, the underlying spirit of it is almost universal nowadays. Forty or fifty years ago people honestly believed that the very fact of being parents made them their children's superiors and entitled them to be treated with deference. To-day they honestly disbelieve it.

"What right have I to try and mould my children in my own pattern?" asked a solemn-faced mother in the presence of her solemn-faced little girl. "I have learned

much more from them than ever I could teach them. Children are wonderful beings."

The little girl's face preserved an expression of Oriental stolidity, but the rest of us had an uneasy feeling that appearances might be deceptive, and that probably the mother's remark was being filed away for reference on some future occasion when it would be highly inconvenient!

What can You Expect?

In the eyes of old-fashioned people the results of bringing up a generation on such theories as this are all too plain to-day. The "flapper" whose exploits supply invaluable copy for the worse kind of Sunday newspaper; the precocious youth who manages before he is twenty to ruin his health and fortune by fast living, and as often as not to get entrapped into some disastrous marriage ending in the divorce court—both these unpleasing social types are supposed to be direct products of that lack of discipline which, though no doubt existing to some degree in all ages, it has been left for our generation to glorify into a system and a creed.

What can you expect when you abolish the Fifth Commandment? ask old-fashioned people.

Why, if we are really losing the Fifth Commandment—if in very fact a generation is growing up which no longer holds even in theory to the duty of honouring father and mother—the answer to the old-fashioned people's question is obvious: we can expect nothing but shipwreck. Taking for granted that the premises are correct, the conclusion is not merely true but a truism!

But *are* the premises so absolutely right? Was there really a golden age in the past when relations between parents and children were everything that could be desired? Is the difference between the old and the new ideas on the subject entirely to the disadvantage of us moderns? Has family life in the early twentieth century lost everything and gained nothing as compared

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with family life in the early nineteenth century?

There are times—such occasions as visits to the Newton-Browns, for instance—when it is difficult not to think so. The way in which Nancy and Betty Newton-Brown, aged twenty and nineteen, constantly snub their mother, makes an onlooker feel miserably uncomfortable. Neither they nor their two younger brothers make the least attempt to conceal their conviction that their parents are, as they succinctly express it, “back numbers,” and altogether the family atmosphere is almost enough to make one long for the old days of filial deference and matter of course submission to papa’s wishes and mamma’s views of what was suitable.

And yet—*did* this always work out for good?

Parental Tyranny

Which of us has not heard family legends of some Great-aunt Charlotte or old Cousin Jane who never married because in her youth her father put a heavy foot down on some promising love affair! Perhaps the young man was not considered quite her social equal. Perhaps, like Mrs. Brown’s father, the parent had simply made up his mind that he did not wish to lose his daughter. At any rate, for one reason or another the romance was crushed, and nothing was left for the poor girl but the forlorn old maidenhood of that day.

It does not need much imagination to enable one to guess at all the bitterness of impotent rebellion that must have lain beneath the outward respect for “dear papa” in many such cases.

Doubtless it was on the daughters that the parental right of tyranny bore most hardly, but the sons suffered too—sometimes to the point of tragedy.

In two successive generations of a sane, kindly Leicestershire stock a boy committed suicide because of the harsh lack of sympathy which the elders of that time considered merely sound family discipline. In the one case a foolish but innocent schoolboy escapade was punished by utter disgrace and exile to India; and shame and homesickness combined to break the boy’s heart. In the other case uncles persuaded a widowed mother to disregard the plea of her young soldier son, out in India, that he

found his meagre allowance insufficient for keeping out of debt. What made the resulting tragedy all the more piteous was the conviction which afterwards grew up in the family that the poor boy’s representation had been a just one, and that the allowance really was impossibly small.

No doubt such catastrophes as these were rare exceptions even in those days; but it seems very unlikely that, under the happiest conditions, sons and daughters who had to address their parents as “sir” and “ma’am” could ever have had that intimate friendship with them which prevails in many a present-day family.

In one such family the young soldier son talked quite frankly and naturally to his mother of sides of life which the conventionally sheltered “good women” of mid-Victorian days were not supposed to know even existed.

“Tell me,” she said to him once. “You have never given any of these poor girls” (the unfortunate class, she meant) “another push downwards, have you?”

“On my word of honour I never have,” said the boy gravely. “I’ve asked them out to dinner sometimes because I’m so sorry for them, and sometimes they’re awfully decent sorts, but that’s all.”

Less than a month later he was lying in an unknown grave on a Flanders battlefield; but that avowal of his, spoken just before he went out to his death, has always been of inexpressible comfort to the mother he has left.

Defeating their Own Object

No family in which there has bloomed the lovely flower of such a friendship as this between parents and children can be said to have lost the Fifth Commandment. To give father and mother absolute confidence is a form of “honour” which most of us would consider worth far more than the outward marks of deference that were shown of old.

Still—there is a shrewd old rhyme to the effect that

“The hedge between
Keeps friendship green.”

It may be questioned whether the unconventionalists who encourage their boys and girls to address them genially as “old bean” are not in some slight danger of defeating their own object!

Silas Horne Intervenes

An Interloper in the Love Game

By

Ellen Ada Smith

SILAS HORNE tied his horse to a hawthorn bough and ascended the grassy slope towards Ruthellen, who was sitting on the top with a fair view below her on every hand. Characteristically she had turned her back upon the valley containing Roselynych Farm, and was gazing moodily into a golden spacious distance, which stretched to a far horizon. If Nature alone could heal, the sight of that fertile golden valley, the peace of such a wide outlook, and the indescribable mellow sunlight of "the ripe o' the year" should have ensured health of mind and body alike. But Ruthellen had a shadowed face, showing no reflection of the beauty on which her eyes were fixed. She had her own good looks, although they were marred by sombre thought, and grizzled, elderly Silas Horne decided not for the first time that the dry rot of discontent was busily disintegrating those good looks, and would soon rob her of them.

She did not hear him until he was close upon her, and as she turned her head he paused and raised his hat, although he was for the time an inmate of Roselynych Farm and had already seen her several times that day. But Mr. Horne was American and punctilious in such matters.

"I saw you up here as I was riding around, Miss Ruthellen; hope I'm not intruding."

Her full name was Ruth Ellen Morris, and her people at the farm had the old-fashioned way of using the two Christian names, or speaking more correctly, running them into one, so that Mr. Horne felt himself quite in order when addressing her as Miss Ruthellen. Now they all liked Silas Horne, and Ruthellen's day dreams were by no means of that happy nature which resents intrusion. Her smile which momentarily lifted the shadows on her face intimated that he was welcome to sit down and smoke his cigarette by her side.

"Mighty pretty little prospect," he said appreciatively. "I reckon it would run to a hundred farm lots, but in Kentucky it

would mean a one-man holding. Roselynych laid upon a farm out there would be like a pocket handkerchief on a double bed quilt."

"It is supposed to be quite a view," she answered. "I like it because after a time you can't distinguish things—real things. You see the river in the far distance? Beyond that I always imagine a great busy town, full of people who enjoy life. I suppose those tall spires are really poplars, but to me they represent churches, and below them are domes which may be railway stations and theatres; sometimes, when dusk falls, I seem to see it all lighted up, so gay and bright."

"Cities can be middlin' dull, especially if you live in them," observed Mr. Horne sentimentally. "And they are always dusty 'cept when the mud cart's busy. Now a pretty little bit of natur' same as this," and he indicated with a hand which still emphasized the handkerchief idea, "it's always sweet and clean."

"There is plenty of mud in winter, and for the best ten years of my life I've seen little else. There's been sowing and reaping, putting potatoes in and lifting them out. There is little to mark the seasons, but the apples coming and going, the fruit to be jammed, or roots to be carted. Those changes and chances the prayer-book speaks about never seem to come this way."

"Perhaps it's just as well the scheme of rotation don't let itself be put about," answered Silas Horne with a twinkle in his shrewd eyes. "You might stand to miss something, you know, if it was only apple meat."

"You are laughing at me," said Ruthellen sadly, "but I came to Roselynych at seventeen; I am now twenty-eight and have nothing to show for those years but hair getting grey—see!"

With a reckless hand she lifted the fine dark hair from her brow and he saw that underneath it was greyish. Horne nodded very understandingly. "Relations," he said, "are durned unsatisfactory folk to work for. They expect everything for a mighty poor

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wage, mostly none, and think the reckoning is still on their side. They haven't an idea that they are playing it real low down, but they are."

Ruthellen met his concerned eyes, and the fire of a chronic injustice lighted her own. She looked very handsome at that kindling moment, but she showed plainly the fretting of her spirit.

"I've worked ever since I came here, and I am always being told how grateful I ought to be for my good home. I've no money, except fifteen pounds a year of my own—not wages, you understand. Roselynn looks pretty enough, doesn't it, and yet to me it is just a cage from which I can't get out."

Silas Horne did not quite understand this last statement of hers, because no capable, handsome young woman, given her health, need despair at twenty-eight. Moreover, he saw that life at Roselynn presented many advantages, for it was a thoroughly comfortable home or he would not have been staying in it himself. The inmates worked hard certainly, but a servant was kept, and if Ruthellen wanted to visit the country town she could have a horse for the asking. But he had already noted that she did not ask, and that her cousins', the Nosworthys', treatment of Ruthellen was a little tintured by patronage.

"A cage may not be so bad," he assured her, "if it's considered in the light of a watertight roof, with a warm hearth in winter and plenty of good food; that's an aspect of it which appeals to a man anyway. But mind you, the door's got to be open night and day, and then it's no longer a cage at all; do you take me?"

Ruthellen looked at him eagerly, with parted lips, but it was evident that she did not quite take him.

"Let me figure it out to you," suggested Horne. "I've never had but one daughter, and I lost her six months ago. When she was just a bit of a gal I gave her for a pet a squirrel" (he called it "squirrel"), "one from Central America, which is twice as large and fifty times as handsome as any you see in these isles. I made a wire cage for it near as big as a hen-house, and the whole family laid itself out to be nice to that squirrel and give it a good time. Pamela—the name of her that's gone—went so far as to mention that squirrel in her prayers; my wife always skimmed the milk and gave it cream every morning, kinder forgetting it wasn't exactly a cat. The boys went miles

to a partic'ler spinney to get some partic'ler nuts they suspicioned he fancied, while I made him a sleeping nest out of an old raccoon skin that was softer than pussy's face. But do you think with it all that squirrel would even pretend to be happy?"

"No, I don't," answered Ruthellen. "I expect he moped and sat as near the wires as he could."

Silas Horne slapped a lean thigh in admiration of Ruthellen's perspicacity.

"You've exactly hit it! Sometimes the squirrel would play about a bit in sheer desperation and to stretch its legs, but mostly he sat bunched and close enough to the wires to seem glued to 'em. He made a little bush for himself out of his tail, and gave us all the pip with his mournful eyes. He *knew he was in a cage, you see!* Well, my Pamela was a strangely understanding child, and she knew it was no use loving a thing unless you loved it the right way. With my own eyes I see her open the wire door, and like a streak of red lightning that squirrel was way up the tallest tree in my lot, and sort of keckling at us from the very top. 'My girl!' I says, but not roughly, you understand, because she was heart-broken at losing it, although she knew she'd done right, 'My girl! we may whistle for that squirrel, and I'm feared that not being in his native country, he will make but heavy weather of it, and need the old raccoon skin he's left behind, before he's through.' For Kentucky ain't exactly the tropics, and that's a fact."

"I don't expect he minded that as long as he was free," said Ruthellen.

"Now, don't you spoil my point," admonished Mr. Horne, with a somewhat minatory forefinger upraised, "for I am just on to it. That critter with a russet fur on, which you never dreamt of, played the giddy for several days without actually deserting; we could usually hear or see him laughin' at us from some high branch or other. But 'twas getting late in the fall, with most of the nuts ingathered; 'twas coldish too at nights, and if he come to ground the roosters went for him or the dogs were after him. 'Twas then I am most certain he remembered his human friends and how they'd always played it square with him save in one particular. He figured it out that we'd done our darndest to be pleasant to him, and maybe he thought of the old raccoon when even his bush of a tail couldn't keep the frost off his nose.



"As for me, I'm tired out. I don't want
ever to get married now."—p. 444

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E. S. Hodgson

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Anyway the time came when my youngest lad flung into the parlour crying out at the top of his voice which was never a soft one: 'Father! The squirrel's back again; he is asleep in his nest and I've made the door fast!' 'Then, my son,' I said, 'you will just go out again to set that door wide open. He escaped out of a prison, but he has returned to his home to pass in and out at his will.' Miss Ruthellen, that squirrel was the happiest thing alive, and come the spring he found a mate in the woods and brought her home so that soon there were little squirrels, handsomer than their maw and with cheek enough to be chips of the old block. See my point, Miss Ruthellen?"

"I understand," answered Ruthellen, with a hopeless note in her voice which appealed to the fatherly heart of Silas Horne. "I expect I and the 'squirrel' understand better even than you do. I dare say if I was free to leave here to-morrow, I might be almost willing to stay, but I've not the choice."

"Shucks!" exclaimed Horne with cheerful incredulity, "my grandfather once knew a man who did not believe himself free to walk in his own garden until his house fell about his ears and rattled him on to the marrow bed. I reckon that you come up here after the chores is done, and watch the cobwebs until they look just like bars with spikes to 'em. What's to hinder your going out and earning good pay when there's more posts open than capable women to fill 'em?"

"There is this to hinder. Jim Nosworthy and I were engaged when I was twenty; we are still engaged now that I am twenty-eight."

Silas Horne whistled a slow, soft whistle "Great snakes!" he exclaimed with respectful but most genuine astonishment. "I've noted your Mizpah ring, but I figured it out that you had lost your sweetheart in the war. Well! You don't either of you seem to have been rattled any; struck it calm, eh?—no panic?"

"Struck it calm!" repeated Ruthellen with a low-voiced passion which suggested the last flutter of poor wingless hopes. "We were honestly in love with each other when Jim gave me this ring, and if we could have married within a few months it would have seemed a sort of heaven to us. But it is all different now; our courting days are over and Jim has got accustomed to waiting. As for me, I'm tired out; I don't want ever to get married now, but it's expected of me some day."

But Silas Horne was still starkly astonished, not alone at his non-detection of the engagement, although he had been a month at Roselynych, but also at its ridiculous protraction.

"But in the name of the prophets or even common sense, why weren't you married eight years ago? You was a gal right enough, but Jim Nosworthy must have been well in the twenties and, according to British notions, Roselynych is considerable of a farm lot, and well able to support two families?"

"There's a mortgage on it," Ruthellen answered, "and Mr. Nosworthy—and Jim thought it had better be paid off before we settled. I don't know how soon it will be paid off, and I don't care; I am beginning to care about nothing."

And Silas Horne, whose heart was warm and pitiful towards most women, because it was aching with the loss of his daughter, saw all the waste and uselessness of this care for the morrow. All the roses and raptures of love had withered for Ruthellen, and although she was still a handsome young woman, they would never return for her. The best years of her life had been sacrificed to expediency, and the waiting had wearied her out of all patience. And yet Horne had thought highly of Jim Nosworthy; he could not help doing so still, despite exasperated anger at such crassness. But something had to be done, and Silas was a man of action.

"Miss Ruthellen, I guess your time limit's up. Got any rich relations about to quit?"

"None. My mother used to tell me she had a prosperous Uncle Walter in Australia, but he must have been dead a long time."

Again Mr. Horne shook a minatory finger at Ruthellen. "Don't make too sure of that. There's old men so tough in Australia, same as in my own state of Kentucky, that they have a'most to be put going. Is he a Nosworthy or a Ruthellen?"

"My surname is Morris," Ruthellen explained, "and the name of mother's uncle was Ayres! He was a sheep-farmer, I believe."

"Couldn't have been anything better for lining his pockets. Now, Miss Ruthellen, we are going to talk a little horse sense. For a time, anyway, you are about fed up with Roselynych, and must quit, if you value your health. Now, I've a sister who keeps a bonnet shop in Bond Street, London, and incidentally a limousine at Park Lane. It don't matter that the bonnet shop has 'Juliette

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et Cie painted up over, for my sister runs that show and she's just Mrs. K. Klump, of N'York City, doing a bit on her own. But her gal's just married and she's spoiling for someone to tote around in the limousine and enjoy a good time with her. For Jooly was always like that—never could relish even a sugar stick without someone sucked the other end; she had to pool her pleasure or get none. I'll write and fix it up right away."

Now, Ruthellen was at that weary ebb of real interest, when almost any tide could draw her, and Silas Horne was a pretty strong tide. She wouldn't have given him her confidence unless she had both trusted and liked him. Besides, there seemed a very pleasant breath of change about even the suggestion of staying with Mrs. K. Klump.

"You are very kind, Mr. Horne," she said a little shyly. "Could I—could I, do you think, pay my way for a week or two if Mrs. Klump was kind enough to have me?"

Silas laughed at the absurdity, although very kindly.

"Not you nor the lord of this manor, for Jooly always would go one better than her neighbours. K. Klump is a pretty warm man, but she keeps him moving lively; she won't feel your keep no more than if her cat had a kitten, so we will consider the thing done. And now if you don't mind leading my horse home, I've a mind to stay up here a spell and see your city lighting up."

It was no dismissal of her, for she had to go, and as he watched her deft handling of the horse and the activity with which she sprang into the saddle and cantered down the hill, he realized that the elasticity of her body had survived the weariness of her soul, but this could not last much longer under the strain of a constant depression. "Waiting for that which never comes is a thing to die of!" Silas Horne had heard or read these words some time, and now strangely apposite they leapt to his remembrance. Only Ruthellen hadn't died; she had just ceased to care, and dry rot is more hopeless than death.

Now Silas Horne was a rich man although he hadn't made his money in a Kentucky farm, but had worked for it in cities and surpassed his pecuniary ambitions, which had never been petty. Since Pamela's death he had felt the need of doing something to perpetuate her memory, other than the erecting of a handsome monument over her grave.

Some form of active benevolence had been in his mind almost from the first, and here was surely his opportunity? But his mental decision was punctuated by quaint speech.

"It's a clear case I reckon of setting the cage door wide open, and Pamela would be the first to do it. Uncle Walter not being a cent of use to her livin' had better go dead, and leave her an annuity of a hundred a year. 'Tain't a fortune, and it wouldn't keep Jooly in hairpins, but it's a sort of lifebelt to prevent sinking unless you strike the water wrong side up. *She* won't do that, and they'll think more of her for it on Roselynch lot; not but what they are very fond of her without it, but they've a condescending poor way of showing it. They are too all-fired sure of her, and that's just the mischief, so I'd best get busy right away."



Silas Horne got busy, and the first result of his strenuousness was the appearance of the limousine with Mrs. K. Klump strongly in evidence. She stayed the week-end at Roselynch and would have whirled Ruthellen back to Park Lane if Horne's diplomacy had permitted, which it did not. He wanted his bombs to fall subtly one after another so that the blind, complacent waiting of the Nosworthys should collapse without too much shock. So two days afterwards a much-embazoned letter arrived from Park Lane, cordially inviting Ruthellen to come up in a week's time and stay in London as long as she possibly could—"Over Christmas," suggested the enthusiastic Mrs. Klump, who conveyed the impression, on paper only, that with K. Klump travelling for his syndicate in Bonanza, and her daughter just married, she was lonely to desolation.

The Nosworthys could not fail to be gratified with the cordiality of the invitation, especially with Silas Horne looking on, but consternation was present too, as he had foreseen.

"It is really very kind of Mrs. Klump," said Mrs. Nosworthy, a comely, elderly woman, too stout for much activity, but a very able supervisor. "It's most kind and I expect, Ruthellen, you will like to go for a week or perhaps a fortnight; but you couldn't trespass longer than that, especially with so much doing home here."

Mr. Horne made an airy suggestion: "I reckon Miss Ruthellen and Mrs. K. will

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have to fight that out between them. I don't say as I wouldn't back Jooly; she ain't used to givin' in."

Then the master of the house delivered his ultimatum. He was a well-mannered man, but perhaps too autocratic to have sons in business with him.

"We are all much obliged to Mrs. Klump, but Ruthellen knows better than to outstay her welcome. And as mother says, there's home duties, and home comes first always."

"I shouldn't mind so much," agreed his wife, "if Susan had Ruthellen's hand with the butter, but she hasn't."

It was Arthur's turn, the second son of the house: "And for goodness' sake take out the honey and pack up your beastly bees for the winter. I minded them for you once when you were down with the 'flu,' but never again, I bet, while I am on Roselynn Farm. I don't mind taking on the fowls, but you must be back before we clear out the old hens, for you know them and I don't."

"I shall hope to stay away for a fortnight, and perhaps a little longer if Mrs. Klump will put up with me."

Ruthellen said this quietly, but with an added touch of colour in her face which suggested, at least to Horne, the breaking of a flag of mutiny. Then Jim Nosworthy spoke; he was a fair, large, good-looking man, but habitually the most silent of them all, with the somewhat careworn look which is often reserved for the eldest son in a hard-working family.

"I am glad in one way that you are having a change," he said. "You'll be a bad miss, of course, but you are not looking up very well, and you've gone a bit thin."

Nosworthy smiled indulgently at this lover-like over-anxiety. "Idle fancies, Jim. There isn't a young woman in all the county that lives a healthier life than Ruthellen; early to rise, early to bed, and a well-spread table."

"I'm not denying all that," answered his son with the quiet obstinacy which he sometimes showed. "But she *has* gone thinner; I've noticed it for some time. Don't be hurrisome about coming back, my dear," he concluded directly to Ruthellen. "We would rather do without you for a bit than see you about the place looking peaky."

With that ultimatum on the part of Jim the silent the breakfast party broke up. But later in the week the post brought another surprise to all save Silas Horne. Ruthellen

received the first glad shock, and her hands trembled and her eyes were brilliant as she looked round the table.

"Great-uncle Walter has died in Australia and left me an annuity of a hundred pounds a year."

So overjoyed was Ruthellen that the pent-up youth in her suddenly overflowed, and rising from her chair she danced gaily round the sober and half-scandalized family group, which formally included Silas Horne.

"Well done, Uncle Walter," he cried heartily. "I reckon it's about the thought-fullest thing he ever done. I could a'most wish he was here to see."

"Sit down, child!" admonished Mrs. Nosworthy. "It's good hearing for all concerned, but we are not so poor, I hope, that you need lose your head over it. Sit down, child, and don't act so wild."

But Nosworthy was indulgent, being frankly pleased at the good news.

"Let the maid dance, mother, if she's in the mind to. I dare say she knows that owing to Uncle Walter, wedding bells may ring a year or two sooner than they might otherwise have done."

Ruthellen sobered to that instantly, but she went about all day with eyes alight with joyous excitement. Jim didn't say much about it one way or the other, and the next day when he drove Ruthellen to the station, Horne committed the indiscretion of inviting himself to the back of the dog-cart. At the station Jim had to tie up his horse, and as Horne escorted Ruthellen to the platform she addressed him hurriedly.

"Mr. Horne, I am so thankful to be going away, and I feel I shall never come back."

"That's just what the squirrel felt, but you ain't no squirrel, and when my sister's shook you up and toted you around, I want you to remember at your leisure—don't hurry—that the place where a woman's wanted worst is her true home—nothing can alter that."

At the last Jim Nosworthy would have kissed her, but, as though shrinking from the publicity, Ruthellen drew back, but she looked out upon them as the train started, her whole face radiant with the joy of freedom. After they could see her no longer, Nosworthy turned to Horne and spoke with a totally unexpected bitterness.

"She's gone away looking happier than I've seen her look for years. To my mind there's something wrong about that!"

"And why not?" asked Silas with cheerful unconcern. "She's free as a lark, with



"She looked out upon them, her whole face radiant with the joy of freedom"

Drawn by
E. S. Hodgson

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good money in her pocket. If a live lord sees her—and my sister's dead struck on titles—she may be my lady before you are through with the autumn ploughing."

With a deliberate movement of his large person, Nosworthy faced about and barred Horne's further progress. His voice was confident to doggedness but his eyes looked uneasy.

"Mr. Horne, I can't believe you have been more than a month at Roselynch without knowing that Ruthellen is engaged to me; it's not possible."

But Horne shook a shrewd head and smiled sceptically. "A man with five sisters looks on at a deal of courting; he gets kind of expert over the symptoms. If ever you and Miss Ruthellen shared that particular microbe, I reckon you can both show a clean bill of health this day!"

The younger man's quiet eyes lit with anger.

"Ruthellen and I have been engaged eight years, Mr. Horne. We are engaged to-day!"

"You don't say!" exclaimed Silas Horne with excellently feigned astonishment and genuine indignation. "Then no wonder the statute of limitations is run out long since. In this world a man's got to reckon with time, and not eternity, or wasn't Miss Ruthellen agreeable to getting married within the year?"

"There is nothing in heaven or earth that we both of us wanted so much!" answered the man passionately, "but father was dead against it until we'd paid off the mortgage on the farm. At most I thought it would be but a year or two, and I can't believe now that it's all of eight years."

He spoke like a man startled awake, and untied the horse with mechanical fingers. But Mr. Horne, briefed for the prosecution, continued his job.

"And supposing you *did* marry, where'd you bring her home to?"

"To the farm, of course," answered Nosworthy. "There's plenty of room, and the only large-sized cottage is occupied by the hind."

"Now that's funny! In America married folk don't room, except in cities, and the wife that don't boss her own shack would have but a poor time of it. I'm afeared by the time you've figured it all out right, you will be too late, Mr. Nosworthy."

"If you and forty others had told me that yesterday, I'd have given you all the lie.

But Ruthellen's face just now told me the same thing, and I can't give her the lie. She's just tired out, and, looking back, I can't wonder. I've been a bitter fool."

"I endorse that, my son! And I might have put it a trifle stronger. I take it you've lost the sweetheart absolutely, but you may still gain the wife if you are not the kind of fish in a dish I took you for. Women, like pigeons, got the homing instinct very strong, and she'll kinder remember Roselynch after she's had her fling."

"But I must see her before then."

The man's slumbering passion had waked with fire enough in it to justify Horne's diplomacy.

"If you had only spoken like that to Miss Ruthellen," Horne said regretfully. "But there! no man alive could have kept it up for eight years. Now take the advice of a grandfather, and let her be for a time, although you can practise with love-letters—the real thing, mind you, for I surmise you've been mighty poor at expressing yourself! Let Jooly take her to theatres and keep her out of her bed with parties until she's real fed up with gaieties and don't want no more. Then it's up to you to step in and marry her right away. Just hustle for all you are worth and *do it!*"

"There is only one thing can stop me," answered Nosworthy in a low and resolute voice. "It might be that she will meet with a man she likes better, up there."

"Every man lays himself open to that risk," answered Silas grimly, "who goes on being engaged for eight years."



Six months after, Silas Horne made it his business to pass that way, and in the cottage where she was mistress he visited Ruthellen, who lived there happily with her husband. Looking hard at her as he shook hands he read the content in her eyes.

"So it's panned out all right, Mrs. Ruthellen," he said slowly. "I was mighty feared it wouldn't; there's such a many meddlin' fools about. You had a coldish unchancy spring, but I reckon the summer will help to make up?"

"No one remembers the spring when the summer is here," answered Ruthellen. "I don't, and I'm sure Jim doesn't. He always said you brought us luck."

"Not me," asserted Silas, with a grave, kind smile. "Perhaps it was Pamela and the squirrel."



Photo : Printing Craft, Ltd.

Shall Britain Give Up Egypt?

By

Lord Sydenham of Combe

EGYPT is perhaps the most romantic land in the world unless we except Palestine, with which it is closely bound, and even the story of the Holy Land appears modern compared with the hoary chronicles of the Nile written in hieroglyphics on tombs and temples. It is an amazing fact that we are better acquainted with the fourth millennium B.C. in Egypt than with the first millennium A.D. in Britain, and we possess more light upon the reigns of Thothmes III. and Rameses II. than upon those of Alfred the Great and Edward the Confessor.

A Romance of History

It is certainly one of the few romances of recent history that an island nation, entirely unknown to history during the first four thousand years of Egyptian dominion in the Near East, and even when her civilization, more ancient than her pyramids, was little more to the empires of Greece and Rome than a forgotten dream, should, in the twentieth century of the Christian era, hold rule over the land of the Pharaohs and also over the sacred land of David and Solomon. There are those who regard it as providential that the little

country which boasts itself the birthplace of human freedom, should have been charged with the task of loosing the fetters in these lands of ancient oppression but more ancient glory, and leading their peoples into a new era of enlightenment and prosperity for their own and the world's well-being.

A New Departure ?

The public has thus naturally heard rumours of a definite break in British policy as regards Egypt with surprise and misgiving. A future which seemed to hold brightening prospects for the fellaheen, the humble and, long-oppressed tiller of the soil, to whom the coming of the British proved a blessing, and to whose continued prosperity the continuance of British rule seemed essential, has suddenly become clouded with uncertainties.

The long-delayed and much-incubated Report of the Milner Commission which visited Egypt twelve months ago is still unpublished as I write, and we do not know with certainty what its proposals with respect to the form of the future government of Egypt may be, or to what extent it contemplates that British authority

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should be superseded by native control. But disturbing statements in the public Press, and the impression left by the debate of the House of Lords in November last, seem to suggest that Lord Milner will recommend the resumption in Egypt of almost complete self-government on some democratic basis and the consequent withdrawal of responsible British direction.

There is this advantage in writing before the publication of the Milner Report, that, if its issue coincide with the reassembling of Parliament, this article will be in circulation at the same moment. Certainly no one will be better pleased than I should the fears widely entertained prove groundless, and, in either event, the statement of the case for the continuance of British authority in Egypt, subject to the removal of some present defects, may be of use.

A Record of Wonderful Progress

The history of the British occupation of the Delta of the Nile following upon the defeat of Arabi Pasha's revolted army at Tel-el-Kebir on September 13, 1882, is a record of wonderful progress in every department of the country's activities. Until the war broke out in Europe—a war which has disorganized the trade and finance of every country of the world—increased and increasing prosperity and financial stability was Egypt's happy experience.

For centuries the government of Egypt, like the government of all the tributary states of the Turkish Empire, had been one in which justice, security and pure administration was almost continuously wanting. But it was not until the great French engineer, Ferdinand de Lesseps, shortened the road to India by thousands of miles and made the Mediterranean the highway to the Far East, that misrule in the Delta became a menace to the well-being of Europe, and that undivided responsibility for the prosperity and financial stability of Egypt devolved upon British statesmanship.

Our charge has not been shirked. Although extremely burdensome and often perplexing, it has been shouldered and carried with marked success. The names of Cromer and Kitchener are inseparably connected in the public mind with a regime in Egypt which has raised a bankrupt country to solvency, restored credit and confidence where before doubt and insecurity had crippled trade and finance, established

a stable and economical government in place of one that was changeable, oppressive and wasteful, restored peace and prosperity to the vast regions of the Sudan, and carried out an unexampled series of huge public works, like the damming of the Nile and the sewerage of Cairo and Alexandria, which have restored the ancient fertility of this old-world granary, made two thousand miles of the Nile Valley as safe and accessible as Surrey, and rendered the Delta as healthy as the Riviera.

Lord Allenby's Report

In June last His Majesty's High Commissioner, Lord Allenby, the conqueror of Palestine, issued a Report on the finances, administration and condition of Egypt and the Sudan, a few extracts from which will show that this summary is no exaggeration.

To the Nile Egypt owes a history of 6,000 years. What that great river was to Egypt in the days of Joseph and his brethren it is to the country to-day. It saves Egypt from joining the desert which stretches east and west; it creates a broad belt of fertility through two thousand miles of rock and sand. Its annual overflow, caused by the melting of the snows on the high mountains around the great lakes of Central Africa, makes the soil of Lower Egypt rank among the most fertile on the globe. But this overflow, as in the graphic account given in the Book of Genesis, is subject to great variations, sometimes being abundant and far-reaching, sometimes sparse and restricted. It was to regulate the flood that the great dam at Assouan was built, an undertaking which British money and British brains made possible, and which has proved a priceless boon to the country. Here are some illuminating passages on this topic from Allenby's Report:

The Nile in 1915 satisfied spring cultivation till the latter half of March . . . but afterwards the river levels fell so low that the reservoir at Assouan was heavily drawn upon; it was again at one time necessary and possible exactly to double the normal discharge of the river. The flood was a month late in reaching its maximum, and for a short time there was reason to fear that the failure of 1913 would be repeated; but the river rose in September and the cultivation dependent on its increase was assured with artificial support. Forty years ago a similar flood left some 900,000 acres unwatered and uncultivated, and was attended by famine; in 1915 not more than 50,000 acres went unirrigated. . . . For economic reasons a restriction was placed upon the area of cotton

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cultivated. With the water thus released . . . the cultivators in the north of the Delta placed 100,000 extra acres under summer rice. At the price of £10 per acre of crop this harvest represents £1,000,000.

The Gebel Aulia dam, south of Khartoum, is designed to form a reservoir with an effective summer storage estimated at nearly double that of the reservoir at Assouan. Its object is to permit of the perennial cultivation of the remaining waste or basin areas of Egypt, amounting to some 1,900,000 acres . . . which are now uncultivated, and 1,200,000 acres which produce but one crop a year.

The reclamation and development of extensive areas of derelict land, areas consisting either of high-lying land on the edge of the desert, the irrigation of which is at present not economically possible, or of low-lying deltaic salt lands, often waterlogged during part of the year, and requiring both drainage and irrigation works, in such a manner as to pro-

vide an outlet for the rapidly increasing surplus population and to extend the cotton-growing area of Egypt, is one of the most interesting and important problems confronting the Government, and is at present engaging its careful attention.

The gardens of Giza have done very useful work, especially during the war, by producing seeds which could not be imported; 15 tons of vegetable seeds were sent out during the last year, as well as 80,000 young fruit trees. Many trees, shrubs and plants of ornamental and economic interest have been introduced, and during the past year 450 species new to the country had passed the seedling stage and were planted out for trial.

There is ample room for reform in the educational system of Egypt. . . . It is hoped that in the future the function of education as a training for life and citizenship will be kept clearly in view, and every encouragement given to the desire for knowledge and the cultivation of general intelligence. There is a keen desire for education throughout the country.

A Psychological Disturbance

The passages in the Report dealing with the everyday well-being of the



In Sight of the Pyramids

Photo: Printing Craft, Ltd.

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people, the things that make the difference between happiness and misery, often between life and death, have been chosen in order to point the moral that the British government in Egypt has been a paternal one which has resolutely and successfully set itself to right the wronged and help the helpless, and to raise the status of the people both materially and mentally. The reverse of this picture is the disturbed state of a section of the population of Egypt which has given the authorities both there and here much anxiety during the past few years, and has led to the demand for a change of policy being mooted at all. The following extract from the Allenby Report throws some light upon the genesis, development and extent of this agitation:

The effect of war conditions was particularly pronounced in the sphere of the Ministry of the Interior. All classes of the population were, in varying degrees, psychologically disturbed; and Egypt, though not the scene of active operations, passed for many purposes almost completely under military administration. . . . The effect on the minds of Egyptians of the war in Europe, and the conflict at their gates with their co-religionists; the activities of propagandists who seized a situation so advantageous for the pursuit of personal, political and religious interests; the great wealth accumulated by a small minority of society, and the absence of a corresponding improvement in the conditions of the majority; the so-called exactions of the army in grain and live-stock; these and many other factors contributed to a considerable increase of crime and lawlessness throughout the country with which the already insufficient and still further depleted police force was unable adequately to cope.

The Need for Authority

Such conditions have arisen, as a consequence of the war, in many countries and in varying degrees. In so far as the administration of Egypt has suffered, remedies must be found; but the presence of discontent, actively encouraged by a class for objects of its own, is not, either in Egypt or in India, a reason for weakening British authority, upon which the maintenance of order and even-handed justice absolutely depends. The association of really capable Egyptians in the work of government is essential, and the careful selection of the British element, which should be the minimum necessary to safeguard the interests of the working classes and to check corruption, is vital if progress is to continue. The violent agitation which has been carried on by the *intelligentsia* in

Egypt is closely connected with that which has created a grave situation in India. It has a common source, and it is based on the preaching of race hatred inculcated by wild falsehoods. In both countries the weakening of authority can only lead to anarchy. The problem is to ensure strong government while training the best elements of both peoples to fit them for autonomy in the future.

The strategic position of Egypt controlling one of the main trade highways of the world is supremely important. The entire responsibility for the security of this great route to the East has rested with this country since 1882, and while our stake in that security is paramount, we are the trustees of the interests of all other countries.

A Sacred Responsibility

We have no right to abandon this responsibility unless we can transfer it to a strong and stable government that can be counted upon to fill our place. The military revolt of Arabi is a recent memory, and since we assumed control in Egypt immense British and foreign interests have been built up in the belief that that authority would remain unshaken. The lapse of British rule would cause dismay to all foreign residents in the Nile Valley, as well as to large numbers of Egyptians who are beginning to doubt the fables of the agitators.

Whatever abuses have crept into the administration in late years, it is certain that abuses and corruption will flourish and increase abundantly if the strong guiding hand is removed and Egypt were to become a centre of intrigue. The fellaheen, raised to a position of freedom, prosperity and independence previously unknown, may again suffer from corrupt and oppressive maladministration. Neither India nor Egypt can for many years be placed in a position of virtual independence without solid guarantees for the just government and efficient protection of the credulous, uneducated masses, for whose welfare we are directly responsible, and who are at the mercy of the plausible agitator.

The question of the Sudan, where a most wonderful work of tranquillization and progress among uncivilized peoples has been accomplished by Britain, cannot be separated from that of Egypt. Our work,

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By the Springs of Moses :
An Egyptian Study of Water Carriers

Photo :
Underwood & Underwood

although difficult, has been facilitated by the knowledge that our power was unquestioned on the Lower Nile. If Egypt were to be handed over entirely to a native

Government based upon democratic principles which Egyptians have never known and do not in the least understand, our prestige in the Sudan would crumble and

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disappear, and a government by pashas and lawyers at Cairo could not hold the Sudan for a week.

In the East we cannot ignore prestige, which is the one thing that counts most. While Egypt, apart from Britain, could not prevent the Sudan from lapsing into anarchy, Cairo might become a hotbed of intrigue against our rule throughout that vast region, and we might find it necessary to maintain large forces and to pay for them ourselves. We dare not forget the lesson of 1882, when the Egyptian Army was corrupted and used against its lawful ruler; and in the East intrigue is the breath of life.

The Need for Caution

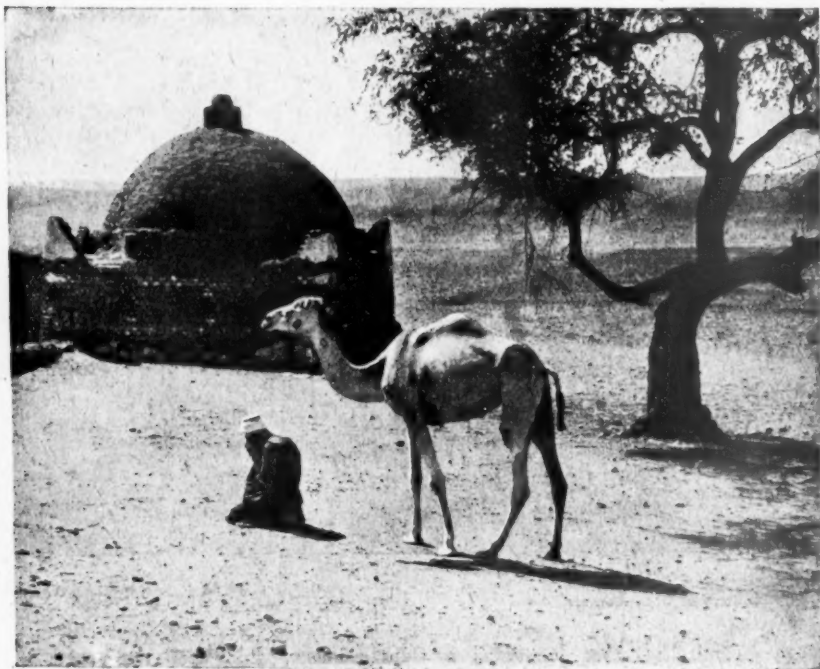
Self-government, beneficent when it has grown through long years of self-knowledge and self-discipline, may easily be a curse when it is foisted on an uneducated and half-civilized people, and Egypt can only

attain to it by gradual and well-considered steps. We must remember that whatever we now do in Egypt will profoundly affect India and the East, and Britain cannot, without grave danger, not to herself alone, allow her prestige throughout the East to be destroyed.

Two main considerations dominate the problem of Egypt:

1. Our responsibility to other nations for the security of the Suez Canal. That is mainly a naval and military question involving the future of the Sudan.
2. Our responsibility for the prosperity and just government of the fellaheen, to whom we have given freedom and increasing prosperity.

I earnestly hope that these considerations have weighed with Lord Milner and his colleagues, and that they have not been misled by the loud clamour of a small minority whose interests clash with those of the Egyptian working class.



At the Tomb of the Sheikh:
A Moslem at Prayer in the Desert

Photo:
O. McLefah

Is Christian Reunion Practicable? Yes

By the Rev. J. E. Rattenbury

The well-known Superintendent of the Wesleyan Central Mission, Kingsway, London, has written this reply to the article on Christian Reunion in the January number

The Hope of Union

THE widespread desire for Christian unity on the part of many of the best men in Christendom is the most remarkable ecclesiastical fact of the day. America, India, China, Australia, as well as England, abound with movements to unite the severed Christian denominations and to present a firm front to the age in which we live. The movement has many sources, it comes from a thousand different springs: the little streams and rivulets which trickle down from the mountains of God are coalescing into a river, and tributaries are gathering force from streams from every direction to add to the volume of the swelling waters which will in time be irresistible.

Sources of Inspiration

The first great source of inspiration is the Word of God. It is increasingly apparent that neither Jesus nor His Apostle Paul contemplated, except with grief, the possibility of the Christian Church being other than a great fellowship. Sects at war with each other can hardly justify their existence as fulfilments of the mind of Christ. He prayed for the unity of His Holy Church. While in history a denomination rose as the best of the only practicable alternatives at the moment, it is often evident that it no longer has justification for its existence on the grounds on which it first arose. The prayer of Jesus, whatever the sophistications of some commentators, remains "that they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us: that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." And St. Paul, although he realized that the Church must pass through a childish stage of faction, looked forward to a time when we might

"all attain unto the unity of faith, and the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a full-grown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ—that we may be no longer children." He is speaking not of individuals but of the corporation, not of each man but of all Christian men together as the adult man. The New Testament does not think in terms of division, but in terms of fellowship. And the New Testament remains the great source of all the longing to-day that the world shall see the undivided body of its Lord shining gloriously—the Light of the World, the Salt of the Earth.

Many contributory movements and facts have made men feel a new longing for unity. The civilization in which we live is marked by pagan influences which threaten it with wrecking: the forces of infidelity and indifference are growing more potent: the divided Christianity of to-day is ineffective because of its divisions, and is crippled in its missionary activities. The times demand all the concentration of Christ's people possible. One powerful Church might make the forces of evil tremble, where now they are unmoved by the thin piping of contending sects. Concentration of ecclesiastical forces is as necessary in the moral world as the concentration of political forces is in the civil world. The union of the Churches would have the practical value of a "League of Nations." Even in the political world such an organization as the "League of Nations" needs a concentrated Christendom behind it to give it life and power.

The Spirit's call to-day is to unity, but the experience of our past teaches us that variety has meant life and aggression, and we cherish the memories of our own history. The call to unity does not mean treachery to our own past. How can we respond to the call without repudiating the good things

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for which separation has stood? Everything depends on what we mean by unity.

A Federal Unity Wanted

It may mean as little as mere federation, or as much as complete uniformity or even fusion. The unity desirable and practical is federal, but legal and formal federation, something like that of the United States of America, and not a bare voluntary combination of representatives like the Free Church Council, or even a mere advisory body like the Federal Council of the Free Churches. A more drastic unification, a fusion of Churches, and a uniformity of custom seems to the writer to involve an altogether mistaken ideal, in which one would waste more in the loss of much rich variety than one would gain by formal unity.

What is wanted is some union of Churches, as corporate bodies retaining their own identity, but expressing in definite forms and laws their common life.

Of course, union can be conceived merely as a fellowship of all individual Christians, but this conception overlooks the real vitality and individuality of a Christian corporation. It either ignores these corporations as such or treats them as dead things. The union practicable at present is not of all individual Christians into a new fellowship with a new identity. It is a union of fellowships. It is a partnership of Churches. A union of states into a federation of states. It is not a new nation, but a new union of nations, each having home rule, but an imperial, or at least federal, parliament. It is the United States of the Christian Church.

Some Objections Answered

A scheme of federal unity answers most of the objections of Mr. Williams in his article in the January QUIVER. His objections are perfectly valid against any scheme which suppresses the individuality of existing Christian bodies. Anything less desirable than a Church which only knows one type of religious services and one rigid discipline cannot be imagined. Iron uniformity, whether of administration or worship, would mean death. Organization pressed far enough would destroy the religious spirit of the individual and curb all collective initiative. The Church would once more become a black tyranny like the

Vatican. But is Mr. Williams right in concluding that this is really the meaning of the Lambeth Encyclical?

The Lambeth Encyclical

The Lambeth Encyclical is not a scheme but a dream. It is a dream of practical Englishmen, and suggests methods of materialization, but it does not dictate them. It does not say, *The Church Times* notwithstanding, this is the utmost limit of concession: take it or leave it. It is an overture to Free Churchmen—an invitation to all Christians and to all Christian bodies to come and reason together with the Anglican community as to whether or not ways can be found to make manifest the divine unity of the Church of Christ, so that the world may see and believe. It suggests the paths to union which the Bishops see, but it does not say there are no other ways. The men who wrote it believe union is a practicable project. They do not say of the broken pieces that the Anglican fragment is the Church and the others are sects. They say, in substance, "All ye are brothers, and one is your Father." They make no exclusive claims for themselves, but acknowledge the spiritual values of Free Church ministries and communities.

The Church is not to be merely a fellowship of individuals, but a fellowship of societies. "In its unity all the treasures of faith and order bequeathed as a heritage from the past to the present shall be possessed in common." Within this union there are to be "Christian communities now separated from one another." It is a unity which harmonizes the distinctive and different societies of to-day. "We do not ask that any communion should consent to be absorbed in another. We do ask that all should unite in a new and great endeavour to recover and manifest to the world the unity of the Body of Christ for which He prayed." The Church of the future will have unity in variety. There is no wish to reduce it to a mere rigid uniformity of practice or worship. Its very divisions in the Providence of God will enrich and beautify it when they are brought together in holy oneness. The Bishops, while confessing the guilt of Anglicanism for a share in the divisions of the past, suggest methods whereby the good that has ensued, through the over-ruling mercy of God, in the actual

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historical development and enterprise of separated Christian bodies may be preserved and the evils of separation itself overcome. The identities of the separatist bodies will be preserved in a new harmony, which is unity.

Historic Illustrations

Mediaeval Christianity offers a partial illustration of the possibility of variety in unity. Societies like those of St. Francis and St. Dominic neither lacked in initiative nor in distinctiveness. This is confirmed by the fact that the friars met with plenty of opposition from the "secular clergy" in all European countries, but room was found for energetic societies which went ahead and did something. This analogy is only partial, but it is sufficiently good to show that independent societies in one Church might prevent the dead mechanical uniformity dreaded by Mr. Williams. It may be said, of course, that the mediaeval Church broke down under the weight of its uniformity, and that the Vatican gradually ridded itself of the distinctive features of these great religious societies. There is truth in this, but it is here that the parallel ceases. The denominations of to-day which would join the federal unity have histories which would assure autonomous action. Except in England Anglicans would be in a minority. There would be no Vatican controlling everybody. The unity is only in certain general principles. It is confined to two creeds, two sacraments and a common ministry and a common acceptance of the Bible as a final court of appeal. In no other particulars is uniformity suggested. Surely Mr. Williams is too fearful.

Temperamental and Social Cleavages

Mr. Williams describes two types of village service—liturgical and free—and argues that they appeal to different temperaments. They do, but what is worse, they appeal to different classes. The Lambeth scheme would certainly not be impossible, because it would eliminate Churches that appealed to different temperaments and different classes. So far as social cleavage is concerned, it would be a good thing if it did. In point of fact, the temperamental and class feeling mingle in the village church or chapel, so that they can best be considered together.

Social cleavage is the greatest hindrance to unity in England, the last home of the

caste systems. No organic ecclesiastical change will rid us of this fact. A revival of genuine religion might.

Possibly when the Church is united in South India it will send dusky missionaries to break down the caste system still triumphant in British villages.

The truth is that there is real social cleavage between the Churches. There is an ecclesiastical "Skin-game." Substitute a Primitive Methodist local preacher for John Galsworthy's Hornblower, and the vicar's wife for Mrs. Hillcrist, and you have a true picture of the ecclesiastical situation in many English villages. Here is an interesting theme for a new drama.

I can see nothing in this that ought to be perpetuated, but those who do, need have no fears for the Lambeth scheme of union. There will still remain the village church with its liturgy and the village chapel with Sankey's hymns. There may not be quite so many village chapels, and since the Methodists and the Federal Council of the Free Churches are both at present organizing methods to close as many as possible, this need not trouble us unduly.

It is much more social consciousness which causes resentments and differences between church and chapel than temperamental leanings. But temperament counts. The Lambeth Encyclical welcomes the various services which appeal to various temperaments. Wm. James's "Varieties of Religious Experience" is the great forerunner of reunion.

Real Difficulties

It must not, however, be thought that there are no difficulties. They are very many and very real. The outstanding one is the ministerial. How to really get a common ministry universally recognized by the whole Church? If this problem could be practically solved the other obstacles would gradually vanish. The difficulty is not invincible if it be faced in a spirit of charity, and by men who care enough about union.

The Ministry

The Lambeth Encyclical desires "a ministry acknowledged by every part of the Church as possessing not only the inward call of the Spirit, but also the commission of Christ and the authority of the whole body."

All future ministers would be episcopally

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ordained. The great problem is how to treat the non-episcopal ministers of the present so as to secure them in the union and not to make a breach in episcopal organization, which Anglicans feel is their special heritage from the past. The Lambeth Encyclical acknowledges such ministries have been owned by the Holy Spirit, but suggests that for the sake of union, Free Church ministers should receive episcopal ordination, and that Anglicans should receive such authorization as Free Churches would give them.

A Way Out

Now, so far as the future is concerned, I believe that all the leading Free Churchmen who have been in consultation with Anglican leaders in recent years have admitted that the episcopal ministry is a practical necessity to any future union, and would accept it if the episcopacy became really *representative* and *constitutional*, although they will not accept *medieval prelacy*. The real difficulty is not the *future* but the *present* ministry. Why should not all existing ministries be mutually recognized without further ordination, and all new ministers be episcopally ordained? Free Churchmen would undoubtedly be glad if this could be done. Is it possible? We have to face facts and acknowledge that this would only divide Anglicans, and that is not a way to unity. Another method must be sought. The Lambeth Conference suggests mutual authorization. The objection is naturally raised that this is *ordination* for Free Churchmen and *authorization* for Anglicans. Well, but what general term could Anglicans use but authorization? There are Free Churches which do not ordain but appoint. Why should the term ordination be used by Anglicans for an authorization of some community which does not use the term? Would Anglicans object to the laying on of hands when it is the official form of authorization used by some communion? The Bishops of Peterboro', Zanzibar and Hereford affirm that they would "earnestly desire, when the time comes, to receive whatever ministerial commission the Wesleyans, Presbyterians, or the Romans might desire to give us."

The authorization is to be mutual. Such authorization in Anglicanism takes the form of episcopal ordination, and is by laying on of hands in some Free Churches. Critics are hardly fair to the Lambeth En-

cyclical in this matter. The Anglicans are genuinely seeking an extension of their ministry, as well as offering an extension to Free Churchmen.

The Bishops acknowledge the effective spiritual character of Free Church ministries, and what can that mean except a recognition of the reality of their office? But they feel that episcopal organization is a treasure they have inherited from the past. They believe it is what they have to give to the unity of the whole Church. They are wishful, moreover, to receive anything that we have to give. Is there anything, they ask, that we can give to one another for the enrichment of our ministries and for the good of the whole Church? "*We shall be publicly and formally seeking additional recognition of a new call to wider service in a reunited Church, and imploring for ourselves God's grace and strength to fulfil the same.*"

The whole question, if considered in the light of the italicized words, is not insoluble. There are certain theories of episcopal ordination held by some Anglicans which are rejected by Free Churchmen. They are not held by all Anglicans, nor are they the authoritative formularies of the Church of England. If the United Church comes it will include men holding varying opinions on sacraments, ministries and doctrine, but professing common opinions and using common practice in the essential matters laid down as fundamental for external organic union.

Union isn't All

A great union, federating autonomous societies by means of a group of common doctrines and practices and ministry, would create a real visible fellowship. It would create an army of many regiments under one direction. It would do much to save the Church from wasteful competitions, and make it possible for the world to say again, "See how these Christians love one another."

But it would not create a revival or guarantee a movement of that wind that bloweth where it listeth! It would, however, create the fellowship of a great company of men of one mind and one heart, and this in itself would, if I may dare to use such language, give Christ a better chance in His own world. Men would see a unity amongst Christians which would make them believe that the Father sent His Son to be the Saviour of the world.

"The Quiver" Parliament

Is Church Reunion Desirable? Opinions from Our Readers

THE prize of £2 2s. has been divided between Mrs. C. H. Flecker, of Cheltenham, and Dorothy A. Kuhrüber, of Dortmund-Körne, Germany, for the two letters printed on this page.

Is Church Reunion Desirable?

DEAR SIR,—I am writing in the train, returning from the great Student Christian Movement Conference of some thousands at Glasgow. In a sleepless hour of last night I read the article on "The Call for Christian Unity" in THE QUIVER.

At Glasgow it has been most inspiring and helpful to live in real unity for a week with Christians of all denominations and varieties of thought, also with Christian students from nearly every country in the world!

We have sung hymns together, prayed and thanked God together, and were dismissed with the Benediction pronounced by a young layman, next to whom stood an Anglican bishop, and close by many divines of many sects with bended heads.

It just proves that if we were all satisfied with the simplest forms of worship we could even now live in glorious unity, and would not need our manifold divisions and subdivisions.

Doubtless the greatest stumbling block is the extreme High Church Party. When this party has joined the Romish Church, to which it really belongs, there should be no serious hindrance to Christian unity in the Protestant Churches.

Even now we can have intercommunion and interchange of pulpits, to our great advantage and profit. Uniformity is unimportant. We are living in times of great international and unifying movements, and the Church of Christ is bound to move on too. Snobbery of all kinds is doomed, and, first of all, religious snobbery—so absolutely antagonistic to the teaching of Christ.

Christian students of all races and many shades of faith have set themselves the task of building a new world and a new Church in the world. Who can doubt after such a week's experience that reunion is desirable, or that it will be before long an accomplished fact?—I am, dear sir, yours truly,
(Mrs.) C. H. FLECKER.

Is reunion desirable? In this question (as in all human questions) the factor of individuality must be taken into consideration. Each of the separate Churches has the same God, it is true, and the only difference lies in the way of worshipping Him. Then why not reunion? The obstacle is that same factor of individuality. Make all human beings exactly alike, and then

perhaps Church union would be practicable; but, human nature being what it is, one type of religious service will not satisfy all. If to-day, at one stroke, Church reunion could be effected, I am afraid that places of worship would still be sadly empty; and in the empty churches lies the whole crux of the question. Church reunion has been put forward as a possible solution of the great religious problem of to-day. The Church has lost her appeal to the great majority. She has been tried and, in the opinion of so many, found wanting. If this is not so, why are the churches so empty—not only in England, but on the Continent also (so far as my own experience goes)? There, where the suffering has been and is still so great, the theatres are crowded, the cafés are crowded, every place of amusement is filled to its utmost capacity; the crowds throng the street outside the church door, and inside is the desolation of a great emptiness. Why? Is it because the world has suddenly grown quite irreligious?

The other day I heard it said that the men who have come back from the war will have nothing more to do with religion. That is a remark typical of the bitter feeling of many. But it is not true—that I am sure. Humanity has only lost its way, and, like a little child, gropes in the dark for the Helping Hand which alone can lead it into the light of better days. It must not be forgotten that the world of to-day is very different from the world of 1914. It is a world hurt sore. It craves a simpler, kinder interpretation of the spirit of religion. Christ said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me." Observe that He did not stipulate that they should be children of such and such a nationality or faith; He did not even stipulate that they should be good children. He said simply "little children." Surely that should teach us that true religion is the simplest and most beautiful thing in all the world. Because the present-day Church does not interpret it as such, humanity turns away sorely disappointed; and it has suffered so much that it turns to other things in the hope of finding, if not guidance, at least a certain measure of forgetfulness. For as long as human nature is human nature so long will the majority of us seek to forget that which hurts—if we cannot find a way of turning that which is bitter into sweetness. Let the Church take on a new lease of life; let it interpret the religion of Jesus Christ as the simple, beautiful thing it really is, and every church will be full to its utmost capacity. Then, quite as a matter of course, would come about the only reunion that is necessary—the reunion of man to man, co-workers for the common good.

DOROTHY A. KUHRÜBER.



Should Health Insurance for Domestics be Abolished?

A Burning Question

THERE are several more or less controversial subjects dealt with in this issue, some of them of world-wide importance. But perhaps the one that will arouse most heat is the suggestion put forth by our Special Commissioner that, in the interests of national economy, we might well suspend the operation of Health Insurance as it relates to domestic servants.

This suggestion ought, of course, to be received with a storm of protests. Angry mistresses should write up and say that they regard the sticking on of the insurance stamps as a solemn duty and a sacred pleasure. Indignant maids ought immediately to protest that the Health Insurance Act is their Magna Charta, and that they never pay for anything more willingly than the mite they contribute week by week to keep the demon of sickness from the door.

I shall attend at the office early on the day after publication to deal with the shoal of protests. At the same time I am a little bit doubtful as to whether I shall be overwhelmed.



A Beautiful Theory

As far as my observations go there is a surprising lack of enthusiasm about the business. Surely the idea is a most excellent one! Did not Mr. Lloyd George pick it up on a special visit to Germany in those far-off days before the war? And hasn't it been tested and tried by long years of peace and war? The theory is beautiful: You pay your few pence a week—the mistress contributing her share with a glow of virtuous joy, and the servant with feelings

of pride and satisfaction. Then there comes a day when the parlour-maid falls ill: immediately the whole apparatus of the State is put in motion to make her better: her own specially chosen doctor calls in his carriage or motor, the chemist shakes up his best—or worst—concoction, all without hint of pay or reward: indeed, the obliging Civil Servant calls round to insist that the maid shall accept a small bounty from a grateful country what time she is unable to pursue her ordinary avocation. I am not sure whether, as a part of the scheme, the District Visitor brings grapes and flowers, but anyhow, away back in the distance there is the hint of sanatoria for really desperate cases, and everywhere the imperative suggestion that the maid shall be restored to health and strength again as soon as possible—all free, gratis and for nothing, except for the purchase of a paltry stamp week by week.

The idea is certainly a very beautiful one, and what I can't make out is why nobody seems grateful. I never yet have met a mistress who was keen on it; I have never met a servant who would willingly have anything to do with it; indeed, now I come to think of it, I have never heard of a maid who benefited by it, but that must be because of the extremely limited range of my experience.



A Woman who Nearly Benefited

I came very near meeting a case of benefit once. We used to employ an elderly body for occasional assistance in the house: a dear old soul with her roots in the past, who made the best soup I have ever tasted,

and insisted on us drinking it, and who scrubbed the kitchen floor until it shone. She visited us occasionally at stated intervals, dividing her time among several households. The duty of affixing the stamps on her card only devolved on us at wide intervals, but the ritual was performed by someone or other regularly every week. In due course the old dame fell ill and could not come. Here, surely, was a case where the Act would be triumphantly vindicated. But, alas, the dear old soul never called in the panel doctor and would have nothing to do with the dole—so we had to send her the grapes and flowers, plus the usual cash contribution for beef tea and liniment!



Before the Act

We have had various maids at various times, but somehow they do not seem to have fallen ill in the manner prescribed by the Act, or experienced the charms of the scheme as I have outlined them. Our earliest maid was quite youthful and sturdy. However, somebody presented us with a kitten who quarrelled with our dog, and the valiant maid, in trying to separate them, got a slight scratch. I presume she did not keep that scratch as clean as she ought to have done, for blood-poisoning set in and she had to go home for a fortnight. That was before the passing of the Act. As a matter of fact this was no ordinary sickness, such as would fit itself into the Health Insurance scheme, but an accident, and therefore falling under the Workmen's Compensation Act. Happily I was insured for the trifling sum of half a crown a year (no stamps), and a representative of the company promptly took up the claim, paid all the expenses, and the maid was soon restored to health and strength again.

Since then our maids have either left to get other places or to marry—and there doesn't seem anything in the Act at present to deal with those contingencies, though doubtless that will be seen to in time, and we shall be able to stick more stamps on a different coloured card.



A Fight with Forms—

Our present maid came from a distance and is a bonnie country girl. The other day, however, she had a bilious attack. It passed off before we could send for the

doctor, and then it was that I discovered she was not of the elect: she had no panel doctor nearer than sixty miles! This, of course, might prove awkward in case of illness, for, despite all the kindly feeling provided for in the Act, one could hardly expect a busy doctor to come sixty miles across country twice a day to attend to our stamp-insured maid. So, with an eye to the future, we suggested she should get transferred to the list of a doctor more on the spot. This, I found, necessitated the production of a medical card which she had had in some long-distant past, but had either left at home or mislaid. Surely this could easily be remedied: are not Government machines made to be worked, and isn't there a post office in every village? Inquiries at the post office brought the reply that they were not allowed to give information on the subject, and a letter addressed to the local council elicited the retort that the authority for health resided at the county town some miles distant. Eventually a form was produced—a form presumably to be filled up by the domestic. Perhaps the average domestic might have had some difficulty in filling up that form, but being something in the literary way I was requested to lend a hand. We wrestled with that form one evening—the maid and I—and between us, after much cogitating on her part and imagining on mine, managed to fill it in with more or less satisfaction.

I hastened to the post with it, and that night slept the sleep of the just, with "something attempted, something done."



—and the Sequel

Nothing happened after that for some time: the income tax form came to be filled in; rates and taxes, notices and forms, all came to remind us of the paternal solicitude with which a kindly Government regards its suffering subjects. Then one day, while we were out, a man called to see the maid. He was an agent for something or other, and in some mysterious way he had become possessed of the form which we with so much care and strivings had filled in. It appears that he could do nothing with regard to getting our maid on to the panel of a doctor, but he put before her a scheme whereby, if she paid some several shillings a week, she could, when she reached a certain age, become possessed of a certain grand sum of money. He expounded the

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scheme with some eloquence and a great deal of force, and waited, fountain-pen in hand, for the maid to sign there and then. Luckily the girl resisted, and by the exercise of much patience and firmness induced him at last to go away. Be it noted that he did not leave behind him the details of his precious scheme—nor did he say how she could get on the list of the panel doctor! And there the case remains. The girl is well and healthy and strong; we are still trying to get her a panel doctor, and hope eventually to succeed. But the maid maintains that the business is a fraud and the stamps only another excuse to get money out of you to pay for a spendthrift Government!

This, of course, is mere prejudice, and doubtless many of my readers will write to tell me of the cases where the Act has brought comfort and consolation to many in times of distress.



Doesn't Seem to Fit

Health Insurance is a very good thing, but somehow or other the domestic servant is a human being that does not seem to fit into the Act of Parliament. The doctors are all right, the panels wonderfully conceived, the forms are all right, the system beautiful, the huge army corps of clerks and scrutineers pleasant and efficient. But the trouble is that servant girls weren't made to fill up forms; they don't fit the forms; they overlap, leave, move, cease to be servants, forget to go into the right pigeon-hole. They are the despair of the bureaucrat, as anguish to the statistician. Form XYZ3209 is all right, but Eliza Jane wasn't born for it. She has had no army training, no sergeant-major to introduce her to departmental red-tape. And, too, she is human—too human.



The Order of the Day

This is a great pity, for it is evident that forms and schemes, rules and regulations, are the order of the day. Personally I love filling up forms—just as I am wholly in favour of insurance. In the old days there used to be a pastime consisting in getting your friends to fill up forms bound up in a book of "Confessions." You had to state your favourite flower, your favourite author, a quotation that has endeared itself to you,

and what book you would rather read than any other. That form of entertainment has died out, as its mild excitements could not compete with the attractions of Government and other real-life forms. How much more exciting it is to fill up the income tax return and tell a deeply interested Government exactly how much you earn—or, rather, exactly how much money you hope will come along to you during twelve long, eventful months.

If this does not provide you with all the occupation you want for winter evenings, ask at any post office for a licence form for a motor-car, and if you can fathom the mystery of the new taxes you may take it that you are achieving proficiency in the new game—even if, after perusal, you find you cannot now afford to look at a car at all.



New Kinds of Mental Exercises

Health Insurance Forms, Unemployment Inquiries, Income Tax, Licences and House Assessments, these merely show the trend of the times in our race to universal nationalization. But these even yet are not wide-sweeping enough. Very soon now we shall, each one in our own household, have the new census papers to fill in, and it will be surprising if the Government department concerned does not take the opportunity of setting a few more queries that shall tax the brains of the most ingenious of us and give us that healthy mental exercise of which we are all in need.

Blue forms are the order of the day, but our Special Commissioner, in his anxiety to lighten the national Budget, calls them luxuries and pleads with a form-loving Government to restrain itself. Maybe he is right, or maybe I have too lightly cast aspersions on forms in general and health insurance in particular. I ask my readers' opinions and shall calmly wait for their more enlightened reasonings and experiences. Please say what you think about the stamps; please put in a word for the panel doctors and the army corps of officials; also please say that, after all, pink forms and blue are the nicest and sweetest forms of mental recreation you indulge in—always, of course, excluding the reading of these pages!

The Editor

The "ROBERTSON" Recipes

A new series of delightful
table dainties.

The high food value of Mince-meat has won for it a regular place in the kitchen, not merely at Xmas time for the Mince Pies, but all the year round, as an ingredient for the table "sweets." Many delightful dishes can be made with it—*try these:*

BUTTERMILK DUMPLINGS.

8 oz. of flour, 5 oz. of Robertson's Mince-meat, a pinch of salt, 1 teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, enough buttermilk to mix to a stiff paste. Sift the soda and salt into the flour. Rub in the mince-meat very thoroughly, and then mix with the buttermilk. Roll up small dumplings, and drop them into fast-boiling water. Cook fast for ten minutes, and then more slowly for 15 minutes. Drain carefully. Put a tiny bit of butter on each, and sprinkle them with sugar before serving.

If preferred, the whole of the mixture may be made into one large dumpling, and boiled in a floured cloth. In this case, it must be plunged into boiling water, and cooked steadily for 2 hours.

LUNCH BASKET PIES.

(To be eaten cold.)

Make an ordinary plain short crust, mixing it with milk instead of water. Roll it out lightly once. Cut it into squares, and fold the squares into triangular turnovers, putting a good spoonful of Robertson's Mince-meat into each.

Pies made in this way are just as good cold as hot. They keep fresh for several days, so a fair supply can be made at one time.

ROBERTSON'S "GOLDEN SHRED" MINCEMEAT is specially recommended for its high quality and purity. It is made "just like home-made," prepared and blended by experts.

Further Recipes will be published here—cut them out and retain for reference.

Goodness — Purity — Quality

ROBERTSON'S "Golden Shred Brand" MINCE MEAT

has nothing left out which ought to be in—every ingredient that good mince-meat should contain is included.

And nothing inferior is ever put in—the absolute best alone is used.

Insist on ROBERTSON'S
— Ask your Grocer!



"Why Somebody Else?"

EVERY day newspapers record particulars of accidents—many fatal, all more or less serious—happening to "**somebody else.**" Every day germs of sickness attack "**somebody else.**" In most cases doctors attendance, nursing, convalescence are necessary—draining money needed possibly in other ways.

We realise that these misfortunes do happen to "**somebody else,**" but we do not ponder over the dangers affecting ourselves. Yet the risk is always present, however much we may ignore it.

Statistics prove that one person in every seven meets with an accident every year; **some day that person will not be "somebody else."**

And when the accident occurs, or the disease seizes you—what a comfort to know that you and yours have been provided for by that valuable safeguard, a "B.D." Accident, Illness and Disease Insurance Policy, which costs so very little, and provides you with so much in the hour of need.

Send a postcard to-day for full particulars of the "British Dominions" series of insurances issued at the most attractive rates. There are ten different tables, with premiums ranging from 2/- per annum (covering fatal accidents only) upwards, providing for liberal benefits which vary according to premium and risks covered. Please ask for "Accident, Sickness, and Disease" Insurance Prospectus.

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NEEDLECRAFT

"Shamrock" Bedroom Set

*Duchesse Set, Edging & Insertion
for Curtains and Pincushion*

By Ellen T. Masters

Wide Trimming for Duchesse Slip

THE slip and two mats (one large and one small) are all trimmed with variations of a lace in which shamrocks form the chief part of the pattern. In every corner is a four-leaved shamrock, and as each detail is complete in itself it is an easy matter to adapt the trimming to suit any size of mat or slip. For a complete set there must, of course, be two of the smaller mats, but it is scarcely necessary to show them both here, as they are exactly alike.

The work is done with cotton No. 24 or thereabouts in the usual style of the popular filet crochet. The spaces all consist of 2 ch followed by 1 tr. When several treble have to be made after a space the number mentioned in the instructions does not include the tr belonging to the preceding sp. Thus, 6 tr is really a block of 7 tr, the first of which is provided by the tr belonging to the sp last worked. When a row begins with a sp, 5 ch and 1 tr are to be made in turning, and 3 ch are worked to serve as the first tr when the fresh row begins with a block of these stitches.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Ch, chain; tr, treble; sp, space.

Begin on a foundation of 44 chain.

1st row.—Miss 7 ch, 1 tr, then make 5 sp of 2 ch and 1 tr each, 3 tr, 6 sp.

2nd row.—Turn with 5 ch, 1 tr on tr, then work 4 more sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 5 sp.

3rd row.—3 sp, 6 tr, 3 sp, 6 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr,

4th row.—5 ch, 1 tr as usual, then 1 sp, 12 tr, 1 sp, 12 tr, 2 sp.

5th row.—2 sp, 12 tr, 1 sp, 12 tr, 2 sp.

6th row.—3 ch, 3 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 3 sp.

7th row.—6 sp, 3 tr, 5 sp, 3 tr.

8th row.—1 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 3 sp.

9th and 10th rows.—2 sp, 12 tr, 1 sp, 12 tr, 2 sp.

11th row.—3 sp, 6 tr, 3 sp, 6 tr, 3 sp.

12th row.—13 sp.

13th row.—13 sp.

This completes the corner pattern. Turn the work round, but not over, and work along the side spaces of the above thirteen rows.

1st row of insertion pattern.—5 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp.

2nd row.—2 sp, 3 tr, 5 sp, 6 tr, 3 sp.

3rd row.—2 sp, 12 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp.

4th row.—4 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 12 tr, 2 sp.

5th row.—3 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 5 sp.

6th row.—6 sp, 3 tr, 6 sp.

7th row.—3 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 3 sp.

8th row.—2 sp, 12 tr, 1 sp, 12 tr, 2 sp.

9th row.—Like the 8th row.

10th row.—3 sp, 6 tr, 3 sp, 6 tr, 3 sp.

11th row.—5 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 5 sp.

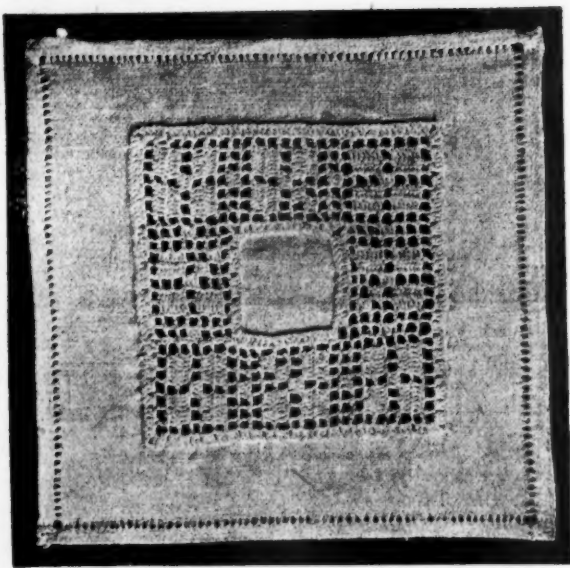
12th row.—6 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp.

13th row.—2 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 5 sp.

14th row.—6 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp.

15th row.—2 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 5 sp.

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The Small Mat which shows very plainly the Shamrock Design

- 16th row.—3 sp, 6 tr, 5 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp.
 17th row.—3 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp, 12 tr, 2 sp.
 18th row.—2 sp, 12 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 4 sp.
 19th row.—5 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 3 sp.
 20th row.—6 sp, 3 tr, 6 sp.
 21st row.—3 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 3 sp.
 22nd row.—2 sp, 12 tr, 1 sp, 12 tr, 2 sp.
 23rd row.—Like the 22nd.
 24th row.—3 sp, 6 tr, 3 sp, 6 tr, 3 sp.
 25th row.—5 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp.

Repeat now from the beginning of the 2nd row till ready to work the first thirteen rows for the corner, and so continue till the band of insertion is finished.

For the edge work 3 tr and 2 tr alternately into the sp round the outer edge. In the corner sp make 3 tr, 2 ch and 3 tr to shape the point. Along the inner edge work in the same way, but miss the last sp of one side and the first sp of the next instead of working into every hole.

Trimming for Oblong Mat, Duchesse Set

COTTON of medium size, that is, finer than that used for the slip and coarser than that employed for the little mats, may be chosen for the oblong

one, unless the worker prefers to have them all alike.

Begin with 32 ch.

1st row.—Miss seven, 1 tr, then 2 ch, miss two, and 1 tr eight times.

2nd row.—5 ch and 1 tr for the first sp, 1 more sp, as usual, 6 tr, 1 sp, 6 tr, 2 sp.

3rd row.—Remember that the first sp of every row is made of 5 ch and 1 tr. Work 1 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp.

4th row.—Like the 3rd row.

5th row.—4 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr.

6th row.—Like the 3rd row.

7th row.—Like the 3rd row.

8th row.—Like the 2nd row. This finishes the corner design.

9th row.—4 sp, 3 tr, 4 sp.

10th row.—3 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp.

11th row.—4 sp, 3 tr, 4 sp.

12th row.—1 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp, 6 tr, 2 sp.

13th row.—1 sp, 9 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp.

14th row.—3 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp.

15th row.—4 sp, 3 tr, 4 sp.

16th row.—1 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp.

17th row.—Like the 16th.

18th row.—2 sp, 6 tr, 1 sp, 6 tr, 2 sp.

19th row.—Like the 15th.

20th row.—3 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp.

21st row.—Like the 15th.

22nd row.—2 sp, 6 tr, 1 sp, 6 tr, 2 sp.

23rd row.—Like the 16th.

24th row.—Like the 16th.

25th row.—Like the 15th.

26th row.—1 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp.

27th row.—2 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp.

28th row.—2 sp, 6 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp.

Repeat from the beginning of the 9th row till ready for the corner again.

The design is so simple that when once a repeat has been worked even a beginner can understand exactly how it goes on. Each shamrock and each tiny star is complete in itself, so the lines of insertion can easily be made of any length desired.

The edges are worked with tr in exactly the same way as are those of the trimming for the slip. If a narrower finish is preferred, dc may be used instead of tr, but this makes it much more difficult to mount successfully.

Narrow Trimming for Small Mats, Duchesse Set

A MEDIUM size of cotton should be used to correspond with that employed for the rest of the set. The general method of working and the abbreviations are the same throughout.

For the little hollow square begin as follows on a foundation of 26 ch :

1st row.—Miss seven, 1 tr, then 6 sp as usual.

2nd row.—1 sp (that is, 5 ch and 1 tr), 6 tr, 1 sp, 6 tr, 1 sp.

3rd row.—1 sp, 6 tr, 1 sp, 6 tr, 1 sp.

4th row.—3 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp.

5th row.—1 sp, 6 tr, 1 sp, 6 tr, 1 sp.

6th row.—1 sp, 6 tr, 1 sp, 6 tr, 1 sp.

7th row.—7 sp.

8th row.—3 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp.

9th row.—7 sp.

10th row.—1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 6 tr, 1 sp.

11th row.—1 sp, 6 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp.

12th row.—3 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp.

13th row.—1 sp, 6 tr, 1 sp, 6 tr, 1 sp.

14th row.—1 sp, 6 tr, 1 sp, 6 tr, 1 sp.

15th row.—7 sp.

16th row.—3 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp.

17th row.—7 sp.

18th row.—1 sp, 6 tr, 1 sp, 6 tr, 1 sp.

19th row.—Like the 18th row.

20th row.—Like the 16th row.

21st and 22nd rows.—Like the 13th row.

23rd row.—7 sp.

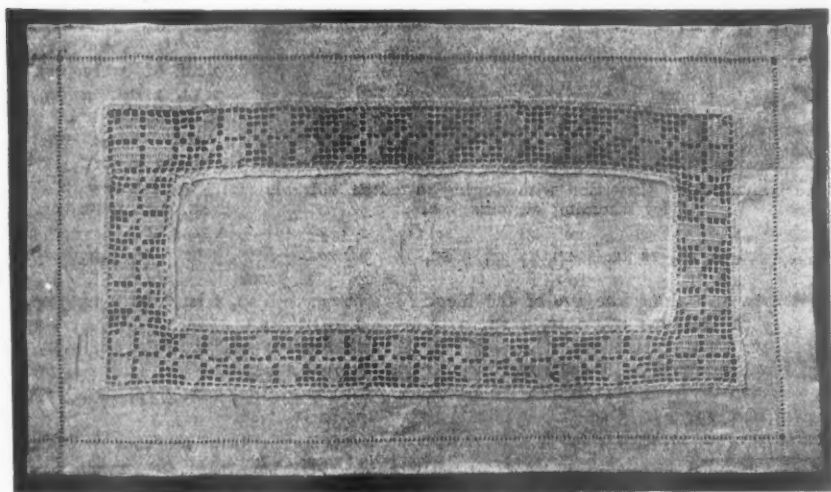
Turn the work round, not over, and work along the seven sp at the side, beginning with the 8th row. Continue thus till all four sides are made.

Fasten off, and seam the first and last edges together neatly. The pattern is one that is soon learned.

This is a pretty little insertion suitable for many purposes besides that for which it was designed. It is easily enlarged by adding more leaves between the four-lobed shamrocks that fill the corners. For larger pieces of work than the two small mats of a duchesse set it is easily widened by working several rows of sp all round. For the small mats all that is required as a finish is a series of groups of three treble and two treble to be worked alternately into the edge spaces.

Edging for Curtains

THE shamrock edging for curtains should be made with rather coarse cotton, such as Arden's No. 16. It can be used with its insertion in lengthwise strips alternately with bands of plain voile, madapolam, canvas, or almost any semi-transparent material. If preferred, the lines of insertion may be set horizontally, and the lace along the upper edge, may be finished with metal or buttonholed rings, through which a thin rod can be passed.



The Oblong Mat for the "Shamrock" Duchesse Set

THE QUIVER

ABBREVIATIONS.—Ch, chain; ss, slip-stitch; tr, treble; sp, space.

Begin with 33 ch and work in spaces and tr as in the insertion.

1st row.—Miss three, 3 tr, 9 sp.

2nd row.—6 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr.

3rd row.—8 ch, miss three, 6 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 5 sp.

4th row.—6 sp, 6 tr, 2 sp, 6 tr.

5th row.—8 ch, miss three, 6 tr, 12 sp.

6th row.—3 sp, 6 tr, 3 sp, 6 tr, 2 sp, 6 tr.

7th row.—8 ch, miss three, 6 tr, 3 sp, 12 tr, 1 sp, 12 tr, 2 sp.

14th row.—3 sp, 6 tr, 4 sp, 3 tr.

15th row.—3 ch, 3 tr, 9 sp.

Repeat from the beginning of the 2nd row for the required length.

Finish the upper edge by working 2 tr. and 3 tr. alternately into every sp.

Insertion for Curtains

THIS insertion matches the edging already given and should be made with the same kind and size of cotton.

The two patterns afford a very pretty finish also for the front edge of a chest of drawers slip and for a duchesse cloth. A very attractive trimming for a guest towel can be arranged by setting the insertion about an inch above the lace, and in much the same way can be obtained a beautiful finish for the upper edge of a sheet. For these last-named purposes the cotton used should be finer than that chosen for curtains.

Begin on 74 ch.

Work as usual with spaces and treble.

1st row.—Miss seven, 1 tr, 2 sp, 6 tr, 3 sp, 6 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp, 12 tr, 2 sp.

2nd row.—3 sp (5 ch for the first as usual), 6 tr (missing two of the block of twelve tr), 4 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 12 tr, 1 sp, 12 tr, 2 sp.

3rd row.—2 sp, 12 tr, 1 sp, 12 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 9 sp.

4th row.—6 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 3 sp.

5th row.—6 sp, 3 tr, 5 sp, 3 tr, 5 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 5 sp.

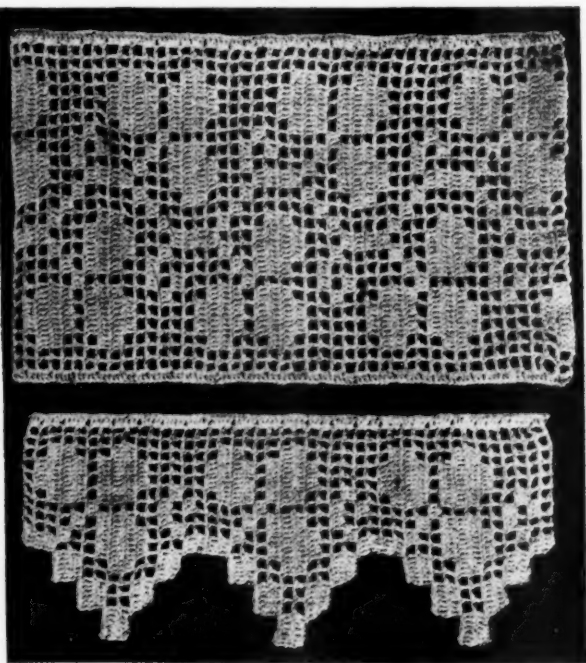
6th row.—6 sp, 6 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 3 sp.

7th row.—2 sp, 12 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 12 sp.

8th row.—3 sp, 6 tr, 3 sp, 6 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp, 12 tr, 2 sp.

9th row.—3 sp, 6 tr, 4 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 12 tr, 1 sp, 12 tr, 2 sp.

10th row.—2 sp, 12 tr, 1 sp, 12 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 7 sp.



The "Shamrock" Insertion with Edging to match, suitable for trimming curtains, etc.

8th row.—2 sp, 12 tr, 1 sp, 12 tr, 3 sp, 6 tr.

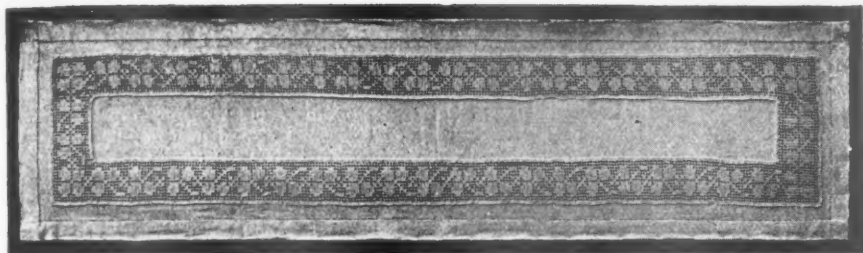
9th row.—Ss along the top of the block of tr, 3 ch (for one tr), 6 tr, 2 sp, 9 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 3 sp.

10th row.—6 sp, 3 tr, 5 sp, 6 tr.

11th row.—Ss as in the 9th row, 3 ch, 6 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 9 tr, 3 sp.

12th row.—2 sp, 12 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 6 tr.

13th row.—Ss along the top of tr, 3 ch, 3 tr, 3 sp, 12 tr, 2 sp.



The Full-size Slip belonging to the "Shamrock" Duchesse Set

11th row.—6 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp, 9 tr,
1 sp, 9 tr, 3 sp.
12th row.—6 sp, 3 tr, 5 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 6 tr,
7 sp.
13th row.—11 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp,
9 tr, 3 sp.
14th row.—2 sp, 12 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp,
3 tr, 12 sp.
15th row.—3 sp, 6 tr, 3 sp, 6 tr, 3 sp, 3 tr,
3 sp, 12 tr, 2 sp.
Repeat from the beginning of the 2nd row.

8th row.—3 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp.

9th row.—7 sp.

10th row.—2 sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp.

11th row.—1 sp, 6 tr, 1 sp, 6 tr, 1 sp.

12th row.—3 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp.

13th row.—1 sp, 6 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp.

14th row.—1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp.

Repeat from the beginning of the 7th row till the next corner is to be made, and so proceed till all four sides are finished. Sew the ends into place very neatly, taking care to get sp against sp.

For the full finish work the following rounds along the outer edge.

An Attractive Little Pincushion

THE little shamrocks for this pincushion cover take the form of a flat insertion with a moderately full edge. Rather fine thread, such as No. 40, or "Peri-Lusta" Crochet, No. 70, should be employed for the crochet.

Begin the insertion part of the border with 26 ch.

1st row.—Miss seven, then work six more sp of 2 ch and 1 tr each.

2nd row.—5 ch and 1 tr for first sp, then one more sp, 3 tr, 1 sp, 3 tr, 2 sp.

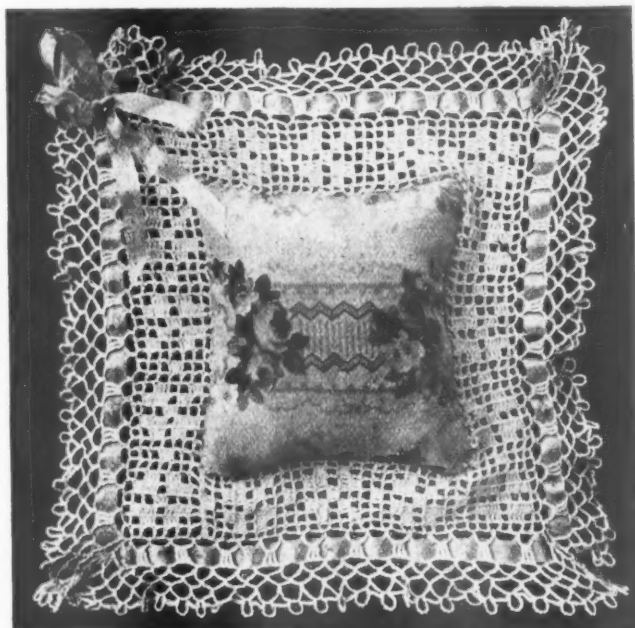
3rd row.—1 sp, 6 tr, 1 sp, 1 sp.

4th row.—3 sp, 3 tr, 3 sp.

5th row.—Like the 3rd row.

6th row.—Like the 2nd row.

7th row.—7 sp. This completes the four-leaved shamrock in the corner.



A Pretty Pincushion that is quickly and easily made; the ribbon should tone with the colours introduced into the centre

THE QUIVER

1st round.—* 7 ch, miss one sp, 1 dc; repeat from *, and in each corner work 1 dc, 7 ch, 1 dc, 9 ch, 1 dc, 7 ch, 1 dc.

2nd round.—* 3 dtr in one of the loops, 5 ch, 1 dtr in the next loop; repeat from * all round. In the corner loops work as in the preceding round.

3rd round.—* 7 ch, 1 dc in the next loop; repeat from *, and in the corner loop work 1 dc, 9 ch, 1 dc. Work two more rounds like the 3rd round.

6th round.—* 1 dc, 7 ch, 1 dc into a loop of seven ch, 5 ch; repeat from *. In the corner loop work 1 dc, 7 ch, 1 dc, 9 ch, 1 dc, 7 ch, 1 dc, and continue as before.

The small, plump pincushion stuffed with clippings of straw, bran, or sawdust must be made to fit exactly into the open square of insertion and the two edges sewn neatly together. Ribbon should be run in and out the second row of crochet, the three dtr being outermost. At one corner at least should be arranged a smart little bow with many loops and ends.

Edging for Pillow Cases

THIS dainty little edging may be worked with cotton No. 24 very effectively for pillow cases. It is pretty enough for a dozen other purposes, and the cotton may then be required in a finer make still. It has the great advantage of being extremely strong and of bearing ill-treatment at the laundry nobly—no drawback in these days of machinery.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Ch, chain; ss, slip-stitch; dc, double crochet; tr, treble.

Begin on 11 ch.

1st row.—Miss three, 1 tr, 3 ch, miss two, 1 dc, 3 ch, miss two, 2 tr.

2nd row.—3 ch, 1 tr on tr, 5 ch, 2 tr at the end.

3rd row.—3 ch, 1 tr, 3 ch, 1 dc in the loop of 5 ch, 3 ch, 2 tr at the end.

Repeat from the beginning of the 2nd row once.

6th row.—Like the 2nd row.

7th row.—8 ch, 1 ss into the first ch, 9 ch, 1 ss into the same stitch, 7 ch, 1 ss, again into the same ch, 2 ch, 1 tr on the second tr, 3 ch, 1 dc, 3 ch, 2 tr at the end.

Repeat from the beginning of the 2nd row.

Now work along the edge of the insertion just made: * In the loop of seven ch, 1 dc, 8 tr, 1 dc in the next loop, 1 dc, 10 tr, 1 dc, and in the third loop, to complete the shamrock, 1 dc, 8 tr, 1 dc, 1 dc into the next small loop of ch at the edge of the insertion, right over both lines of stitches along the margin, 5 ch, 1 dc into the next loop in the same way; continue thus, and repeat from *, making the shamrocks as above described.

2nd row of edging.—1 dc into the centre tr of the first leaflet, 7 ch, 1 dc in the third tr of the next leaflet, 7 ch, 1 dc in the eighth tr of the same leaflet, 7 ch, 1 dc in the third tr of the last leaflet, 5 ch, 1 dc in the next loop of five ch—between two shamrocks—5 ch. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

3rd row of edge.—Into the first loop work 2 dc, 5 ch, 2 dc, 5 ch, 2 dc; in the second loop work 2 dc, 5 ch, 2 dc, 5 ch, 2 dc, 5 ch, 2 dc; in the third loop, 2 dc, 5 ch, 2 dc, 5 ch, 2 dc; in the first loop between two shamrocks, 2 dc, 5 ch, 2 dc; in the second loop between shamrocks, 2 dc, 5 ch, and 1 dc, then repeat all along from the beginning of the row.

This edging for pillow cases is so easily shaped that it is not necessary to contrive a special corner for it. It can readily be fulfilled round the angle. If desired, narrow ribbon may be run in and out the row of lacets. It is not wide enough for either the sheets or the bedsides, but later I shall show how it may be sewn along the edges of handsome insertions specially designed for these purposes.



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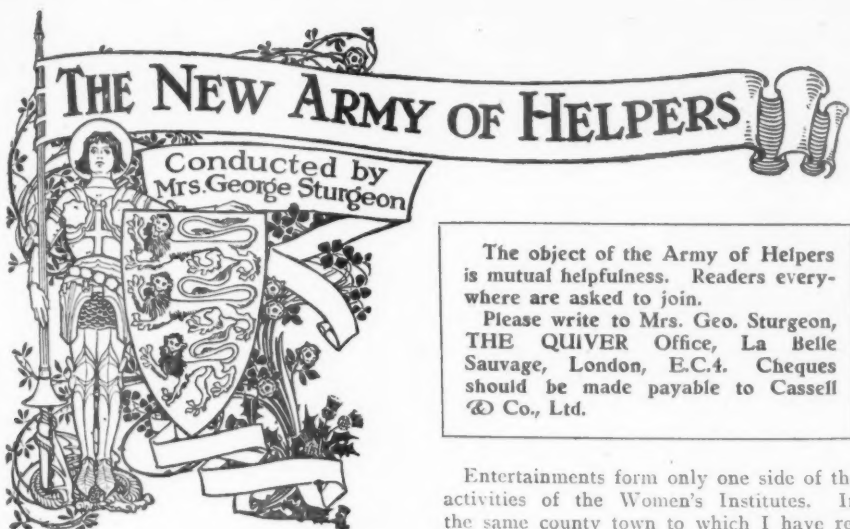


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Please write to Mrs. Geo. Sturgeon, THE QUIVER Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4. Cheques should be made payable to Cassell & Co., Ltd.

MY DEAR HELPERS,—THE QUIVER New Army of Helpers has a natural affinity with all other armies of helpers; and another army of helpers of whose workings I have seen something during the past month is the National Federation of Women's Institutes, of which no doubt many readers are members. I have been paying visits in different parts of the country, and it has been very striking how soon after my arrival, in every case, I heard in some way or other of the local Women's Institute. In one country town—also a county town—my hostess had invited her fellow-members to tea, and so I was able to see one of the pleasant social gatherings which have brought so much brightness into the lives of the women of the countryside.

All work and no play is as bad for Jill as for Jack, and the Women's Institutes are determined that she shall not be a dull girl! I shall not easily forget my parting impression of another entertainment, held on a dark January evening in a gaily lit village hall charmingly decorated with pots of geraniums and lilies, holly and mistletoe. There had been a variety entertainment, and it was not early when it was over. We had a long motor drive and had to leave, but the revels were not ended. The hall was cleared, and old and young were dancing Sir Roger with a lightheartedness that was quite infectious.

Entertainments form only one side of the activities of the Women's Institutes. In the same county town to which I have referred I saw an exhibition of the work of all the Women's Institutes of the district, and a truly wonderful exhibition it was. It struck me as a rather remarkable thing that by the hands of these women one could be entirely clothed and fed. There were beautifully made garments of every kind, including gloves and shoes, and bead bags that need not have blushed in Bond Street. There was a stall for farm produce that had some of the finest eggs I have ever seen, and butter that made one sigh for lower prices. Then there was a tempting array of home-made cakes and bread and bottled fruits and jams that would have done credit to our grandmothers. Lecturers come from time to time to instruct members in such useful arts as soldering, wall-papering and glove-making (the Women's Institutes are very strong on the manufacture of gloves at home).

I have just been reading an article in the *Journal of the Ministry of Agriculture* on "Women's Institutes and Agricultural Education" which emphasizes the important part which the Institutes can play in encouraging a desire for knowledge and efficiency in agricultural workers, and in co-operating with the Ministry to provide means for satisfying that desire. Incidentally it is very interesting to learn that the Ministry has set up a factory for the preservation of fruit and the drying of vegetables at Chipping Campden in Gloucestershire, and that in addition to the ex-

THE QUIVER

perimental work carried on there provision is made for teaching by a qualified staff. Short courses lasting for a fortnight will be held during summer and autumn in which instruction will be given in the best methods of preserving and bottling fruit and vegetables, and a commercial course lasting for three months will also be provided.

The Forum Club, in Grosvenor Place, the most recently founded women's club in London, with a membership which already runs into four figures, has recognized the importance of the work of the Women's Institutes by enrolling a Women's Institute Section.

The other day the husband of a member of an Institute was heard to grumble rather enviously that "nothing was being done for the men." That grumble may be the fore-runner of Men's Institutes. In Denmark I believe that the idea of making village life interesting and bright is an old one, and the village hall has been a centre for good lectures, debates and social meetings for many years. As the movement develops there will be less excuse for townfolk to label the country "dull," and less temptation for the country people to flock to neighbourhoods where cinemas grow as thick as mushrooms. It has been

Another Month of Magnificent Response

to many appeals. Loneliness has been routed by the New Army on many fronts, as the following reports testify:

From the widow to whom I referred in the December number:

"How kind people are—more magazines to-day, and a *Punch*—then a *QUIVER* and a most kindly note from a Mrs. Hamlet, the vicar's wife of Stoke-on-Trent, and another from Miss Stephens, Ireland. Yes, indeed I am glad of them all; I only wish the senders knew how grateful I am—in some cases I can thank them, but others give no address. I do not feel alone now, the books are excellent company. . . . What a splendid 'tuck-box,' and how good of you and the others. I thought my luxury days were all past, and here I am with all sorts of good things."

From the lady with a delicate husband and several children:

"I am so sorry I have not been able to write earlier, but my husband has been so ill all through the holidays that my time has been quite taken up nursing him. He seems a little better, but next week I shall have to leave him alone during the daytime. I have been longing to write and thank you for all your great kindness

to me, although if I wrote pages and pages I could never thank you enough for all your kindness to me. The children had a lovely Christmas. Mrs. Nicholson sent (I can't find an adjective to describe it—'Incredible' might do, because you would really have to see it to believe it) a *huge* case of eatables, and Miss Dolly Robinson sent most beautiful presents. Then there was Mrs. Drewitt's £1, and the dear anonymous reader who sent 10s. for the children to 'have a happy Christmas.' I do wish I could thank those two ladies personally. Thank you so much for telling Mrs. Knowles about me; she sent me a lovely parcel of things for Arthur, and they fit him beautifully—also a raincoat for me. I am so grateful to you and to her, for the question of clothing the family grows more of an anxiety every day."

The Ex-Hospital Nurse found through THE QUIVER a wonderful friend whose sympathy and generosity have quite transformed her outlook. Other kind readers sent her books and magazines, which are passed on to and enjoyed by the other patients. She was visited by another hospital nurse, a QUIVER reader, living in Bournemouth, and by the friends of another reader, and these visits were greatly enjoyed. I am asked by her to thank all who have helped to cheer her.

"God is good to me," she wrote. "I shall not feel so lonely. You don't know how full my heart was when I received your letter."

The Ex-Merchant Service Man, who much appreciates his QUIVER friends, among whom are Miss Grice and Miss Cook, is an ex-patient of the same Home, and was invited there for Christmas. He writes delightfully cheery and interesting letters.

From Mrs. B., who is very poor and has had neuritis:

"I could hardly believe it was true when I saw the 17s. and the lovely chocolates for the children."

From the invalid, also mentioned in the December number:

"I have received some nice books from the kind readers. One from Manchester sends me THE QUIVER every month, which I think is very kind of her, and one kind friend, Mrs. Thompson Davies, sent me a parcel of needlework cushions and silks to work them. Miss Crossley sent me some silk and velvet pieces and 2s., for which I am very thankful. Would you kindly thank the readers, as I am very grateful for any assistance? Glad to say I am feeling a little better, but not able to get up yet."

I have not space to quote any more letters, but I think these extracts are pretty eloquent pleading for my

SOS Corps

I have had several very welcome offers, but not nearly enough. I want every reader

THE NEW ARMY OF HELPERS

to join. In a letter from a clergyman working in one of the most poverty-stricken districts in the Midlands there is this very arresting sentence: "The longer I work amongst the poor the more I am convinced that money is not the help most needed, but personal service." Personal service in the form of writing sympathetic letters and sending small gifts is just what the SOS Corps asks you to give—what THE QUIVER helpers have shown that they have a ready genius for giving. Money will not buy much now, but personal service buys at less than pre-war prices—it is repaid a thousand-fold!

The Topsy-Turvy Corps Birthday Book

has come into existence, but it is very far from full. I shall be most grateful if you will help to fill it by sending me your name, address and promise of 2s. 6d. on the date of your birthday. With the approval of my helpers I propose to collect these birthday gifts under the heading of the Topsy-Turvy Fund, and to use the money partly for any specially needy emergency case that may arise, and partly from time to time to help the least financially prosperous of our undertakings.

Over \$500 for "The Quiver"

"Save the Children Fund"

This Fund pursues its triumphant way. Eighty-three adopters—a total in money representing over £500—not to speak of an unceasing flow of splendidly useful gifts in kind. I have another appreciative letter from Mrs. Leggatt, Head Organizer of the Fund, in the course of which she says:

"I wonder whether in acknowledging the contributions that have been sent to us through the source of THE QUIVER you would care to mention any special cases? For example, one lady has sent six delightful hand-made quilts; she has lined them all with sheep's wool, and quilted them herself. A really handsome piece of work. Then again, an old lady of 86 years of age, who prefers not to have her name appear in print, has sent some most useful children's garments, all made by herself. And one frequently comes across the most pathetic cases of self-sacrifice when mothers send the clothing of their babies who are no longer alive."

One far-off reader in Elk Point, Alberta, Canada, Miss Kathleen Wolfe, sent £20 10s. for four adoptions by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hood, Mr. Dalton Beebe, Mr. W. F. Wolfe and herself (collected). This help is splendid, and greatly appreciated.

The Mothers' Meeting (Workshop) who adopted a little Serbian girl sent a Christmas gift to feed another child as well.

Class III. (b) of Girls' School, Alfreton, sent a generous donation of 12s.

Some beautifully knitted very suitable "woollies" were handed in on St. Nicholas Day at St. Thomas's Church, Groombridge, Sussex, and kindly forwarded by the vicar, Rev. F. H. Gomall.

Two families got up a little entertainment on Christmas evening for the benefit of the Fund—an example which other clever actors and musicians are asked most kindly to follow.

London has adopted Verdun. I question whether this action represents as much sacrifice as the adoption by Market-Hill, a small village in Ireland, of two little Serbians. Miss Elsie Edwards organized the collection, which realized the splendid sum of twelve guineas. All thanks to her and to the kind contributors.

Many generous donations from £5 5s. downwards have been received.

I am very anxious that we shall muster

ONE HUNDRED ADOPTERS.

The cold weather in these stricken countries augments every suffering. An Easter offering which takes the form of saving a hungry child will be appropriate indeed. A meal a day for a year costs £5 4s. Spread over twelve months, the payments (8s. 8d. a month) are not crushing. *Please let the hundredth QUIVER child sit down to dinner on Easter Day.*

Anonymous Gifts

My hearty thanks for the following:

For the Save the Children Fund: S. A. L. £5 5s.; J. W. (Oxon), A Lover of Children 2s. 6d.; O. D. H. 10s.; A Lover of Children 10s.; S. H. F. £1; B. G. (Helensburgh) 5s.; A Well-wisher, "to help some orphan child or lonely person," £1; A. B. (Ipswich) 10s.

For Dr. Barnardo's Homes: "In memory of a loved one," £1; "A Reader of THE QUIVER" (Andover) 5s.

For St. Dunstan's: X. Y. Z. (Durham) 10s. 6d.

For the Seamen's Hostel: X. Y. Z. (Durham) 10s. 6d.; Sailor's Daughter £1.

"The Quiver" Emigrates

There was a good response to my appeal for copies of THE QUIVER for colonial settlers. In a letter of thanks Miss A. Ruby Taylor, Hon. Sec. of the Colonial Correspondence League, says:

THE QUIVER

"I have lately received from overseas some new names of very isolated settlers, also men living in complete isolation in the Yukon Territory—the latter in Government or some company's employ—one a C.R.M. Police officer, another in charge of a store, or post, with eleven white people round him and hundreds of Indians, who 'gets out to civilization once a year.' One may well imagine what a boon good literature is to such people."

The Seamen's Hostel and More Lonely Souls

This Fund shows welcome signs of reviving, and by next month I hope to be able to report a substantial increase. Many kind gifts were received, among them a thank-offering for a safe though stormy passage from China from "A. O. S.," who has been a missionary out there for nineteen years, and is now home on furlough. I have since had several most interesting letters from her, one of which reveals a desire that some readers of THE QUIVER may be glad to satisfy.

"I should so much like to get into touch with other QUIVER helpers," she writes, "as I always feel we are just 'set' in the world to try to be helps and mutual companions to others. I often thought in China I'd love to get a paper or book from some one of the Helpers—in order to establish a 'link' of intercourse, but I was afraid to encroach, and the days were always full and exhausting. I know of someone, a missionary friend of mine, who is very isolated and would greatly value a pen friendship with someone—even as I would myself. At home, you see, one's friends die or else go away so much these times, and things are so changed for us on our return after long years of absence in China. Now my friend will much value, I'm sure, some new correspondent, and *she* writes a fine letter, breezy and bright. I'm so anxious to get some real hall-marked friends who will *wear*."

I will gladly send the names and addresses of "A. O. S." and her friend to any prospective correspondents.

The Monthly Mail

I thank the following most heartily for gifts, contributions and letters:

"Cophorne," Miss Rose Johnson, Miss Rennie, Mrs. R. Carmichael, The Misses J. and C. Sinclair, Mrs. Marsh, Miss Mary Floyd, Mrs. M. Watson, "A. F. S.," Miss Gray, "Devon," Mrs. Summerland Smith, Mrs. M. Tuttentin, Miss A. Booth, Mrs. E. M. Cox, Miss E. J. Kemp, Miss

C. M. Holliday, "Army of Helpers—Anonymous" (children's clothing), Mrs. Talbot Greaves, "Oddments," Miss M. I. Peake, Mrs. Jennings, Anon. (linen), Mrs. Stuart Angas, Miss Mary Baxter, Mlle. G. Vivier, "A. S. H.," Mrs. Hammond, Miss Kathleen Fawkes, Miss Shirley, Mrs. Aston, Miss Isabel Paterson, Mrs. Brydon Murray, Mrs. C. G. Richards, "M. P. B.," Miss Gertrude Williams, Mrs. Morris Owen, D. R. Oxley, Esq., Mrs. Lillian Thomson, Miss A. B. Townsend, Mrs. Biggs, Miss Annie Fulbrook, "Well-wisher" (child's petticoat), Mrs. Knowles, Mrs. Bennett, C. M. Sutton, Esq., Mrs. Carson, Miss A. Reid, "Thistle," Miss J. Connell, Mrs. Nicholson, Messrs. George Dalton, George Richardson, and Pugh, Misses Pollard, Mrs. Hickford, Mrs. Neill, Mrs. Edward Lomer, Miss Lewis, Miss E. Monk, Miss L. Y. Reid, Lady Muriel Watkins, Mrs. George H. Rushbrooke, Mrs. Laver, Miss H. G. Henderson, Mrs. Walden, Miss Dorothy Wilson, Miss Isa M. Watson, Mrs. Latimer Crow, Miss M. Adams, Miss M. Hutton, Miss F. E. Daws, Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Dew, "S. A. S." (London, books), Mrs. Miles, Miss Frost, Miss F. Marsh, Miss M. Bates, Miss M. E. Giles, Miss E. Roe, Mrs. Lucas, Miss S. A. Lee, Mrs. Hale, Miss St. Aubyn-Brisbane of Brisbane, Miss Katharine N. Still, Mrs. Brooksbank, Miss V. M. Hatton, Miss Sabatier, Miss Irene G. Grice, Miss May Wilson, Miss E. Parke, "For one who wants something to read," Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Richards, Miss E. Box, Miss Hall, Miss Christian H. R. Walker, Miss K. Richardson, Mrs. H. Richardson, Miss Martha Holgate, Miss Davenport, Miss E. Taylor, Mrs. M. Howells, Miss Elphick, Mrs. Bayles, Mrs. Clapham, Mrs. Chandler, Mrs. Montague Browne, Mrs. Hume, Mrs. Thompson Davies, Miss Lily Weston, Miss E. M. Winter, Mrs. Long, Miss Van Linschooten, Miss L. E. Pryer, Mrs. J. Barrie, Mrs. Alice Young, "New Reader," Miss A. Lay, Mrs. W. Dunn, Miss Kirkpatrick, Miss A. Booth, Mrs. Purdon Winter, Miss Ethel Jones, Mrs. Allenby, Mrs. David Axton, Miss Betty Jefferys, Madame Hélène Haag, Miss Emily B. Marriott, Miss E. M. Hunt, Miss Hilda Griffith, Miss Marjorie Bright, Miss Elsie Edwards, Mrs. J. J. Robertson, Edward Lonsdale, Esq., Mrs. Hamlet, Mrs. Canham, Miss Thompson, Mrs. Lowe, Miss Kathleen Wolfe, Miss A. M. Pearson, Miss Bertha Smith, Miss M. C. Mann, Miss Margaret Vernall, Miss Dolly Robinson, Miss Annie Hamilton.

Will correspondents kindly sign their names very distinctly, and put Mr., Mrs. or Miss, or any other title, in order to assist us in sending an accurate acknowledgment? Address: Mrs. George Sturgeon, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4.

Wishing all the readers of THE QUIVER a happy Easter,
Yours sincerely,
FLORA STURGEON.

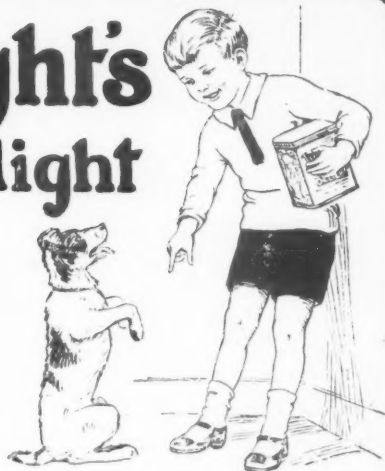


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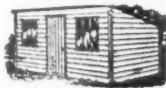
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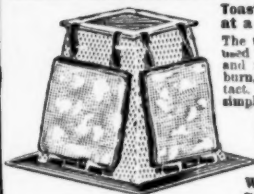
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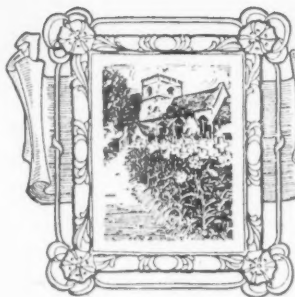
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Beside the Still Waters



“DRIFTING”

By the Rev. John A. Hutton, D.D.

A Common Tendency

IN this life of ours it is more common for men to drift than to fall. Of those who to-day admit to themselves that they have failed, that they have not fulfilled their early hopes, there are not many who can point to a particular day or to a definite deed which has been the cause of their failure. They may be able to say quite honestly that there has been no moral calamity in their life, yet as they compare their condition with some day which seems golden to them looking back upon it, their whole life appears to have failed. They have not reached their port. The ship in which their soul is sailing has never indeed struck against a rock and gone down. It has never been caught in a whirlpool and been sucked down in a swift, dark moment of time. The man has never gone down under some sudden assault. He has never committed a deed which in one moment spoiled his life, closing many gates. No; he has not failed. He has simply not arrived at his port, at the port to which he was commissioned, to which he had it in him to arrive when in the beginning God sent him out, furnishing him with temperament, and power, and opportunity.

He did not break away from his own high intention or dream. He has slipped away, drifted away, silently, secretly, giving few signs to observers, and to himself only a certain vague uneasiness now and then.

For as a boat that has lost its moorings may drift out to sea and be lost, although meanwhile the sea is quiet and the sun shining brightly, so the soul of a man may begin to move away from an earlier state of seriousness and integrity, and drift gradually, without noise or cry, out into homeless seas, so that what is left to the man is not life, not the daily obedience to some holy voice, but only the empty passing of insignificant days.

Now, if there be in our life such a danger as this, a danger which makes no noise, a danger which gives no sign unless

to those who are on the watch, we ought to make it plain to ourselves and to take precautions for our safety.

Time's Kindly Balm

I suppose there is no doubt that a human affection may cool down, may lose its joy and strictness, and this not as the result of anything violent, but simply as the deadly effect of time.

Take the emotion of grief. One whom we love is taken from us, and our heart for the time is overwhelmed. Friends, seeking to comfort us, say that time will heal the wound and fill the empty place. But we are not consoled. We shrink at the suggestion that this grief of ours will be only for a time, and that soon we shall be able to hear without a wave of tenderness the voice of that holy memory.

Now, there is a sense in which it is of the great kindness of God that our hearts should be able to drift away from their keenest emotions. It is a merciful law written in our members which ordains that after a season our bitterest hours shall pass. Merciful it is that time does heal most of our wounds, and that, even as wells gather in the night, so the desire comes back upon us to take up our life again after even the profoundest sorrow. Merciful it is that we learn to recall old days composedly and to sit down in the midst of memories, at least without blinding pain.

The Wisdom should Remain

But let us not make this kind law any justification for our own shameful disloyalties, for our own pitiful forgetting of the great events in our emotional and spiritual life. It is to our shame if we have lost the dignity, the worth, the seriousness which grief brought to us. The pain may well have gone, but surely not the wisdom. The fact is, whatever is good, whatever

THE QUIVER

is tender and delicate and spiritual within us needs to be attended to and cared for. Otherwise it dies, not of violence, but simply of neglect. We should never forgive ourselves were we to allow a bird to die in its cage: to die simply because we had neglected it.

Well, there are fine and delicate things, things of the heart, little birds of God, which die daily within us because of the same carelessness and preoccupation and neglect. We ought to feel their deaths even more keenly. We ought not to forgive ourselves easily that we let them die.



An Obvious Duty

There are some things which we may do to save ourselves—or to allow God to save us—from drifting, from sinking, from losing ground, from losing delicacy and seriousness and beauty and peace in our personal character.

A very obvious duty will be for us to take observations of ourselves now and then. When you are out in a boat you may easily know in a moment whether your anchor is holding or whether you are drifting. It will not be enough to look at the water just over the edge. For if you are drifting it, too, will be drifting the same way, and so it will teach you nothing. But you will perceive in a moment how things are going with you if you fix your eyes upon something which unquestionably is fixed: a great ship, perhaps, moored alongside a pier, or a building on the shore, or a tree. Keep your eye on one of these and you will learn at once whether you are keeping your place or drifting from it. Just so, it is of little value to judge ourselves from time to time alongside the people whom we meet every day in the world. The chances are that they are going the same way as ourselves. So that looking at them we learn really nothing. It is essential that we get our eye upon something which is out of the drift, upon something which is fixed, on Some One Who is beyond the wear and play of our fashions.

And that takes me at a bound to Jesus Christ. No one, it seems to me, is truly sincere, no one means it acutely, who does not allow Christ daily to look in upon his life. No one really intends goodness and moral beauty who does not once a day lift up his eyes, with his true soul in his eyes, to the Lord God of his life.

The story is told of Michael Angelo, how he was wont regularly in his declining years, when his eyesight was beginning to fail, to visit a gallery of sculptures. He would thread his way through the groups of idle people, the people to whom art was but a recreation, a pleasure, and not, as it was with him, his very life. He would thread his way through these until he found

himself alone before a torso, the broken remains of some marble from the Great period. There he would stand before that marble, rubbing his finger-tips up and down its surface, his eyes closed the while. What was he doing? He was keeping himself from drifting in his own dearest world. He was keeping himself up to his standard. He was judging himself day by day face to face with the Highest.

After a time, when through his finger-tips he had taken into his soul the judgment of perfect beauty, Michael Angelo would hurry from that gallery back to his own studio, and would take up his tools, all under the strength and guidance and promise of those brief moments of communion.



The Quotation

LIBERTY

*A moonbeam sleeping on a troubled ocean,
A rainbow floating on a darkening sky,
Thou comest forth amidst the world's commotion,*

*Oasis of the desert! Liberty!
Back from thy radiant brows the long locks*

*fly
While shrieks the battle, and where flames
the sword!*

*So midst the din of warring clouds on high
The Spirit of the Lightning walks abroad
In his sublimity, the storm's blue-pinioned
Lord!*

LEILA: A TALE.



Prayer

O God, Who hast called us into being, giving us our place amid the generations of men: we pray Thee to enable us to fulfil Thy purpose in our passing day. Others laboured: and we entered into their labours. They builded habitations for our Spirit, and in these we dwell with what peace and security we possess. Help us in turn to build more generously, to a greater breadth and depth and height upon the fabrics which they reared: remembering our fuller and exacter knowledge, and the new aspects of responsibility which Thou hast revealed to us: that we may leave this earth, which responds so swiftly to man's purpose and desire, a fairer home for those who follow us.

Remembering also, our Father, how one generation is bound to another, inheriting not its glory only but its shame, do Thou put us on guard over our Spirit and all our manners and our policies, lest innocent ones suffer for our excesses.

And these things we ask in fear for ourselves and in faith towards Thee: through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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COMPETITION PAGES

Conducted by
THE COMPETITION EDITOR

OUR readers will doubtless have read the article, "Are You Treating Your Husband Fairly?" which appears on page 425 of the present issue. You have, further, probably drawn your own conclusions as to the veracity of the statements which the author unhesitatingly puts down upon paper. It would be interesting to hear what our readers have to say in reply to this article, and I suggest they embody their opinions in the form of a letter of not more than five or six hundred words in length. A prize of One Guinea will be awarded for the best letter received.

Rules for Competitors

1. All work must be original, and must be certified as such by the competitor. In the case of literary competitions work must be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Competitor's name, age, and address must be clearly written upon each entry—not enclosed on a separate sheet of paper. All loose pages must be pinned together.
3. Pseudonyms are not allowed, and not more than one entry may be submitted by one competitor for each competition.
4. No entry can be returned unless accompanied by a fully stamped and directed envelope *large enough to contain it*. Brown paper and string, wrappers, and stamps unaccompanied by envelope are insufficient.
5. All entries for the literary competition must be received at this office by March 23, 1921. They should be addressed "Competition Editor," THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

Result of the December Competition

IS CHRISTMAS A FRAUD?

No question could have evoked a more emphatic negative than our readers' replies to the above, the topic of an article which appeared in the December number of our magazine. To sum up the general feeling

of the whole of the replies received, Christmas is, and will be to the end of time, the greatest Day, or Festival, or whatever one may term it, of the whole year, and no material item such as the weather, food, present giving, etc., can so influence it as to warrant its being termed a fraud.

I have decided to divide the prize of One Guinea between MISS LILIAN D. MILNER and MISS A. FLETCHER SHAW, both of whose replies are printed below.

CHRISTMAS, as I remarked to a young person who made some cynical remarks on the subject in my hearing a few days ago, is pretty much what we make it.

Being a bachelor girl and an orphan, I have no family to make merry with, but I always have such a good time! I am an invalid, but one of the fortunate things about that is I have lots of time to make simple things for the numerous people I want to remember.

I live in Canada, and there is only one province in this Dominion in which native holly grows. That is British Columbia, three thousand miles away from Ottawa, the city in which I live. Imported holly is beyond my small means, and mistletoe—well, mistletoe sells in the stores here at so much an ounce! I forget the price, but I know I gasped at the time I saw it, and have avoided even looking at it ever since. No wonder it was once regarded as worthy of worship!

We can get other evergreens, however, and I wish the English people who grumble at making holly wreaths could realize the patience it takes to make wreaths of pine needles, sown in small bunches on a cardboard base. But we *do* make them, not only we English people, but busy Canadian farmers' wives too.

"Is Christmas a Fraud?" I remember, when I was a young girl, one of my elderly male relatives explaining to me that he did not keep Christmas because no one was absolutely sure that December 25th was the day on which our Saviour was born! It made me feel very miserable at the time, but a few Christmases after, in the excitement of Christmas giving, I forgot his sentiments on the subject and mailed him a little gift. I almost worried myself sick after-

THE QUIVER

wards, but the return British mail brought me a gift and a letter, which is one of my most precious possessions. Even he had learned, just before what proved to be his last Christmas Day dawned, that Christmas isn't a day, nor a date, but a feeling!

Long before I see anything which reminds me of Christmas I am stirred by a feeling which I can only define as the Christmas spirit: one of charitableness, of great tenderness, towards all men. I try to give gifts, even though I cannot afford to spend much, which the recipients would not purchase for themselves. All except the very poor can purchase their own handkerchiefs and stockings and gloves. I like my gifts to be little "alabaster boxes of ointment." I mean that I give a box of chocolates to the girl whom I have heard say wistfully, "I never had a box of chocolates given to me in my life." I give cut flowers to the woman who has never known the joy of receiving a long cardboard box from the florist's. They are what I call "suitable gifts"—suited to the day, I mean.

"Is Christmas a Fraud?" I think there is only one way of answering that question. Give something which means real sacrifice to you to someone who cannot thank you for the gift. No one who tries this experiment will be able to deny that the spirit of Christmas is abroad in the land, for they will have a little foretaste of heaven.

Prodigals *do* return, crusted hearts *are* softened, wonderful—almost miraculous—things *do* happen. I know—I KNOW!

LILIAN D. MILNER.

Sir,—To my mind there is something almost sacrilegious in the question you invite us to discuss this month.

Christmas has a primary religious association. It centres round the birth of our Saviour in Bethlehem. That old story will never lose its charm. It tells of the breaking of a silence between heaven and earth that was age-long. The angels' message, "Peace on earth, goodwill to men," was as a father's voice to a lost child, tired and desolate. That night it was as if God remembered His child and came to renew parental fellowship. Now, sir, it is this spirit of reunion, the linking up of broken ties, that clings to Christmas as a fragrant aroma. There is a something essentially gracious about it that never loses its charm. It is as potent to-day as ever.

"The near was blended with the old and far
And Bethlehem's hillside and the Magi's star
Seemed here."

It is this spirit of reunion that expresses itself in the realm of the family at this season. Wherever the members of the home may be scattered, all become seized by one passion—the desire to get home. That spirit seems native to Christmas. Tell boys and girls, young men and maidens, in our schools and colleges that Christmas is suspected of being a fraud, and they would laugh you to scorn or ignore you in contempt. As long as the homing instinct throbs in the breast of youth, as long as parents yearn for the fellowship of their children, so long will Christmas be a reality and no fraud.

This spirit of fellowship peculiar to this season is that also which prompts us to remember friends far and wide. Christmas flings its kindly greetings over continents and seas, and unites in bonds of kindly thoughts those far removed. If, then, generous thoughtfulness for others counts for anything in this world, that is no fraud which promotes it. Because Christmas performs this ministry of remembrance right nobly, it deserves to be perpetuated to keep memory green.

Again let us think of the incidental customs associated with its coming. They afford unquestioned pleasure. The joy of Christmas is not centred in one special day. Like all coming events, it casts its shadow—in this case radiance—before it. It gives a genial air of festivity to things in general. How really delightful it is to walk along the main street of our town or village, weeks before Christmas, and see the well-lighted, well-dressed and decorated shop windows. The luscious fruit cakes, the red-checked apples, the yellow oranges, the merry-figured cracker with the seasonable sprig of holly. All combine to get a blithe mood of happiness. Surely no institution that contributes to the innocent joy of the world can be spoken of as a fraud. To the selfish and to the cynic Christmas may be a hollow sham, but to individuals normally constituted it is one of the genuine facts of life.

It is a strange objection to raise, as your correspondent does, that Christmas Day never fulfils all the hopes and expectations centred in it. Most folk have found it worth while long before the date has arrived. It is proverbial that the joy of anticipation exceeds the realization. To pronounce Christmas a fraud on that account would be to condemn every experience that can be anticipated. We do invest the unrealized with a halo it seldom wears when it comes along. But this trick of things is universal, and because it is the poet has turned it to good account when he proclaimed:

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?"

For sheer intensity of pleasure there is nothing comparable to the joy at family parties so common at this season. The mood of goodwill pervades all. The old folks mingle their sober joys with the more hilarious delights of youth. Friendships are renewed and, maybe, new ones formed. This simple family gathering brightens many a home with a winsome spirit that lingers long after the party is over. The younger members fasten up their stockings, quite assured that ere Christmas morning breaks Santa Claus will pay his visit and remember each with his gifts. As long as sentiment is an endowment of humanity, so long will Christmas be welcomed. What a poor prosaic existence our life would be if shorn of all but material possessions! But sentiment is a reality, and Christmas fosters it, and for that reason is to be welcomed as one of the enriching factors of life.

"You may break, you may shatter the vase,
If you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round
it still."

A. FLETCHER SHAW.

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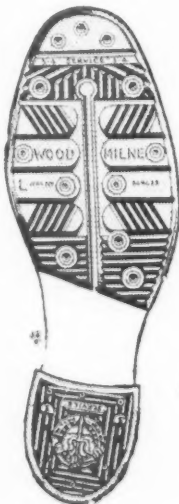
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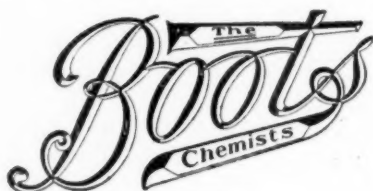
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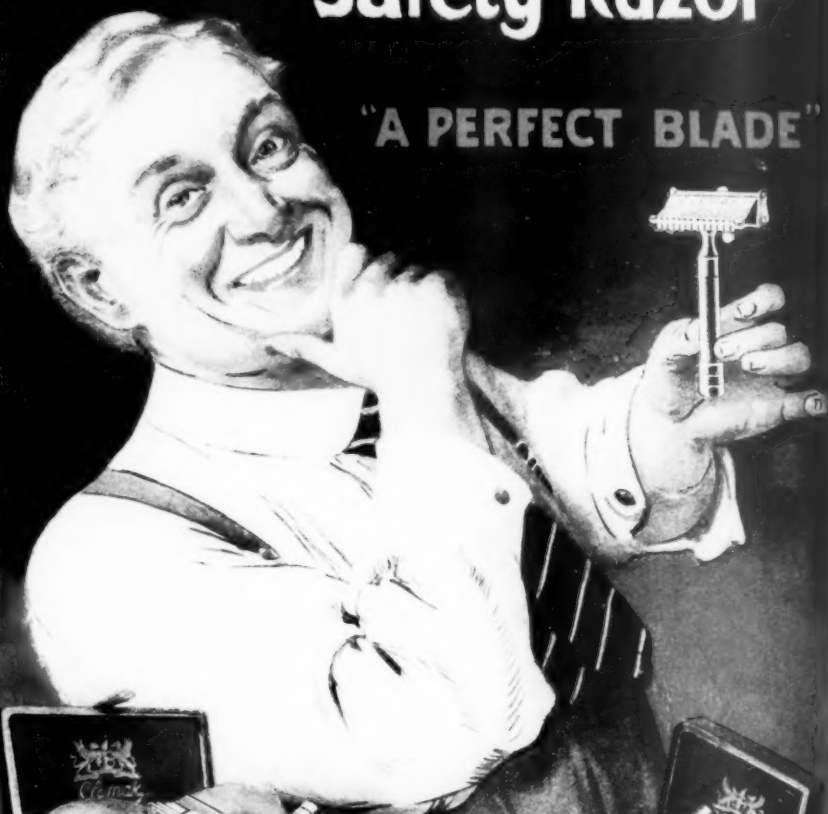
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